



Mr. John Dryden.

Verme. S.



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The DRAMATICK
WORKS

O F

John Dryden, Esq;

VOLUME *the* FOURTH.

C O N T A I N I N G,

*The STATE of INNO-
CENCE, and the FALL
of MAN.*

AURENGE-ZEBE : *Or,*
the GREAT MOGUL.

ALL for LOVE : *Or,*
the World well Lost.

LIMRERHAM : *Or,*
the KIND-KEEPER.

OEDIPUS.

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THE
State of Innocence,
AND
FALL *of* MAN.

AN
O P E R A.

Written in Heroick VERSE.

-----*Utinam modò dicere possem*
Carmina digna Deâ: Certe est Dea Carmine digna:
Ovid. Met.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.



State of Innocence

FALL & MAN

O. P. E. R. A.

Whitish in Herold Wans.

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXII



TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS,
THE
DUTCHESS.

MADAM,



AMBITION is so far from being a Vice in Poets, that 'tis almost impossible for them to succeed without it. Imagination must be rais'd, by a Desire of Fame, to a Desire of Pleasing: And they whom in all Ages Poets have endeavour'd most to please, have been the Beautiful and the Great. Beauty is their Deity to which they sacrifice, and Greatness is their Guardian-Angel which protects them. Both these are so eminently join'd in the Person of Your Royal Highness, that it were not easie for any, but a Poet, to determine which of them out-shines the

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other. But I confess, Madam, I am already by-
ass'd in my Choice: I can easily resign to others
the Praise of Your Illustrious Family, and that
Glory which you derive from a long continu'd
Race of Princes, famous for their Actions both in
Peace and War: I can give up to the Historians
of your Country, the Names of so many Gene-
rals and Heroes which croud their Annals; and
to our own, the Hopes of those which you are to
produce for the *British* Chronicle. I can yield,
without Envy, to the Nation of Poets, the Fam-
ily of *Este*, to which *Ariosto* and *Tasso* have ow'd
their Patronage; and to which the World has
ow'd their Poems: But I could not without ex-
tream Reluctance resign the Theme of your Beau-
ty to another Hand. Give me leave, Madam,
to acquaint the World that I am Jealous of this
Subject; and let it be no Dishonour to you, that
after having rais'd the Admiration of Mankind,
you have inspir'd one Man to give it Voice. But
with whatsoever Vanity this new Honour of be-
ing your Poet has fill'd my Mind, I confess my
self too weak for the Inspiration; the Priest was
always unequal to the Oracle: The God within
him was too mighty for his Breast: He labour'd
with the sacred Revelation, and there was more
of the Mystery left behind, than Divinity it self
could enable him to express. I can but discover
a Part of your Excellencies to the World; and
that too according to the Measure of my own
Weakness. Like those who have survey'd the
Moon by Glasses, I can only tell of a new and
shining World above us, but not relate the Riches
and Glories of the Place. 'Tis therefore that I
have already wav'd the Subject of your Greatness,
to resign my self to the Contemplation of what

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is more peculiarly yours. Greatness is indeed communicated to some few of both Sexes; but Beauty is confin'd to a more narrow compass: 'Tis only in your Sex, 'tis not shar'd by many, and its Supreme Perfection is in you alone. And here, Madam, I am proud that I cannot Flatter: You have reconcil'd the differing Judgments of Mankind: For all Men are equal in their Judgment of what is eminently best. The Prize of Beauty was disputed only till you were seen; but now all Pretenders have withdrawn their Claims: There is no Competition but for the second Place. Even the fairest of our Island (which is fam'd for Beauties) not daring to commit their Cause against you, to the Suffrage of those who most partially adore them. Fortune has, indeed, but render'd Justice to so much Excellence, in setting it so high to publick View: Or, rather Providence has done Justice to it self, in placing the most perfect Workmanship of Heaven, where it may be admir'd by all Beholders. Had the Sun and Stars been seated lower, their Glory had not been communicated to all at once; and the Creator had wanted so much of his Praise, as he had made your Condition more obscure. But he has plac'd you so near a Crown, that you add a Lustre to it by your Beauty. You are join'd to a Prince who only could deserve you: Whose Conduct, Courage, and Success in War, whose Fidelity to his Royal Brother, whose Love for his Country, whose Constancy to his Friends, whose Bounty to his Servants, whose Justice to Merit, whose inviolable Truth, and whose Magnanimity in all his Actions, seem to have been rewarded by Heav'n by the Gift of you. You are never seen but you are blest: And I am sure
A 5 you.

®

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you bless all those who see you. We think not the Day is long enough when we behold you: And you are so much the Business of our Souls, that while you are in sight, we can neither look nor think on any else. There are no Eyes for other Beauties: You only are present, and the rest of your Sex are but the unregarded Parts that fill your Triumph. Our Sight is so intent on the Object of its Admiration, that our Tongues have not leisure even to praise you: For Language seems too low a thing to express your Excellence; and our Souls are speaking so much within, that they despise all foreign Conversation. Every Man, even the Dullest, is thinking more than the most Eloquent can teach him how to utter. Thus, Madam, in the midst of Crouds you reign in Solitude; and are ador'd with the deepest Veneration, that of Silence. 'Tis true, you are above all mortal Wishes: No Man desires Impossibilities, because they are beyond the reach of Nature: To hope to be a God, is Folly exalted into Madness: But by the Laws of our Creation we are oblig'd to adore him; and are permitted to love him too, at human Distance. 'Tis the Nature of Perfection to be attractive; but the Excellency of the Object refines the Nature of the Love. It strikes an Impression of awful Reverence; 'tis indeed that Love which is more properly a Zeal than Passion. 'Tis the Rapture which Anchorets find in Prayer, when a Beam of the Divinity shines upon them; That which makes them despise all worldly Objects and yet 'tis all but Contemplation. They are seldom visited from above; but a single Vision transports them, that it makes up the Happiness of their Lives. Mortality cannot bear it often

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It finds them in the Eagerness and Height of their Devotion, they are speechless for the Time that it continues, and prostrate and dead when it departs. That Ecstasie had need be strong, which without any End, but that of Admiration, has Power enough to destroy all other Passions. You render Mankind insensible to other Beauties; and have destroy'd the Empire of Love, in a Court which was the Seat of his Dominion. You have subverted (may I dare to accuse you of it) even our Fundamental Laws; and Reign absolute over the Hearts of a stubborn and free-born People, tenacious almost to Madness of their Liberty. The brightest and most victorious of our Ladies make daily Complaints of revolted Subjects: If they may be said to be revolted, whose Servitude is not accepted: For your Royal Highness is too Great, and too Just a Monarch, either to want or to receive the Homage of Rebellious Fugitives. Yet if some few among the Multitude continue stedfast to their first Pretensions, 'tis an Obedience so luke-warm and languishing, that it merits not the Name of Passion: Their Addresses are so faint, and their Vows so hollow to their Sovereigns, that they seem only to maintain their Faith, out of a Sense of Honour: They are ashamed to desist, and yet grow Careless to obtain. Like despairing Combatants, they strive against you as if they had beheld unveil'd the Magical Shield of your *Ariosto*, which dazzled the Beholders with too much brightness: They can no longer hold up their Arms; they have read their Destiny in your Eyes.

*Splende lo Scudo a guisa di Piropo;
E Luce altra non è tanto lucente:*

Cader

®

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Cader in terra a lo splendor fu d' vopo,
Con gli occhi abbacinati, e senza mente.*

And yet, Madam, if I could find in my self the Power to leave this Argument of your incomparable Beauty, I might turn to one which would equally oppress me with its Greatness. For your Conjugal Virtues have deserv'd to be set as an Example, to a less-degenerate, less-tainted Age. They approach so near to Singularity in ours, that I can scarcely make a Panegyric to your Royal Highness, without a Satyr on many others: But your Person is a Paradise, and your Soul a Cherubin within to guard it. If the Excellence of the Outside invite the Beholders, the Majesty of your Mind deters them from too bold Approaches; and turns their Admiration into Religion. Moral Perfections are rais'd higher by you in the softer Sex: As if Men were of too coarse a Mould for Heaven to work on, and that the Image of Divinity could not be cast to likeness in so harsh a Metal. Your Person is so admirable, that it can scarce receive Addition, when it shall be glorify'd: And your Soul, which shines thorough it, finds it of a Substance so near her own, that she will be pleas'd to pass an Age within it, and to be confin'd to such a Palace.

I know not how I am hurried back to my former Theme: I ought, and purpos'd to have celebrated those Endowments and Qualities of your Mind, which were sufficient, even without the Graces of your Person, to render you, as you are, the Ornament of the Court, and the Object of Wonder to Three Kingdoms: But all my Praises are but as a Bull-rush cast upon a Stream; if they sink not, 'tis because they are born up by the

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the Strength of the Current, which supports their Lightness; but they are carry'd round again, and return on the Eddy where they first began. I can proceed no farther than your Beauty: And even on that too, I have said so little, considering the Greatness of the Subject that, like him who would lodge a Bowl upon a Precipice, either my Praise falls back, by the Weakness of the Delivery, or stays not on the Top, but rowls over, and is lost on the other Side. I intended this a Dedication, but how can I consider what belongs to my self, when I have been so long contemplating on you! Be pleas'd then, Madam, to receive this Poem, without Intitling so much Excellency as yours, to the Faults and Imperfections of so mean a Writer: And instead of being favourable to the Piece, which Merits nothing, forgive the Presumption of the Author; who is, with all possible Veneration,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient, most Humble,

most Devoted Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

To Mr. *DRYDEN*, on his *POEM*
of *PARADISE*.

Forgive me, awful Poet, if a Muse,
Whom artless Nature did for Plainness chuse,
In loose Attire presents her humble Thought,
Of this best Poem, that you ever wrought.
This fairest Labour of your teeming Brain
I wou'd embrace, but not with Flatt'ry stain;
Something I wou'd to your vast Virtue raise,
But scorn to damb it with a fulsome Praise;
That wou'd but blot the Work I wou'd commend,
And shew a Court-Admirer, not a Friend.
To the dead Bard, your Fame a little owes,
For Milton did the wealthy Mine disclose,
And rudely cast what you cou'd well dispose:
He roughly drew, on an old fashion'd Ground,
A Chaos, for no perfect World was found,
Till through the Heap, your mighty Genius shin'd;
He was the Golden Ore which you refin'd.
He first beheld the Beauteous rustic Maid,
And to a Place of Strength the Prize convey'd;
You took her thence: To Court this Virgin brought,
Drest her with Gems, new weav'd her hard-spun Thought,
And softest Language, sweetest Manners taught:
Till from a Comet she a Star did rise,
Not to affright, but please our wondring Eyes.
Betwixt ye both is fram'd a nobler Piece,
Than e're was drawn in Italy or Greece.
Thou from his Source of Thoughts ev'n Souls dost bring,
As smiling Gods, from fullen Saturn spring.
When Night's dull Mask the Face of Heav'n does wear,
'Tis doubtful Light, but here and there a Star,
Which serves the dreadful Shadows to display,
That vanish at the rising of the Day;

But

*But then bright Robes the Meadows all adorn,
 And the World looks as it were newly born.
 So when your Sense his mystick Reason clear'd,
 The melancholy Scene all gay appear'd;
 New Light leapt up, and a new Glory smil'd,
 And all throughout was mighty, all was mild.
 Before this Palace which thy Wit did build,
 Which various Fancy did so gawdy gild,
 And Judgment has with solid Riches fill'd,
 My humbler Muse begs she may Centry stand,
 Amongst the rest that guard this Eden Land.
 But there's no need, for ev'n thy Foes conspire
 Thy Praise, and hating thee, thy Work admire.
 On then, O mightiest of th' inspired Men,
 Monarch of Verse; new Theams employ thy Pen.
 The Troubles of Majestick CHARLES set down,
 Not David vanquish'd more to reach a Crown:
 Praise him, as Cowley did that Hebrew King,
 Thy Theam's as great, do thou as greatly sing.
 Then thou mayst boldly to his Favour rise,
 Look down, and the base Serpent's hiss despise,
 From thund'ring Envy safe in Lawrel sit,
 While clam'rous Criticks their vile Heads submit,
 Condemn'd for Treason at the Bar of Wit.*

NAT. LEE.



T H E



The AUTHOR'S

A P O L O G Y

For Heroick Poetry, and Poetick
Licence.



O satisfie the Curiosity of those who will give themselves the trouble of reading the ensuing Poem, I think my self oblig'd to render them a Reason, why I publish an *Opera* which was never acted. In the first place I shall not be asham'd to own, that my chiefest Motive was, the Ambition which I acknowledg'd in the Epistle. I was desirous to lay at the Feet of so Beautiful and Excellent a Princess, a Work which I confess was unworthy her, but which I hope she will have the Goodness to forgive. I was also induc'd to it in my own Defence: Many hundred Copies of it being dispers'd abroad without my Knowledge or Consent: So that every one gathering new Faults, it became at length a Libel against me; and I saw, with some Disdain, more Nonsense than either I, or as bad a Poet, could have cram'd into it, at a Month's warning, in which time 'twas wholly Written, and not since Revis'd. After this, I cannot without Injury to the deceas'd

Author

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Author of *Paradise Lost*, but acknowledge that this Poem has receiv'd its entire Foundation, part of the Design, and many of the Ornaments, from him. What I have borrow'd, will be so easily discern'd from my mean Productions, that I shall not need to point the Reader to the places: And, truly, I should be sorry, for my own sake, that any one should take the Pains to compare them together: The Original being undoubtedly, one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime Poems, which either this Age or Nation has produc'd. And though I could not refuse the Partiality of my Friend, who is pleas'd to commend me in his Verses, I hope they will rather be esteem'd the Effect of his Love to me, than of his deliberate and sober Judgment. His Genius is able to make beautiful what he pleases: Yet, as he has been too favourable to me, I doubt not but he will hear of his Kindness from many of our Contemporaries. For, we are fallen into an Age of illiterate, censorious, and detracting People, who thus qualified, set up for Criticks.

In the first place I must take leave to tell them, that they wholly mistake the Nature of Criticism, who think its Business is principally to find Fault. Criticism, as it was first instituted by *Aristotle*, was meant a Standard of judging well. The chiefest part of which is, to observe those Excellencies which should delight a reasonable Reader. If the Design, the Conduct, the Thoughts, and the Expressions of a Poem, be generally such as proceed from a true Genius of Poetry, the Critick ought to pass his Judgment in favour of the Author. 'Tis malicious and unmanly to snarl at the little lapses of a Pen, from which *Virgil* himself stands not exempted. *Horace* acknowledges that honest *Homer* nods sometimes: He is not equally awake in every Line: But he leaves it also as a standing Measure for our Judgments,

Non, Uoi plura nitent in Carmine, paucis.
Offendi maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
aut humana parum cavit Natura.

And

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And *Longinus*, who was undoubtedly, after *Aristotle*, the greatest Critick amongst the *Greeks*, in his twenty seventh Chapter ~~weel~~ *weel* *weel*, has judiciously prefer'd the sublime Genius that sometimes errs, to the middling or indifferent one which makes few Faults, but seldom or never rises to any Excellence. He compares the first to a Man of large Possessions, who has not leisure to consider of every slight Expence, will not debase himself to the management of every Trifle: Particular Sums are not laid out or spar'd to the greatest Advantage in his Oeconomy: But are sometimes suffer'd to run to waste, while he is only careful of the Main. On the other side, he likens the Mediocrity of Wit, to one of a mean Fortune, who manages his Store with extream Frugality, or rather Parsimony: But who with fear of running into Profuseness, never arrives to the magnificence of Living. This kind of Genius writes, indeed, correctly. A wary Man he is in Grammar; very nice as to Solcecism or Barbarism, judges to a Hair of little Decencies, knows better than any Man what is not to be written: And never hazards himself so far as to fall: But plods on deliberately, and, as a grave Man ought, is sure to put his Staff before him: in short, he sets his Heart upon it; and with wonderful Care makes his Business sure: That is, in plain *English*, neither to be blam'd, nor prais'd——I could, says my Author, find out some Blemishes in *Homer*: And am perhaps, as naturally inclin'd to be disgusted at a Fault as another Man: But, after all, to speak impartially, his Failings are such, as are only Marks of Human Frailty: They are little Mistakes, or rather Negligences, which have escap'd his Pen in the fervor of his Writing; the Sublimity of his Spirit carries it with me against his Carelessness; And though *Apollonius* his *Argonautes*, and *Theocritus* his *Eidyllia*, are more free from Errors, there is not any Man of so false a Judgment, who would chuse rather to have been *Apollonius* or *Theocritus*, than *Homer*.

'Tis worth our Consideration, a little to examine how much these *Hypercriticks* of *English* Poetry, differ from the Opinion

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Opinion of the *Greek* and *Latin* Judges of Antiquity: from the *Italians* and *French* who have succeeded them; and, indeed, from the general Taste and Approbation of all Ages. Heroick Poetry, which they condemn, has ever been esteem'd, and ever will be, the greatest Work of human Nature: In that Rank has *Aristotle* plac'd it, and *Longinus* is so full of the like Expressions, that he abundantly confirms the others Testimony. *Horace* as plainly delivers his Opinion, and particularly Praises *Homer* in these Verses.

*Trojani Belli Scriptorem, Maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Roma, Præfeste relegi:*

*Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plinius ac melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.*

And in another Place modestly excluding himself from the Number of Poets, because he only writ Odes and Satyrs, he tells you a Poet is such an one,

——— *Cui mens Divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum.*

Quotations are superfluous in an establish'd Truth. Otherwise I could reckon up amongst the Moderns, all the *Italian* Commentators on *Aristotle's* Book of Poetry; and amongst the *French*, the greatest of this Age, *Boileau* and *Rapin*: The latter of which is alone sufficient, were all other Criticks lost, to teach anew the Rules of Writing. Any Man who will seriously consider the Nature of an Epick Poem, how it agrees with that Poetry in general, which is to Instruct and to Delight; what Actions it describes, and what Persons they are chiefly whom it informs, will find it a Work which indeed is full of difficulty in the Attempt, but admirable when 'tis well performed. I write not this with the least Intention to undervalue the other Parts of Poetry: For Comedy is both excellently Instructive, and extremely Pleasant: Satyr lashes Vice into Reformation,

and

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and Humor represents Folly, so as to render it ridiculous. Many of our present Writers are eminent in both these kinds; and particularly the Author of the *Plain Dealer*, whom I am proud to call my Friend, has oblig'd all honest and virtuous Men, by one of the most bold, most general, and most useful Satyrs which has ever been presented on the *English* Theatre. I do not dispute the Preference of Tragedy; let every Man enjoy his Taste: But 'tis unjust, that they who have not the least Notion of Heroick Writing, should therefore condemn the Pleasure which others receive from it, because they cannot comprehend it. Let them please their Appetites in eating what they like: But let them not force their Dish on all the Table. They who would Combat general Authority with particular Opinion, must first Establish themselves a Reputation of Understanding better than other Men. Are all the Flights of Heroick Poetry, to be concluded Bombast, Unnatural, and meer Madneſs, because they are not affected with their Excellencies? 'Tis just as reasonable as to conclude there is no Day, because a blind Man cannot distinguish of Light and Colours. Ought they not rather, in Modesty, to doubt of their own Judgments, when they think this or that Expression in *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Tasso*, or *Milton's Paradise*, to be too far strain'd, than positively to conclude, that 'tis all Fustian, and meer Nonsense? 'Tis true, there are Limits to be set betwixt the Boldness and Rashness of a Poet; but he must understand those Limits who pretends to judge, as well as he who undertakes to write: And he who has no liking to the whole, ought in reason to be excluded from censuring of the Parts. He must be a Lawyer before he mounts the Tribunal: And the Jurisdiction of one Court too, does not qualify a Man to preside in another. He may be an excellent Pleader in the *Chancery*, who is not fit to Rule the *Common Pleas*. But I will presume for once to tell them, that the boldest Strokes of Poetry, when they are manag'd Artfully, are those which most Delight the Reader.

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Virgil and *Horace*, the severest Writers of the severest Age, have made frequent use of the hardest Metaphors, and of the strongest Hyperboles: And in this case the best Authority is the best Argument. For generally to have pleas'd, and through all Ages, must bear the Force of universal Tradition. And if you would appeal from thence to right Reason, you will gain no more by it in effect, than first, to set up your Reason against those Authors; and secondly, against all those who have admir'd them. You must prove why that ought not to have pleas'd, which has pleas'd the most Learn'd, and the most Judicious: And to be thought knowing, you must first put the Fool upon all Mankind. If you can enter more deeply, than they have done, into the Causes and Resorts of that which moves Pleasure in a Reader, the Field is open, you may be heard: But those Springs of human Nature are not so easily discover'd by every superficial Judge: It requires Philosophy as well as Poetry, to sound the Depth of all the Passions; what they are in themselves, and how they are to be provok'd: And in this Science the best Poets have excell'd. *Aristotle* rais'd the Fabrick of his Poetry, from observation of those things, in which *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, and *Æschylus* pleas'd: He consider'd how they rais'd the Passions, and thence has drawn Rules for our Imitation. From hence have sprung the Tropes and Figures, for which they wanted a Name, who first practis'd them, and succeeded in them. Thus I grant you, that the Knowledge of Nature was the Original Rule; and that all Poets ought to study her; as well as *Aristotle* and *Horace* her Interpreters. But then this also undeniably follows, that those things which delight all Ages, must have been an Imitation of Nature; which is all I contend. Therefore is Rhetorick made an Art: Therefore the Names of so many Tropes and Figures were invented: Because it was observ'd they had such and such an Effect upon the Audience. Therefore *Catachreses* and *Hyperboles* have found their Place amongst them; not that they were to be avoided, but to be us'd judiciously, and plac'd in Poetry.

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try, as heightnings and shadows are in Painting, to make the Figure bolder, and cause it to stand off to sight.

Nec retia Cervis

Ulla dolum meditantur; says *Virgil* in his *Eclogues*: And speaking of *Leander* in his *Georgicks*,

*Cacâ nocte natat serus freta, quem super, ingens
Porta tonat Cœli, & scopulis illisa reclangant
Æquora:*

In both of these you see he fears not to give Voice and Thought to things inanimate.

Will you arraign your Master *Horace*, for his Hardness of Expression, when he describes the Death of *Cleopatra* and says she did *Asperos tractare serpentes, ut atrum corpus combiberet venenum*? because the Body in that Action performs what is proper to the Mouth?

As for *Hyperboles*, I will neither quote *Lucan*, nor *Statius*, Men of an unbounded Imagination, but who often wanted the Poyze of Judgment. The Divine *Virgil* was not liable to that Exception; and yet he describes *Polyphemus* thus:

——— *Graditurque per aquor
Fam medium; nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.*

In Imitation of this Place, our admirable *Cowley* thus paints *Goliath*,

*The Valley, now, this Monster seem'd to fill;
And we, methought, look'd up to him from our Hill.*

Where the two Words *seem'd*, and *methought*, he mollify'd the Figure: And yet if they had not been there, the fright of the *Israelites* might have excus'd their belief of the Giant's Stature.

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In the 8th of the *Æneids*, *Virgil* paints the Swiftneſs of *Camilla* thus:

*Illa vel intacta ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina, nec teneras curſu laſſiſſet ariſtas;
Vel Mare per medium, fluctu ſuſpenſa tumentis,
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret aquore plantas.*

You are not oblig'd, as in *History*, to a literal Belief of what the Poet ſays; but you are pleas'd with the Image, without being cozen'd by the Fiction.

Yet even in *History*, *Longinus* quotes *Herodotus* on this Occaſion of *Hyperboles*. The *Lacedemonians*, ſays he, at the Straights of *Thermopyla*, defended themſelves to the laſt Extremity: And when their Arms fail'd them, fought it out with their Nails and Teeth: Till at length, (the *Persians* ſhooting continually upon them) they lay buried under the Arrows of their Enemies. It is not reaſonable, (continues the *Critick*) to believe that Men could defend themſelves with their Nails and Teeth from an arm'd Multitude: nor that they lay buried under a Pile of Darts and Arrows; and yet there wants not Probability for the Figure: Becauſe the *Hyperbole* ſeems not to have been made for the ſake of the Deſcription; but rather to have been produc'd from the Occaſion.

'Tis true, the boldneſs of the Figures is to be hidden, ſometimes by the Addreſs of the Poet; that they may work their Effect upon the Mind, without diſcovering the Art which caus'd it. And therefore they are principally to be us'd in Paſſion; when we ſpeak more warmly, and with more precipitation than at other times: For then, *Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt primum ipſi tibi*; the Poet muſt put on the Paſſion he endeavours to repreſent: A Man in ſuch an Occaſion is not cool enough, either to reaſon rightly, or to talk calmly. Aggravations are then in their proper Places, Interrogations, Exclamations, *Hyperbata*, or a diſorder'd Connection of Diſcourſe, are graceful

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graceful there, because they are natural. The Sum of all depends on what before I hinted, that this Boldness of Expression is not to be blam'd, if it be manag'd by the Coolness and Discretion, which is necessary to a Poet.

Yet before I leave this Subject, I cannot but take notice how dis-ingenuous our Adversaries appear: All that is dull, insipid, languishing and without Sinews in a Poem, they call an Imitation of Nature: They only offend our most equitable Judges, who think beyond them; and lively Images and Elocution, are never to be forgiven.

What Fustian, as they call it, have I heard these Gentlemen find out in Mr. Cowley's *Odes*? I acknowledge myself unworthy to defend so excellent an Author, neither have I room to do it here; only in general I will say, that nothing can appear more beautiful to me, than the strength of those Images which they condemn.

Imaging is, in it self, the very height and life of Poetry. 'Tis, as *Longinus* describes it, a Discourse, which, by a kind of Enthusiasm, or extraordinary Emotion of the Soul, makes it seem to us, that we behold those things which the Poet paints, so as to be pleas'd with them, and to admire them.

If Poetry be Imitation, that part of it must needs be best, which describes most lively our Actions and Passions; our Virtues and our Vices; our Follies and our Humours: For neither is Comedy without its part of Imaging: And they who do it best, are certainly the most excellent in their Kind. This is too plainly prov'd to be deny'd: But how are Poetical Fictions, how are Hippocentaures and Chimæras, or how are Angels and immaterial Substances to be imag'd? Which some of them are things quite out of Nature: Others, such whereof we can have no Notion? This is the last Refuge of our Adversaries; and more than any of them have yet had the Wit to object against us. The Answer is casie to the

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P R E F A C E.

the first part of it. The Fiction of some Beings which are not in Nature, (second Notions, as the Logicians call them) has been founded on the Conjunction of two Natures, which have a real separate Being. So *Hippocentaur*s were imaged, by joining the Natures of a Man and Horse together; as *Lucretius* tells us, who has us'd this Word Image oftner than any of the Poets.

*Nam certè ex vivo, Centauri non fit Imago,
Nulla fuit quoniam talis natura animæ:
Verùm ubi equi atque hominis, casu, convenit imago,
Hærescit facile extemplo, &c.*

The same reason may also be alledg'd for *Chimera's* and the rest. And Poets may be allow'd the like liberty, for describing things which really exist not, if they are founded on popular Belief: Of this Nature are Fairies, Pigmies, and the Extraordinary Effects of Magick: For 'tis still an Imitation, though of other Mens Fancies: And thus are *Shakespear's Tempest*, his *Midsummer Nights Dream*, and *Ben Jonson's Masque of Witches* to be defended. For immaterial Substances we are authoriz'd by Scripture in their Description: And herein the Text accommodates it self to vulgar Apprehension, in giving Angels the Likeness of beautiful young Men. Thus, after the Pagan Divinity, as *Homer* drawn his Gods with human Faces: And thus we have Notions of things above us, by describing them like other Beings more within our Knowledge.

I wish I could produce any one Example of excellent imaging in all this Poem: Perhaps I cannot: But that which comes nearest it, is in these four Lines, which have been sufficiently canvas'd by my well-natur'd Censors.

*Seraph and Cherub, careless of their Charge,
And wanton, in full ease now live at large:
Unguarded leave the Passes of the Sky,
And all dissolv'd in Hallelujahs lie.*

P R E F A C E.

I have heard (says one of them) of Anchovies dissolv'd in Sauce; but never of an Angel in Hallelujahs. A mighty *Witticism*, (if you will pardon a new Word!) but there is some difference between a Laugher and a Critick. He might have Burlesqu'd *Virgil* too, from whom I took the Image. *Invadunt urbem, somno vinoque sepultam*. A City's being buried is just as proper on Occasion, as an Angel's being dissolv'd in Ease, and Songs of Triumph. Mr. Cowley lies as open too in many places.

Where their vast Courts the Mother Waters keep, &c.

For if the mass of Waters be the Mothers, then their Daughters, the little Streams, are bound in all good Manners, to make Court'sie to them, and ask them Blessing. How easie 'tis to turn into ridicule the best Descriptions, when once a Man is in the Humour of laughing, 'till he wheezes at his own dull Jest! but an Image which is strongly and beautifully set before the Eyes of the Reader, will still be Poetry, when the merry fit is over; and last when the other is forgotten.

I promis'd to say somewhat of *Poetick Licence*, but have in part anticipated my Discourse already. *Poetick Licence* I take to be the Liberty, which Poets have assum'd to themselves in all Ages, of speaking things in Verse, which are beyond the severity of Prose. 'Tis that particular Character, which distinguishes and sets the Bounds betwixt *Oratio soluta*, and *Poetry*. This, as to what regards the Thought, or Imagination of a Poet, consists in Fiction: But then those Thoughts must be express'd; and here arise two other Branches of it: For if this *Licence* be included in a single Word, it admits of Tropes: If in a Sentence or Proposition, of Figures: Both which are of a much larger extent, and more forcibly to be us'd in Verse than Prose. This is that Birth-right which is deriv'd to us from our great Forefathers, even from *Homer* down to *Ben.* and they who would deny it to us, have in plain Terms, the Fox's quarrel to the Grapes; they cannot reach it.

How

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How far these Liberties are to be extended, I will not presume to determine here, since *Horace* does not. But it is certain that they are to be varied, according to the Language and Age in which an Author writes. That which would be allow'd to a *Grecian* Poet, *Martial* tells you, would not be suffer'd in a *Roman*. And 'tis evident that the *English* does more nearly follow the strictness of the latter, than the freedoms of the former. Connection of Epithets, or the Conjunction of two Words in one, are frequent and elegant in the *Greek*, which yet Sir *Philip Sidney*, and the Translator of *Du Bartas*, have unluckily attempted in the *English*; though this I confess, is not so proper an Instance of *Poetick Licence*, as it is of variety of *Idiom* in Languages.

Horace a little explains himself on this Subject of *Licentia Poetica*; in these Verses,

Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi, semper fuit aqua potestas:
Sed non, ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes aribus gementur, Tygribus Hædi.

He would have a Poem of a Piece: Not to begin with one thing and end with another: He restrains it so far, that Thoughts of an unlike Nature, ought not to be joined together: That were indeed to make a Chaos. He tax'd not *Homer*, nor the Divine *Virgil*, for interesting their Gods in the Wars of *Troy* and *Italy*; neither, had he now liv'd, would he have tax'd *Milton*, as our false Critics have presum'd to do, for his Choice of a supernatural Argument: But he would have blamed my Author, who was a Christian, had he introduc'd into his Poem Heathen Deities, as *Tasso* is condemn'd by *Rapin* on the like Occasion: And as *Camoens*, the Author of the *Lusiads*, ought to be censur'd by all his Readers, when he brings in *Bacchus* and *Christ* into the same Adventure of his Fable. From that which has been said, it may be collected, that the definition of Wit (which has been so often

B 2

attempted)

P R E F A C E.

attempted, and ever unsuccessfully by many Poets,) is only this: That it is a Propriety of Thoughts and Words; or in other Terms, Thoughts and Words, elegantly adapted to the Subject. If our Criticks will join issue on this Definition, that we may *convenire in aliquo tertio*; if they will take it as a granted Principle, 'twill be easie to put an end to this Dispute: No Man will disagree from another's Judgement, concerning the dignity of Style, in Heroick Poetry: But all reasonable Men will conclude it necessary, that sublime Subjects ought to be adorn'd with the sublimest, and (consequently often) with the most figurative Expressions. In the mean time I will not run into their Fault of imposing my Opinions on other Men, any more than I would my Writings on their Taste: I have only laid down, and that superficially enough, my present Thoughts; and shall be glad to be taught better, by those who pretend to reform our Poetry.



T H E



T H E
State of Innocence,
A N D
F A L L of M A N.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The first Scene represents a Chaos, or a confus'd Mass of Matter; the Stage is almost wholly dark: A Symphony of war-like Musick is heard for some time; then from the Heavens, (which are open'd) fall the rebellious Angels wheeling in the Air, and seeming transfix'd with Thunderbolts: The bottom of the Stage being open'd, receives the Angels, who fall out of sight. Tunes of Victory are play'd, and an Hymn sung; Angels discover'd above, brandishing their Swords: The Musick ceasing, and the Heavens being clos'd, the Scene shifts, and on a sudden represents Hell: Part of the Scene is a Lake of Brimstone or rowling Fire; the Earth of a burnt colour: The fall'n Angels appear on the Lake, lying prostrate; a Tune of Horror and Lamentation is heard.

Lucifer raising himself on the Lake.

L U C I F E R.



S this the Seat our Conqueror has given?
And this the Climate we must change for Heaven?
These Regions and this Realm my Wars have
This mournful Empire is the Loser's Lot:

30 *The STATE of INNOCENCE,*

In liquid Burnings, or on Dry to dwell,
Is all the sad Variety of Hell.

But see, the Victor has recall'd, from far,
Th' avenging Storms, his Ministers of War:
His Shafts are spent, and his tir'd Thunders sleep;
Nor longer bellow thro' the boundless Deep.

Best take th' Occasion, and these Waves forsake,
While time is giv'n. Ho, *Asmoday*, awake,
If thou art he: But ah! how chang'd from him,
Companion of my Arms! how wan! how dim!
How faded all thy Glories are! I see

My self too well, and my own Change, in thee.

Asmoday. Prince of the Thrones, who, in the Fields of
Led'st forth th' imbattel'd Seraphim to fight, [Light,
Who shook the Pow'r of Heavens eternal State,
Had broke it too, if not upheld by Fate;

But now those Hopes are fled: Thus low we lie,
Shut from his Day, and that contended Sky,
And lost, as far as heav'nly Forms can die;
Yet, not all perish'd: We desie him still,
And yet wage War, with our unconquer'd Will.

Lucif. Strength may return.

Asm. Already of thy Virtue I partake,
Erected by thy Voice.

Lucif. ————— See on the Lake
Our Troops like scatter'd Leaves in Autumn lie:
First let us raise our selves, and seek the dry,
Perhaps more easie dwelling.

Asm. ————— From the Beach,
Thy well-known Voice the sleeping Gods will reach,
And wake th' immortal Sense which Thunders Noise
Had quell'd, and Lightning deep had driv'n within 'em.

Lucif. With Wings expanded wide, our selves we'll rear,
And fly incumbent on the dusky Air:
Hell, thy new Lord receive.

Heaven cannot envy me an Empire here.

[Both fly to dry Land.

Asm. Thus far we have prevail'd; if that be Gain
Which is but change of Place, not change of Pain.
Now summon we the rest.

Lucif.

and FALL of MAN.

31

Lucif. Dominions, Pow'rs, ye Chiefs of Heav'n's bright
(Of Heav'n, once yours; but now, in Battel, lost) [*Host.*
Wake from your Slumber: Are your Beds of Down?
Sleep you so easie there? Or fear the Frown
Of him who threw you thence, and joys to see
Your abject State confess his Victory?
Rise, rise, ere from his Battlements he view
Your prostrate Postures, and his Bolts renew,
To strike you deeper down.

Asm. ————— They wake, they hear,
Shake off their Slumber first, and next their Fear;
And only for th' appointed Signal stay.

Lucif. Rise from the Flood, and hither wing your way. }
Moloch from the Lake.] Thine to command; our part }
'tis to obey.

[*The rest of the Devils rise up, and fly to the Land.*

Lucif. So, now we are our selves again, an Host
Fit to tempt Fate, once more, for what we lost.
T' o'erleap th' Etherial Fence, or if so high
We cannot climb, to undermine his Sky,
And blow him up, who justly Rules us now,
Because more strong: Should he be forc'd to bow,
The Right were ours again: 'Tis just to win
The highest place; t' attempt, and fail, is Sin.

Mol. Chang'd as we are, we're yet from Homage free;
We have, by Hell, at least, gain'd Liberty:
That's worth our Fall; thus low tho' we are driven,
Better to rule in Hell, than serve in Heaven.

Lucif. There spoke the better half of *Lucifer*!

Asm. 'Tis fit in frequent Senate we confer,
And then determine how to steer our Course;
To wage new War by Fraud, or open Force.
The Doom's now past; Submission were in vain.

Mol. And, were it not, such Baseness I disdain.
I would not stoop, to purchase all above;
And should contemn a Pow'r whom Pray'r could move,
As one unworthy to have conquer'd me.

Beelzebub. *Moloch*, in that, all are resolv'd like thee.
The means are unpropos'd; but 'tis not fit
Our dark *Divan* in publick view should sit:

32 *The STATE of INNOCENCE,*

Or what we plot against the Thunderer,
Th' ignoble Crowd of vulgar Devils hear.

Lucif. A golden Palace let be rais'd on high;
To imitate? No, to out-shine the Sky!
All Mines are ours, and Gold above the rest;
Let this be done; and quick as 'twas express'd.

[*A Palace rises, where sit, as in Council, Lucifer, Asmodeus,*
Moloch, Belial, Beelzebub and Sathan.

Most high and mighty Lords, who better fell
From Heav'n, to rise States-General of Hell,
Nor yet repent, tho' ruin'd and undone,
Our upper Provinces already won,
(Such Pride there is in Souls created free,
Such hate of universal Monarchy;)

Speak, (for we therefore meet)——
If Peace you chuse, your Suffrages declare;
Or means propound, to carry on the War.

Mol. My Sentence is for War; that open too:
Unskill'd in Stratagems; plain Force I know:
Treaties are vain to Losers; nor would we,
Should Heav'n grant Peace, submit to Sovereignty.
We can no caution give we will adore;
And he above is warn'd to trust no more.
What then remains but Battel?

Sathan. I agree,
With this brave Vote; and if in Hell there be
Ten more such Spirits, Heav'n is our own again:
We venture nothing, and may all obtain.
Yet who can hope but well, since ev'n Success
Makes Foes secure, and makes our Danger less,
Seraph, and Cherub, careless of their Charge,
And wanton, in full ease now live at large;
Unguarded leave the Passes of the Sky,
And all dissolv'd in Hallelujahs lie.

Mol. Grant that our hazardous attempt prove vain;
We feel the worst, secur'd from greater Pain:
Perhaps we may provoke the conqu'ring Foe
To make us nothing; yet, ev'n then, we know
That not to be, is not to be in Woe.

Belial.

Belial. That Knowledge which, as Spirits, we obtain,
Is to be valu'd in the midst of Pain:

Annihilation were to lose Heav'n more:

We are not quite exil'd where thought can soar.

Then cease from Arms;——

Tempt him not farther to pursue his Blow;

And be content to bear those Pains we know.

If what we had, we could not keep, much less

Can we regain what those above possess.

Beelzebub. Heav'n sleeps not; from one wink a Breach
In the full Circle of Eternity. [would be

Long Pains, with use of bearing, are half eas'd;

Heav'n unprovok'd, at length may be appeas'd.

By War, we cannot scape our wretched Lot;

And may, perhaps, not warring, be forgot.

Asm. Could we repent, or did not Heav'n well know
Rebellion once forgiv'n, would greater grow:

I should, with *Belial*, chuse ignoble Ease;

But neither will the Conqueror give Peace,

Nor yet so lost in this low State we are,

As to despair of a well-manag'd War.

Nor need we tempt those Heights which Angels keep;

Who fear no Force, or Ambush from the Deep.

What if we find some easier Enterprize?

There is a Place, if ancient Prophecies

And Fame in Heav'n not err, the blest Abode

Of some new Race, call'd *Man*, a Demy-God,

Whom, near this time, th' Almighty must create;

He swore it, shook the Heav'ns, and made it Fate.

Lucif. I heard it; thro' all Heav'n the Rumour ran;

And much the talk of this intended *Man*:

Of Form divine; but less in Excellence

Than we; indu'd with Reason lodg'd in Sense:

The Soul pure Fire, like ours, of equal Force;

But, pent in Flesh, must issue by Discourse:

We see what is; to Man Truth must be brought

By Sense, and drawn by a long Chain of Thought:

By that faint Light, to will and understand;

For made less knowing, he's at more command.

34 *The STATE of INNOCENCE,*

Asm. Tho' Heav'n be shut, that World, if it be made,
As nearest Heav'n, lies open to invade:

Man therefore must be known, his Strength, his State,
And by what Tenure he holds all of Fate.

Him let us then seduce, or overthrow:

The first is easiest; and makes Heav'n his Foe.

Advise, if this Attempt be worth our Care.

Belial. Great is th' Advantage, great the Hazards are.
Some one (but who that Task dares undertake?)

Of this new Creature must Discovery make.

Hell's Brazen Gates he first must break, then far

Must wander thro' old Night, and thro' the War

Of antique Chaos; and, when these are past,

Meet Heav'n's Out-guards who scout upon the Waste:

At every Station must be bid to stand,

And forc'd to answer every strict demand.

Mol. This glorious Enterprize——

[*Rising up.*

Lucif. ———— Rash Angel, stay;

[*Rising, and laying his Scepter on Moloch's Head.*

That Palm is mine, which none shall take away.

Hot Braves, like thee, may fight; but know not well

To manage this, the last great Stake of Hell.

Why am I rank'd in State above the rest,

If while I stand of Sovereign Pow'r possess,

Another dares, in Danger, farther go?

Kings are not made for Ease, and Pageant-show.

Who would be Conqueror, must venture all:

He merits not to Rise, who dares not Fall.

Ans. The Praise, and Danger, then, be all your own.

Lucif. On this Foundation I erect my Throne:

Thro' Brazen Gates, vast Chaos, and old Night,

I'll force my Way; and upwards steer my Flight:

Discover this new World, and newer Man;

Make him my Foot-step to mount Heav'n again:

Then, in the Clemency of upward Air,

We'll scour our Spots, and the dire Thunders fear,

With all the Remnants of th' unlucky War,

And once again grow bright, and once again grow fair.

Asm. Mean time the Youth of Hell strict guard may

And set their Centries to the utmost Deep,

[*keep,
That*

That no Etherial Parasite may come
To spy our Ills, and tell glad Tales at home.

Lucif. Before yon' Brimstone Lake thrice ebb and flow,
(Alas, that we must measure Time by Woe!)
I shall return: (my Mind presages well)
And outward lead the Colonies of Hell.
Your Care I much approve; what Time remains,
Seek to forget, at least divert your Pains
With Sports and Musick, in the Vales and Fields,
And whate'er Joy so sad a Climate yields.

Between the first Act and the second, while the Chiefs sit in the Palace, may be expressed the Sports of the Devils; as Flights and dancing in Grotesque Figures: And a Song expressing the Change of their Condition; what they enjoy'd before, and how they fell bravely in Battle, having deseru'd Victory by their Valour, and what they would have done if they had conquer'd.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Champaign Country.*

Adam, as newly created, laid on a Bed of Moss and Flowers by a Rock.

Adam. **W**HAT am I? or from whence? For that I
am

[*Rising.*]

I know, because I think; but whence I came,
Or how this Frame of mine began to be,
What other Being can disclose to me?
I move, I see, I speak, discourse, and know,
Though now I am; I was not always so.
Then that from which I was, must be before;
Whom, as my Spring of Being, I adore.
How full of Ornament is all I view
In all its Parts! and seems as beautiful as new:

36 *The STATE of INNOCENCE,*

O goodly order'd Work! O Pow'r Divine,
Of thee I am, and what I am is thine!

Raphael descends to Adam in a Cloud.

Raphael. First of Mankind, made o'er the World to reign,
Whose fruitful Loins an unborn Kind contain,
Well hast thou reason'd: Of himself is none
But that Eternal Infinite, and One,
Who never did begin, who ne'er can end;
On Him all Beings, as their Source, depend.
We first, who of his Image most partake,
Whom He all Spirit, Immortal, Pure did make.
Man next; whose Race exalted, must supply
The Place of those who, falling, lost the Sky.

Adam. Bright Minister of Heav'n, sent here below
To me, who but begin to think and know;
If such could fall from Bliss, who knew and saw,
By near Admission, their Creator's Law,
What Hopes have I, from Heav'n remote so far,
To keep those Laws, unknowing when I err?

Raphael. Right Reason's Law to every human Heart,
Th' Eternal, as his Image, will impart:
This teaches to adore Heaven's Majesty;
In Pray'r and Praise does all Devotion lye:
So doing, thou and all thy Race are blest.

Adam. Of every creeping thing, of Bird, and Beast,
I see the Kinds: In Pairs distinct they go;
The Males their Loves, their Lovers Females know.
Thou nam'dst a Race which must proceed from me,
Yet my whole Species in my self I see:
A barren Sex, and single, of no use;
But full of Forms which I can ne'er produce.

Raphael. Think not the Pow'r, who made thee thus,
No way like theirs to propagate thy Kind: [can find
Mean time, live happy in thy self alone;
Like him who, single, fills th' Etherial Throne.
To study Nature will thy Time employ;
Knowledge and Innocence are perfect Joy.

Adam. If Solitude were best, th' All-wise above
Had made no Creature for himself to love.

I add.

I add not to the Pow'r he had before;
Yet to make me, extends his Goodness more.
He would not be alone, who all things can;
But peopled Heav'n with Angels, Earth with Man.

Raphael. As Man and Angels to the Deity,
So all inferior Creatures are to thee.
Heav'n's Greatness no Society can bear;
Servants he made, and those thou want'st not here.

Adam. Why did he Reason in my Soul implant,
And Speech, th' Effect of Reason? To the Mute
My Speech is lost; my Reason, to the Brute.
Love and Society more Blessings bring
To them, the Slaves, than Pow'r to me their King.

Raphael. Thus far to try thee; but to Heav'n 'twas
It was not best for Man to be alone; [known,
An Equal, yet thy Subject, is design'd
For thy soft Hours, and to unbend thy Mind.
Thy stronger Soul shall her weak Reason sway;
And thou, through Love, her Beauty shalt obey:
Thou shalt secure her helpless Sex from Harms,
And she thy Cares shall sweeten with her Charms.

Adam. What more can Heav'n bestow; or Man require?

Raphael. Yes, he can give beyond thy own Desire.
A Mansion is provided thee, more fair
Than this, and worthy Heav'n's peculiar Care:
Not fram'd of common Earth, nor Fruits, nor Flowers,
Of vulgar Growth, but like Celestial Bowers:
The Soil luxuriant, and the Fruit divine,
Where golden Apples on green Branches shine,
And purple Grapes dissolve into immortal Wine;
For Noon-day's Heat are closer Arbours made,
And for fresh Ev'ning Air the op'ner Glade.
Ascend; and, as we go,
More Wonders thou shalt know.

Adam. And, as we go, let Earth and Heav'n above
Sound our great Maker's Pow'r and greater Love.

[They ascend to soft Musick, and a Song is sung.

The Scene changes, and represents, above, a Sun gloriously ri-
sing, and moving orbicularly; at a Distance, below, is the
Moon;

38 The STATE of INNOCENCE,

*Moon; the Part next the Sun enlightened, the other dark
A black Cloud comes whirling from the adverse Part of the
Heavens, bearing Lucifer in it; at his nearer Approach the
Body of the Sun is darken'd.*

Lucifer. Am I become so monstrous? so disfigur'd,
That Nature cannot suffer my Approach,
Or look me in the Face? but stands aghast;
And that fair Light which gilds this new-made Orb,
Shorn of his Beams, shrinks in; accurst Ambition!
And thou, black Empire of the neather World,
How dearly have I bought you! But, 'tis past:
I have already gone too far to stop,
And must push on my dire Revenge, in ruin
Of this gay Frame, and Man, my upstart Rival,
In scorn of me created. Down, my Pride,
And all my swelling Thoughts; I must forget,
Awhile, I am a Devil, and put on
A smooth submissive Face; else I, in vain
Have past through Night and Chaos, to discover
Those envy'd Skies again which I have lost.
But stay; far off, I see a Chariot driv'n,
Flaming with Beams, and in it *Uriel*,
One of the Seven, (I know his hated Face)
Who stands in Presence of th' Eternal Throne,
And seems the Regent of that glorious Light.

From that Part of the Heavens where the Sun appears, a Chariot is discovered drawn with white Horses, and in it Uriel the Regent of the Sun. The Chariot moves swiftly towards Lucifer, and at Uriel's Approach the Sun recovers his Light.

Uriel. Spirit, who art thou, and from whence arriv'd?
(For I remember not thy Face in Heav'n)
Or by Command, or hither led by Choice?
Or wander'st thou within this lucid Orb,
And stray'd from those fair Fields of Light above,
Amidst this new Creation want'st a Guide,
To reconduct thy Steps?

Lucifer.

Lucifer. ————— Bright *Uriel*,
 Chief of the Seven, thou flaming Minister,
 Who guard'st this new-created Orb of Light,
 (The World's Eye that, and thou the Eye of it)
 Thy Favour and high Office make thee known:
 An humble Cherub I, and of less Note,
 Yet, bold, by thy Permission, hither come,
 On high Discoveries bent.

Uriel. ————— Speak thy Design.

Lucifer. Urg'd by Renown of what I heard above,
 Divulg'd by Angels nearest Heav'n's high King,
 Concerning this new World, I came to view
 (If worthy such a Favour) and admire
 This last Effect of our great Maker's Pow'r:
 Thence, to my wond'ring Fellows I shall turn,
 Full fraught with joyful Tidings of these Works,
 New Matter of his Praise, and of our Songs.

Uriel. Thy Business is not what deserves my Blame,
 Nor thou thy self unwelcome; see, fair Spirit,
 Below yon' Sphere (of Matter not unlike it)
 There hangs the Ball of Earth and Water mixt,
 Self-center'd and unmov'd.

Lucifer. ————— But where dwells Man?

Uriel. On yonder Mount; thou see'st it fenc'd with
 And round th' Ascent a Theatre of Trees, [Rocks,
 A sylvan Scene, which rising by Degrees,
 Leads up the Eye below, nor gluts the Sight
 With one full Prospect, but invites by many,
 To view at last the whole: There his Abode,
 Thither direct thy Flight.

Lucifer. ————— O blest be thou,
 Who to my low Converse hast lent thy Ear,
 And favour'd my Request: Hail, and farewell.

[Flies downward out of Sight.]

Uriel. Not unobserv'd thou goest, whoe'er thou art;
 Whether some Spirit on holy Purpose bent,
 Or some fall'n Angel from below broke loose,
 Who com'st with envious Eyes and curst Intent,
 To view this World and its created Lord:
 Here will I watch, and, while my Orb rolls on,

Pursue

40 *The STATE of INNOCENCE,*

Pursue from hence thy much suspected Flight,
And, if disguis'd, pierce through with Beams of Light.
[*The Chariot drives forward out of Sight.*]

The SCENE Paradise.

Trees cut out on each Side, with several Fruits upon them; a Fountain in the Midst: At the far End the Prospect terminates in Walks.

Adam. If this be dreaming, let me never wake;
But still the Joys of that sweet Sleep partake.
Methought—but why do I my Bliss delay
By thinking what I thought? Fair Vision stay;
My better Half, thou softer Part of me,
To whom I yield my boasted Sovereignty,
I seek my self, and find not, wanting thee. [Exit.]

Enter Eve.

Eve. Tell me, ye Hills and Dales, and thou fair Sun,
Who shin'st above, what am I? whence begun?
Like my self, I see nothing: From each Tree
The feather'd Kind peep down to look on me;
And Beasts with up-cast Eyes forsake their Shade,
And gaze, as if I were to be obey'd.
Sure I am somewhat which they wish to be,
And cannot; I my self am proud of me.
What's here? another Firmament below,

[*Looks into a Fountain.*]

Spread wide, and other Trees that downward grow?
And now a Face peeps up, and now draws near,
With smiling Looks, as pleas'd to see me here.
As I advance, so that advances too,
And seems to imitate whate'er I do:
When I begin to speak, the Lips it moves;
Streams drown the Voice, or it would say it loves.
Yet when I would embrace, it will not stay:

[*Stoops down to embrace.*]

Lost e'er 'tis held; when nearest, far away.
Ah, fair, yet false; ah Being form'd to cheat,
By seeming Kindness, mixt with deep Deceit.

Enter Adam.

Adam. O Virgin, Heav'n begot, and born of Man,
Thou fairest of thy great Creator's Works;
Thee, Goddess, thee th'Eternal did ordain
His softer Substitute on Earth to reign:
And, wheresoe'er thy happy Footsteps tread,
Nature in triumph after thee is led.

Angels with Pleasure view thy matchless Grace,
And love their Maker's Image in thy Face.

Eve. O, only like my self, (for nothing here
So graceful, so majestick does appear:)
Art thou the Form my longing Eyes did see,
Laps'd from thy Fountain, and come out to me?
Yet sure thou art not, nor thy Face the same,
Nor thy Limbs moulded in so soft a Frame;
Thou look'st more sternly, dost more strongly move,
And more of Awe thou bear'st, and less of Love.
Yet pleas'd I hear thee, and above the rest;
I next my self, admire and love thee best.

Adam. Made to command, thus freely I obey,
And at thy Feet the whole Creation lay.
Pry that Love thy Beauty does beget;
What more I shall desire, I know not yet.
First let us lock'd in close Embraces be,
Thence I, perhaps, may teach my self and thee.
Eve. Somewhat forbids me, which I cannot name;
For ignorant of Guilt, I fear not Shame:
But some restraining Thought, I know not why,
Tells me you long should beg, I long deny.

Adam. In vain! my Right to thee is seal'd above;
Look round and see where thou canst place thy Love:
All Creatures else are much unworthy thee;
They match'd, and thou alone art left for me.
If not to Love, we both were made in vain;
If my new Empire would resign again,
And change with my dumb Slaves my nobler Mind,
Who, void of Reason, more of Pleasure find.
It thinks for me they beg, each silently
Demands thy Grace, and seems to watch thy Eye.

Eve.

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Eve. I well fore-see, when e'er thy Suit I grānt,
That I my much-lov'd Sovereignty shall want:
Or like my self, some other may be made;
And her new Beauty may thy Heart invade.

Adam. Could Heav'n some greater Master-piece devi-
Set out with all the Glories of the Skies:
That Beauty yet in vain he should decree,
Unless he made another Heart for me.

Eve. With how much ease I, whom I love, believe!
Giving my self, my want of Worth I grieve.
Here, my inviolable Faith I plight,
So, thou be my Defence, I, thy Delight.

[*Exeunt, he leading her.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Paradise.*

Lucif. FAIR place; yet what is this to Heav'n, where I
Sate next, so almost equall'd the most High?
I doubted, measuring both, who was more strong;
Then, willing to forget time since so long,
Scarce thought I was created: Vain desire
Of Empire, in my Thoughts still shot me higher,
To mount above his sacred Head: Ah why,
When he so kind, was so ungrateful I?
He bounteously bestow'd unenvy'd Good
On me: In arbitrary Grace I stood:
T' acknowledge this, was all he did exact;
Small Tribute, where the Will to pay was Act.
I mourn it now, unable to repent,
As he, who knows my hatred to relent,
Jealous of Pow'r once question'd: Hope, farewell;
And with Hope, Fear; no depth below my Hell
Can be prepar'd: Then, Ill be thou my Good;
And vast Destruction, be my Envy's Food.

Th

I, with Heav'n, divided Empire gain;
 Making Man, I make his Project vain.
 In one Hour, destroy his six Days pain.
 Come again; I must retire.

Enter Adam and Eve.

Adam. Thus shall we live in perfect Bliss, and see,
 Doubtless our selves, our num'rous Progeny.
 These young and beauteous, my Desires to bless;
 All desiring, what I still possess.

Eve. Heav'n, from whence Love (our greatest Blessing
 Can give no more, but still to be the same. [came)
 These more of Pleasure may'st with me partake;
 These more of Pride, because thy Bliss I make.

Adam. When to my Arms thou brought'st thy Virgins
 Fair Angels sung our Bridal Hymn above: [Love,
 The eternal, nodding, shook the Firmament,
 And conscious Nature gave her glad Consent.
 Rocks unbid, and ev'ry fragrant Flow'r,
 Flew from their Stalks, to strow thy Nuptial Bower:
 The furr'd and feather'd Kind the triumph did pursue,
 And Fishes leap'd above the Streams, the passing Pomp
 to view.

Eve. When your kind Eyes look'd languishing on mine,
 And wreathing Arms did soft Embraces join,
 A doubtful trembling seiz'd me first all o'er;
 Then, wishes; and a warmth, unknown before:
 What follow'd, was all Ecstasie and Trance;
 Immortal Pleasures round my swimming Eyes did dance,
 And speechless Joys, in whose sweet Tumult tost,
 I thought my Breath, and my new Being lost.

Lucif. O Death to hear! and a worse Hell on Earth:

[*Aside.*

What mad Profusion on this clod-born Birth:
 Abyss of Joys, as if Heav'n meant to shew
 What, in base Matters, such a Hand could do:
 Was his Virtue spent, and he no more
 With Angels could supply th' exhausted Store
 Of which I swept the Sky?—
 And wanting Subjects to his haughty Will,
 On this mean Work, employ'd his trifling Skill.

Eve.

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Eve. Blest in our selves, all Pleasures else abound;
Without our Care, behold th' unlabour'd Ground,
Bounteous of Fruit, above our shady Bowers
The creeping Jess'min thrusts her fragrant Flowers
The Myrtle, Orange, and the blushing Rose,
With bending heaps so nigh their Blooms disclose,
Each seems to smell the Flavour which the other blows
By these the Peach, the Guava, and the Pine,
And creeping 'twixt 'em all, the mant'ling Vine,
Does round their Trunks her purple Clusters twine.

Adam. All these are ours, all Nature's Excellence
Whose Taste or Smell can bless the feasted Sense;
One only Fruit, in the mid Garden plac'd,
(The Tree of Knowledge,) is deny'd our Taste;
(Our proof of Duty to our Maker's Will:)
Of Disobedience, Death's the threatned Ill.

Eve. Death is some harm, which, tho' we know
Since threatned, we must needs imagine great:
And sure he merits it, who disobeys
That one command, and one of so much ease.

Lucif. Must they then die, if they attempt to know
He sees they would rebel, and keeps them low.
On this Foundation I their Ruin lay.
Hope to know more shall tempt to disobey.
I sell by this, and, since their Strength is less,
Why should not equal Means give like Success?

Adam. Come, my fair Love, our Morning's Task
Some Labour ev'n the easiest Life would chuse:
Ours is not great; the dangling Boughs to crop,
Whose too luxuriant growth our Alleys stop;
And choak the Paths: This our Delight requires,
And Heav'n no more of daily Work desires.

Eve. With thee to live, is Paradise alone:
Without the pleasure of thy Sight, is none.
I fear small Progress will be made this Day;
So much our Kisses will our Task delay.

Lucif. Why have not I like these, a Body too,
Form'd for the same Delights which they pursue?
I could (so variously my Passions move)
Enjoy and blast her, in the Act of Love.

Unwilling

I hate such Excellence;
 I would not; but I revenge th' Offence
 On her, on Heav'n, whose Thunder took away
 Both-right Skies! Live happy whilst you may.
 Fair, y'are not allow'd another Day! [Exit. }

Uriel and Ithuriel descend, carried on bright Clouds; and
 bring cross each other, then light on the Ground.

Uriel. Ithuriel, since we two Commission'd are
 To be Heav'n the Guardians of this new-made Pair,
 I'll bind his Charge; for, see, the Night draws on,
 And rising Mists pursue the setting Sun.

Ithuriel. Blest is our Lot to serve; our Task we know:
 To watch, least any, from th' Abyss below,
 Shall loose, disturb their Sleep with Dreams; or worse,
 Shall their Beings with superior Force.

[Uriel flies down from the Sun.

Uriel. Gabriel, if now the Watch be set, prepare
 To be the strictest Guard, to show thy utmost Care.
 This Morning came a Spirit, fair he seem'd,
 Born, by his Face, I some young Cherub deem'd;
 He ask'd me much inquir'd, and where his place,
 And shew'd of Zeal to praise his Maker's Grace;
 At I, with watchful Eyes, observ'd his Flight,
 And saw him on yon steepy Mount alight;
 Here, as he thought unseen, he laid aside
 His borrow'd Mask, and re-assum'd his Pride:
 He mark'd his Looks, averse to Heav'n and Good;
 As he grew, and long revolving stood
 In some deep, dark Design; thence shot with haste,
 And o'er the Mounds of Paradise he past:
 By his proud Port, he seem'd the Prince of Hell;
 And here he lurks, in Shades, 'till Night: Search well
 Each Grove and Thicket, pry in ev'ry Shape,
 And hid in some, th' arch Hypocrite escape.

Gabriel. If any Spirit come to invade, or scout
 From Hell, what earthy Fence can keep him out?
 If not secure of this, he shall be found,
 And taken, or proscrib'd this happy Ground. }

Uriel. Thou to the East, I westward walk the round, }
 And

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And meet we in the midst. *Uriel.* Heav'n your De
Succeed; your Charge requires you, and me mine.

*[Uriel flies forward out of Sight; the two Angels
eunt severally.]*

*A Night-piece of a pleasant Bower: Adam and Eve
in it.*

Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. So, now they lye secure in Love, and steep
Their fated Senses in full Draughts of Sleep.
By what sure Means can I their Blis invade?
By Violence? No; for they're immortal made.
Their Reason sleeps, but mimick Fancy wakes,
Supplies her Parts, and wild Ideas takes
From Words and Things, ill sorted and misjoyn'd;
The Anarchy of Thought, and Chaos of the Mind:
Hence Dreams confus'd and various may arise;
These will I set before the Woman's Eyes;
The weaker she, and made my easier Prey;
Vain Shows and Pomp the softer Sex betray.

*[Lucifer sits down by Eve, and seems to whisper her
her Ear.]*

*A Vision, where a Tree rises laden with Fruit; four Sp
rise with it, and draw a Canopy out of the Tree; other
rits dance about the Tree in deform'd Shapes; after
Dance an Angel enters, with a Woman habited like Eve*

Angel. *[Singing.]* Look up, look up, and see
What Heav'n prepares for thee;
Look up, and this fair Fruit behold,
Ruddy it smiles, and rich with Streaks of Gold.

The loaded Branches downward bend,
Willing they stoop, and thy fair Hand attend.
Fair Mother of Mankind, make haste,
And bless, and bless thy Senses with the Taste.

Woman. No, 'tis forbidden; I
In tasting it shall dye.

Angel. Say, who enjoyn'd this harsh Command.

Woman. 'Twas Heav'n; and who can Heav'n withstan

Angel. Why was it made so fair, why plac'd in Sight?
 Man is too good to envy Man's Delight.
 We before thy Face will try
 What thou so fear'st, and will not dye.

[The Angel takes the Fruit and gives to the Spirits, who danc'd; they immediately put off their deform'd Shapes, and appear Angels. [here!]

Angels. *[Singing.]* Behold what a Change on a sudden is
 How glorious in Beauty, how bright they appear!
 From Spirits deform'd they are Deities made,
 Their Pinions at pleasure the Clouds can invade,

[The Angel gives to the Woman, who eats.]
 Till equal in Honour they rise

With him who commands in the Skies;
 Then taste without Fear, and be happy and wise.

Woman. Ah, now I believe; such a Pleasure I find,
 As enlightens my Eyes, and enlivens my Mind.

[The Spirits who are turn'd Angels, fly up when they have tasted.]

I only repent
 I deferr'd my Content.

Angel. Now wiser Experience has taught you to prove
 What a Folly it is,

Out of Fear to shun Blifs.

To the Joy that's forbidden we eagerly move;
 It enhances the Price, and increases the Love.

Chorus of both. To the Joy, &c.

Two Angels descend; they take the Woman each by the Hand, and fly up, with her out of Sight. The Angel who sung, and the Spirits who held the Canopy, at the same Instant sink down with the Tree.

Enter Gabriel and Ithuriel to Lucifer, who remains.

Gabriel. What art thou? speak thy Name and thy Intent.

Why here alone? and on what Errand sent?

Not from above; no, thy wan Looks betray

Diminish'd Light, and Eyes unus'd to Day.

Lucifer. Not to know me, argues thy self unknown;

Came was when, shining next th' Imperial Throne,

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I fate in awful State; while such as thou
Did in th' ignoble Crowd at Distance bow.

Gabriel. Think'st thou, vain Spirit, thy Glories are
And seest not Sin obscures thy God-like Frame? [same
I know thee now by thy ungrateful Pride,
That shows me what thy faded Looks did hide.
Traytor to him who made, and set thee high,
And, Fool, that Pow'r which form'd thee to defie.

Lucifer. Go, Slaves, return, and fawn in Heav'n again
Seek Thanks from him whose Quarrel you maintain.
Vile Wretches! of your Servitude to boast;
You basely keep the Place I bravely lost.

Ithuriel. Freedom is Choice of what we will and do:
Then blame not Servants who are freely so.
'Tis base not to acknowledge what we owe.

Lucifer. Thanks, howe'er due, proclaim Subjection yet
I fought for Pow'r to quit th' upbraided Debt.
Whoe'er expects our Thanks, himself repays,
And seems but little, who can want our Praise.

Gabriel. What in us Duty, shows not Want in him;
Blest in himself alone —

To whom no Praise we, by good Deeds, can add;
Nor can his Glory suffer from our bad.
Made for his use; yet he has form'd us so,
We, unconstrain'd, what he commands us, do.
So praise we him, and serve him freely best;
Thus thou, by Choice, art fall'n, and we are blest.

Ithuriel. This, lest thou think thy Plea unanswer'd, good
Our Question thou evad'st: How did'st thou dare
To break Hell Bounds, and near this human Pair
In nightly Ambush lye?

Lucifer. Lives there who would not seek to force his way
From Pain to Ease, from Darkness to the Day?
Should I, who found the Means to 'scape, not dare
To change my sulph'rous Smoak for upper Air?
When I, in Fight, sustain'd your Thunderer,
And Heav'n on me alone spent half his War,
Think'st thou those Wounds were light? should I not seek
The Clemency of some more temp'rate Clime

purge my Gloom; and by the Sun refin'd,
 in his Beams, and bleach me in the Wind?
Gabriel. If Pain to shun be all thy Business here,
 thinks thy Fellows the same Course should steer.
 their Pain less who yet behind thee stay?
 thou less hardy to endure than they?
Satan. Nor one, nor t'other; but, as Leaders ought;
 ventur'd first alone; first Danger sought;
 first explor'd this new-created Frame,
 which fill'd our dusky Regions with its Fame;
 in hopes my fainting Troops to settle here,
 to defend, against your Thunderer,
 this Spot of Earth; or nearer Heav'n repair,
 And forage to his Gates from middle Air.
Michael. Fool, to believe thou any Part canst gain
 from him, who could'st not thy first Ground maintain.
Gabriel. But whether that Design, or one as vain,
 attempt the Lives of these, first drew thee here,
 Avoid the Place, and never more appear
 upon this hallow'd Earth, else prove our Might.
Satan. Not that I fear, do I decline the Fight:
 Yes I disdain; let me with him contend
 on whom your liminary Powers depend.
 More Honour from the Sender than the Sent:
 Till then, I have accomplish'd my Intent;
 and leave this Place, which but augments my Pain,
 gazing to wish, yet hopeless to obtain. [Exit.
[They following him.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Paradise.**Adam and Eve.*

Strange was your Dream, and full of sad Portent;
 Avert it, Heav'n (if it from Heav'n were sent):
 thy Foes the dire Presages fall;
 be good and easy, when we call.
 L. IV C

50 *The STATE of INNOCENCE,*

Eve. Behold from far a breaking Cloud appears.
Which, in it, many winged Warriors bears:
Their Glory shoots upon my aking Sense;
Thou stronger may'st endure the Flood of Light,
And while in Shades I chear my fainting Sight,
Encounter the descending Excellence. [Exit]

The Cloud descends with six Angels in it, and when it's near the Ground, breaks, and on each Side discovers six more. They descend out of the Cloud. Raphael and Gabriel scourse with Adam, the rest stand at distance.

Raphael. First of Mankind; that we from Heav'n are sent
Is from Heav'n's Care thy Ruin to prevent.
Th' Apostate Angel has by Night been here,
And whisper'd through thy sleeping Consort's Ear
Delusive Dreams. Thus warn'd by us, beware,
And guide her Frailty by thy timely Care.

Gabriel. These, as thy Guards from outward Harm
Ills from within thy Reason must prevent. [are sent]

Adam. Natives of Heav'n, who in Compassion deign
To want that Place where Joys immortal reign,
In care of me; what Praises can I pay,
Defended in Obedience; taught to obey?

Raphael. Praise him alone who, God-like, form'd thee
With Will unbounded, as a Deity;
Who gave thee Reason, as thy Aid, to chuse
Apparent Good, and Evil to refuse. [Exit]
Obedience is that Good; this Heav'n exacts,
And Heav'n, all-just, from Man requires not Acts
Which Man wants Pow'r to do: Pow'r then is giv'n
Of doing Good, but not compell'd by Heav'n.

Gabriel. Made good, that thou dost to thy Maker owe
But to thy self, if thou continu'st so.

Adam. Freedom of Will of all good things is best,
But can it be by finite Man posselt?
I know not how Heav'n can communicate
What equals Man to his Creator's State.

Raphael. Heav'n cannot give his boundless Pow'r away
But boundless Liberty of Choice he may.

to Orbs from the first Mover Motion take,
 Yet each their proper Revolutions make.

Adam. Grant Heav'n could once have given us Liberty;
 Are we not bounded, now, by firm Decree,
 Since whatsoe'er is preordain'd must be?
 Alse Heav'n for Man Events might preordain,
 And Man's free Will might make those Orders vain.

Gabriel. Th'Eternal, when he did the World create,
 All other Agents did necessitate:
 To what he order'd, they by Nature do;
 Thus light things mount, and heavy downward go.
 Man only boasts an arbitrary State.

Adam. Yet Causes their Effects necessitate
 In willing Agents: Where is Freedom then?
 Or who can break the Chain which limits Men
 To act what is unchangeably forecast,
 Since the first Cause gives Motion to the last?

Raphael. Heav'n by fore-knowing what will surely be,
 Does only, first, Effects in Causes see,
 And finds, but does not make Necessity.
 Creation is of Pow'r and Will th' Effect,
 Foreknowledge only of his Intellect:

His Prescience makes not, but supposes things;
 Infers Necessity to be, not brings.
 Thus thou art not constrain'd to Good or Ill;
 Causes which work th' Effect, force not the Will.

Adam. The Force unseen, and distant, I confess;
 But the long Chain makes not the Bondage less.
 For'n Man himself may to himself seem free,
 And think that Choice which is Necessity. [State?

Gabriel. And who but Man should judge of Man's free

Adam. I find that I can chuse to love or hate,
 Obeys or disobey, do good or ill;
 Yet such a Choice is but Consent, not Will.
 I can but chuse what he at first design'd,
 Or he before that Choice my Will confin'd.

Gabriel. Such impious Fancies, where they Entrance gain,
 Make Heav'n, all-pure, thy Crimes to preordain.

Adam. Far, far from me be banish'd such a Thought,
 I argue only to be better taught.

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Can there be Freedom, when what now seems free
Was founded on some first Necessity?

For whate'er Cause can move the Will t' elect,
Must be sufficient to produce th' Effect:

And what's sufficient must effectual be;

Then how is Man, thus forc'd by Causes, free?

Raphael. Sufficient Causes only work th' Effect,
When necessary Agents they respect.

Such is not Man; who, though the Cause suffice,
Yet often he his free Assent denies.

Adam. What causes not, is not sufficient still.

Gabriel. Sufficient in it self; not in thy Will.

Raphael. When we see Causes join'd t' Effects at last,
The Chain but shews Necessity that's past.

That what's done, is: '(ridiculous proof of Fate!)

Tell me which part it does necessitate?

I'll chuse the other; there I'll link th' Effect.

O chain, which Fools, to catch themselves, project!

Adam. Tho' no Constraint from Heav'n, or Causes, be
Heav'n may prevent that Ill he does foresee:

And, not preventing, tho' he does not cause,

He seems to will that Man should break his Laws.

Gabriel. Heav'n may permit, but not to Ill consent;
For hind'ring Ill, he would all Choice prevent.

'Twere to unmake, to take away thy Will.

Adam. Better constrain'd to Good, than free to Ill.

Raphael. But what Reward or Punishment could be,
If Man to neither Good nor Ill were free?

Th' eternal Justice could decree no Pain

To him whose Sins it self did first ordain;

And Good compell'd, could no Reward exact:

His Pow'r would shine in Goodness, not thy Act.

Our Task is done: Obey; and, in that Choice,

Thou shalt be blest, and Angels shall rejoice.

[*Raphael and Gabriel fly up in the Cloud: the other*

Angels go off.

Adam. Hard State of Life! since Heav'n fore-knows me
Why am I not ty'd up from doing Ill?

Why am I trusted with my self at large,

When he's more able to sustain the Charge?

[*W*

Sin

Since Angels fell, whose Strength was more than mine,
 Would show more Grace my Frailty to confine.
 Fore-knowing the Success, to leave me free,
 Excuses him, and yet supports not me.

To him Eve.

Eve. Behold, my Heart's dear Lord, how high the Sun
 Mounted, yet our Labour not begun.
 The Ground, unbid, gives more than we can ask;
 But Work is pleasure when we chuse our Task.
 Nature, not bounteous now, but lavish grows;
 Our Paths with Flow'rs she prodigally strows;
 With Pain we lift up our intangled Feet,
 While cros's our Walks the shooting Branches meet.

Adam. Well has thy Care advis'd; 'tis fit we haste;
 Nature's too kind, and follows us too fast;
 Leaves us no room her Treasures to possess,
 But mocks our Industry with her Excess;
 And wildly wanton wears by Night away
 The sign of all our Labours done by Day. [few,

Eve. Since, then, the Work's so great, the Hands so
 This Day let each a several Task pursue.
 By thee, my Hands to Labour will not move,
 But round thy Neck, employ themselves in Love.
 When thou would'st work, one tender Touch, one Smile
 (How can I hold?) will all thy Task beguile.

Adam. So hard we are not to our Labour ty'd,
 That Smiles, and soft Endearments are deny'd.
 Smiles, not allow'd to Beasts, from Reason move,
 And are the Priviledge of human Love:
 And if, sometimes, each others Eyes we meet,
 Those little Vacancies from Toil, are sweet.
 But you, by absence, would refresh your Joys,
 Because perhaps my Conversation cloy's.
 Yet this, would Prudence grant, I could permit.

Eve. What Reason makes my small Request unfit?

Adam. The fall'n Archangel, envious of our State,
 Pursues our Beings with immortal Hate.
 And hopeless to prevail by open Force,
 Seeks hid Advantage to betray us worse:

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Which when asunder, will not prove so hard;
For both together are each others Guard.

Eve. Since he, by Force, is hopeless to prevail,
He can by Fraud alone our Minds assail:
And to believe his Wiles my Truth can move,
Is to misdoubt my Reason, or my Love.

Adam. Call it my Care, and not Mistrust of thee;
Yet thou art weak, and full of Art is he;
Else how could he that Host seduce to Sin,
Whose Fall has left the heav'nly Nation thin?

Eve. I grant him arm'd with Subtilty, and Hate;
But why should we suspect our happy State?
Is our Perfection of so frail a Make,
As ev'ry Plot can undermine or shake?
Think better both of Heav'n, thy self, and me:
Who always fears, at Ease can never be.
Poor State of Bliss, where so much Care is shown,
As not to dare to trust our selves alone!

Adam. Such is our State, as not exempt from Fall;
Yet firm, if Reason to our Aid we call:
And that, in both, is stronger than in one;
I would not; why would'st thou, then, be alone?

Eve. Because thus warn'd, I know my self secure,
And long my little Tryal to endure,
T'approve my Faith; thy needless Fears remove;
Gain thy Esteem, and so deserve thy Love.
If all this shake not thy obdurate Will,
Know that, ev'n present, I am absent still:
And then what Pleasure hop'st thou in my stay,
When I'm constrain'd, and wish my self away?

Adam. Constraint does ill with Love and Beauty sute
I would persuade; but not be absolute.
Better be much remiss than too severe.
If pleas'd in absence thou wilt still be here,
Go; in thy native Innocence proceed,
And summon all thy Reason at thy need.

Eve. My Soul, my Eyes delight; in this I find
Thou lov'st; because to Love is to be kind.

[Embracing him
Seeking

eking my Tryal, I am still on Guard:
 Tryals less fought, would find us less prepar'd.
 Our Foe's too proud the weaker to assail;
 Doubles his Dishonour if he fail.

[Exit.]

Adam. In Love, what use of Prudence can there be?
 More perfect I, and yet more pow'rful she.
 Name me not, Heav'n, if thou Love's pow'r had'st try'd,
 That could be so unjust to be deny'd?
 The Look of hers my Resolution breaks;
 Reason it self turns Folly when she speaks:
 And aw'd by her whom it was made to sway,
 Betters her Pow'r, and does its own betray.

[Exit.]

The middle Part of the Garden is represented, where four Rivers meet: On the right side of the Scene, is plac'd the Tree of Life, on the left, the Tree of Knowledge.

Enter Lucifer.

Lucif. Methinks the Beauties of this Place should mourn;
 Th' immortal Fruits, and Flow'rs at my return
 Should hang their wither'd Heads; for sure my Breath
 Is now more pois'nous, and has gather'd Death
 Enough, to blast the whole Creation's Frame:
 Swoln with Despite, with Sorrow, and with Shame;
 Thrice have I beat the Wing, and rid with Night,
 About the World, behind the Globe of Light,
 To shun the Watch of Heav'n; such Care I use:
 (What Pains will Malice, rais'd like mine, refuse?
 Not the most abject Form of Brutes to take.)
 Hid in the spiry Volumes of the Snake,
 Murk'd within the Covert of a Brake;
 Not yet descry'd. But, see, the Woman here
 Alone! beyond my Hopes! no Guardian near.
 Good Omen that: I must retire unseen,
 And, with my borrow'd Shape, the work begin.

[Retires.]

Enter Eve.

Eve. Thus far, at least, with Leave; nor can it be
 A Sin to look on this celestial Tree:
 Would not more; to touch, a Crime, may prove:
 Touching is a remoter Taste in Love.

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Death may be there, or Poison in the Smell,
(If Death in any thing so fair can dwell:)
But Heav'n forbids: I could be satisfy'd
Were every Tree but this, but this deny'd.

*A Serpent enters on the Stage, and makes directly to the Tree
of Knowledge, on which winding himself, he plucks an Apple,
then descends and carries it away.*

Strange Sight! did then our great Creator grant
That Privilege, which we their Masters want,
To these inferior Beings? Or was it Chance?
And was he blest with bolder Ignorance?
I saw his curling Crest the Trunk infold:
The ruddy Fruit, distinguish'd o'er with Gold,
And smiling in its native Wealth, was torn
From the rich Bough, and then in Triumph born:
The vent'rous Victor march'd unpunish'd hence,
And seem'd to boast his fortunate Offence.

To her Lucifer in a human Shape.

Lucif. Hail, Sovereign of this Orb! form'd to possess
The World, and, with one Look, all Nature blest.
Nature is thine; thou, Empress, dost bestow
On Fruits, to blossom; and on Flowers, to blow.
They happy, yet insensible to boast
Their Bliss: More happy they who know thee most.
Then happiest I, to human Reason rais'd,
And Voice, with whose first Accents thou art prais'd,

Eve. What art thou, or from whence? For on this Ground
Beside my Lord's, ne'er heard I human Sound.
Art thou some other *Adam*, form'd from Earth,
And com'st to claim an equal Share, by Birth,
In this fair Field? Or sprung of heav'nly Race?

Lucif. An humble Native of this happy Place,
Thy Vassal born, and late of lowest Kind,
Whom Heav'n neglecting made, and scarce design'd,
But threw me in, for number to the rest,
Below the mounting Bird, and grazing Beast;
By Chance, not Prudence, now superior grown.

Etc. To make thee such, what Miracle was shown?

Lucif. Who would not tell what thou vouchsaf'st to hear
 How'st thou not late a speckled Serpent rear
 His gilded Spires to climb on yon' fair Tree?
 Ere this happy Minute I was he.

Eve. Thou speak'st of Wonders: Make thy Story plain.

Lucif. Not wishing then, and thoughtless to obtain
 A great a Bliss; but, led by Sense of good,

I torn to all, I sought my needful Food:

Then, on that Heav'nly Tree, my Sight I cast;

The Colour urg'd my Eye, the Scent my Taste.

Not to detain thee long; I took, did eat:

Scarce had my Palate touch'd th'immortal Meat,

But on a sudden, turn'd to what I am:

God-like, and, next to thee, I fair became:

Thought, spake, and reason'd; and, by Reason found

Thee, Nature's Queen, with all her Graces crown'd,

Eve. Happy thy Lot; but far unlike is mine:

Forbidden to eat, not daring to repine.

'Twas Heav'n's Command; and should we disobey,

What rais'd thy Being, ours must take away.

Lucif. Sure you mistake the Precept, or the Tree:

Heav'n cannot envious of his Blessings be.

Some chance-born Plant he might forbid your Use,

As wild, or guilty of a deadly Juice:

Not this, whose Colour, Scent divine, and Taste,

Proclaim the thoughtful Maker not in haste.

Eve. By all these signs, too well I know the Fruit,

And dread a Pow'r severe and absolute.

Lucif. Severe, indeed; ev'n to Injustice hard;

If Death, for knowing more, be your Reward:

Knowledge of good, is good; and therefore fit;

And to know ill, is good; for shunning it.

Eve. What, but our Good, could he design in this,

Who gave us all, and plac'd in perfect Bliss?

Lucif. Excuse my Zeal, fair Sovereign, in your Cause;

Which dares to tax his Arbitrary Laws.

'Tis all his Aim to keep you blindly low,

That servile Fear from Ignorance may flow:

We scorn to Worship whom too well we know.

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He knows that eating, you shall god-like be;
As wise, as fit to be ador'd, as he.
For his own Int'rest he this Law has giv'n;
Such Beauty may raise Factions in his Heav'n.
By awing you, he does Possession keep,
And is too wise to hazard Partnership.

Eve. Alas, who dares dispute with him that Right?
The Power which form'd us must be infinite.

Lucif. Who told you how your Form was first design'd
The Sun and Earth produce of every kind;
Grass, Flow'rs, and Fruits; nay, living Creatures too:
Their Mould was base; 'twas more refin'd in you:
Where vital Heat, in purer Organs wrought,
Produc'd a nobler Kind rais'd up to Thought;
And that perhaps, might his Beginning be:
Something was first; I question if 'twere he.
But grant him first, yet still suppose him good,
Not envying those he made, immortal Food.

Eve. But Death, our Disobedience must pursue.

Lucif. Behold, in me, what shall arrive to you.
I tasted; yet I live: Nay, more; have got
A State more perfect than my native Lot.
Nor fear this petty Fault his Wrath should raise:
Heav'n rather will your dauntless Virtue praise,
That fought, through threat'ned Death, immortal Good.
Gods are immortal only by their Food.

Taste and remove

What difference does 'twixt them and you remain:
As I gain'd Reason, you shall God-head gain.

Eve. He eats, and lives, in Knowledge greater grown

Was Death invented then for us alone?
Is intellectual Food to Man deny'd
Which Brutes have, with so much Advantage try'd?
Nor only try'd themselves, but frankly, more,
To me have offer'd their unenvy'd Store?

Lucif. Be bold, and all your needless Doubts remove:
View well this Tree, (the Queen of all the Grove,)
How vast her Bole, how wide her Arms are spread,
How high above the rest she shoots her Head,

Place

Plac'd in the mid'st : would Heav'n his Works disgrace,
By planting Poison in the happiest Place?
Haste; you lose time and God-head by delay.

[*Plucking the Fruit.*

Eve. 'Tis done; I'll venture all and disobey.

[*Looking about her.*

Perhaps, far hid in Heav'n, he does not spy,
And none of all his Hymning Guards are nigh.
To my dear Lord, the lovely Fruit I'll bear;
He to partake my Bliss, my Crime shall share. [*Exit hastily.*
Lucif. She flew, and thank'd me not, for haste: 'Twas hard
With no return such Counsel to reward.

My Work is done, or much the greater Part;
He's now the Tempter, to ensnare his Heart.
He, whose firm Faith no Reason could remove,
Will melt before that soft Seducer, Love.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *Paradise.*

Eve, *with a Bough in her Hand.*

Methinks, I tread more lightly on the Ground;
My nimble Feet, from unhurt Flow'rs rebound;
I walk in Air, and scorn this Earthly Seat;
Heav'n is my Palace; this my base Retreat.
Take me not Heav'n, too soon; 'twill be unkind
To leave the Partner of my Bed behind.
I love the Wretch; but stay, shall I afford
Him part? already he's too much my Lord.
'Tis in my Pow'r to be a Sovereign now;
And, knowing more, to make his Manhood bow.
Empire is sweet; but how if Heav'n has spy'd?
If I should die, and he above provide
Some other *Eve*, and place her in my stead?
Shall she possess his Love, when I am dead?

No;

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No; he shall eat, and die with me, or live:
Our equal Crimes shall equal Fortune give.

Enter Adam.

Adam. What Joy, without your Sight, has Earth in store!
While you were absent, *Eden* was no more.
Winds murmur'd, through the Leaves, your long delay
And Fountains, o'er their Pebbles, chid your stay.
But with your Presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn,
And Walks wear fresher Green, at your Return.

Eve. Henceforth you never shall have cause to chide;
No future Absence shall our Joys divide:
'Twas a short Death my Love ne'er try'd before,
And therefore strange; but yet the Cause was more.

Adam. My trembling Heart forebodes some Ill; I fear
To ask that Cause which I desire to hear.
What means that lovely Fruit? what means (alas!)
That Blood, which flushes guilty in your Face?
Speak — do not — yet, at last, I must be told.

Eve. Have Courage then: 'tis manly to be bold:
This Fruit — why dost thou shake? no Death is nigh.
'Tis what I tasted first; yet do not die.

Adam. Is it — (I dare not ask it all at first;
Doubt is some Ease to those who fear the worst:)
Say, 'tis not.

Eve. ——— 'Tis not what thou need'st to fear:
What danger does in this fair Fruit appear?
We have been cozen'd; and had still been so,
Had I not ventur'd boldly first to know.
Yet, not I first; I almost blush to say
The Serpent eating taught me first the way.
The Serpent tasted, and the god-like Fruit
Gave the Dumb Voice; gave Reason to the Brute.

Adam. O fairest of all Creatures, last, and best,
Of what Heav'n made, how art thou dispossess'd
Of all thy native Glories! fal'n! decay'd!
(Pity so rare a Frame so frail was made)
Now Cause of thy own Ruin; and with thine,
(Ah, who can live without thee!) Cause of mine.

Eve. Reserve thy Pity, till I want it more:
I know my self much happier than before;

More wise, more perfect, all I wish to be,
Were I but sure, alas! of pleasing thee.

Adam. Y^e have shown how much you my Content design:
Yet, ah! would Heav'n's Displeasure pass like mine.
Must I without you, then, in wild Woods dwell?
Think, and but think of what I lov'd so well,
Condemn'd to live with Subjects ever mute;
A Salvage Prince, unpleas'd though absolute.

Eve. Please then your self with me, and freely taste,
Lest I, without you, should to Godhead haste:
Lest diff'ring in degree, you claim too late
Unequal Love, when 'tis deny'd by Fate.

Adam. Cheat not your self, with Dreams of Deity;
Too well, but yet too late, your Crime I see:
Nor think the Fruit your Knowledge does improve;
But you have Beauty still, and I have Love.
Not cozen'd, I with choice, my Life resign:
Imprudence was your Fault, but Love is mine.

[Takes the Fruit and eats it.]

Eve. O wond'rous Pow'r of matchless Love express't:

[Embracing him.]

Why was this Tryal thine, of loving best?
I envy thee that lot; and could it be,
Would venture something more than Death, for thee.
Not that I fear, that Death th'Event can prove;
We're both immortal, while so well we love.

Adam. What e'er shall be the Event, the Lot is cast:
Where Appetites are giv'n, what Sin to taste?
Or if a Sin, 'tis but by Precept such;
Th'Offence so small, the Punishment's too much,
To seek so soon his new made World's decay:
Not we, nor that, were fashion'd for a Day.

Eve. Give to the Winds thy Fear of Death, or Ill;
And think us made but for each others Will.

Adam. I will, at least, defer that anxious Thought,
And Death, by Fear, shall not be nigher brought:
If he will come, let us to Joys make haste;
Then let him seize us when our Pleasure's past.
We'll take up all before; and Death shall find
We have drain'd Life, and left a Void behind.

[Exeunt.]

Enter

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Enter Lucifer.

Lucif. 'Tis done:

Sick Nature, at that instant, trembled round;
And Mother Earth sigh'd, as she felt the Wound.
Of how short durance was this new-made State!
How far more mighty than Heav'n's Love, Hell's Hate!
His Project ruin'd, and his King of Clay:
He form'd an Empire for his Foe to sway.
Heav'n let him Rule, which by his Arms he got;
I'm pleas'd to have obtain'd the second Lot.
This Earth is mine; whose Lord I made my Thrall;
Annexing to my Crown, his conquer'd Ball.
Loos'd from the Lakes, my Legions I will lead,
And, o'er the darkned Air, black Banners spread:
Contagious Damps, from hence, shall mount above,
And force him to his inmost Heav'ns remove.

[A Clap of Thunder is heard]

He hears already, and I boast too soon;
I dread that Engine which secur'd his Throne.
I'll dive below his Wrath, into the deep,
And waste that Empire, which I cannot keep.

[Sings down]
Raphael and Gabriel descend.

Raph. As much of Grief as Happiness admits
In Heav'n, on each Celestial Forehead sits:
Kindness for Man, and Pity for his Fate,
May mix with Bliss, and yet not violate.
Their Heav'nly Harps a lower Strain began;
And in soft Music, mourn the Fall of Man.

Gab. I saw th' Angelic Guards, from Earth ascend,
(Griev'd they must now no longer Man attend.)
The Beams about their Temples dimly shone;
One would have thought the Crime had been their own.
Th' Etherial People flock'd for News in haste,
Whom they, with down cast Looks, and scarce saluting pass'd
While each did, in his pensive Breast, prepare
A sad Account of their successless Care.

Raph. Th' Eternal yet, in Majesty severe,
And strictest Justice, did mild Pity bear:
Their Deaths deferr'd; and Banishment, (their Doom)
In Penitence foreseen, leaves Mercy room.

Gab. That Message is thy Charge: Mine leads me hence;
 'd at the Garden's Gate, for its defence,
 lest, Man, returning, the blest Place pollute,
 and scape from Death, by Life's immortal Fruit.

[*Another Clap of Thunder. Exeunt, severally.*]

Enter Adam and Eve, affrighted.

Adam. In what dark Cavern shall I hide my Head?

Where seek Retreat; now Innocence is fled?

Safe in that Guard, I durst ev'n Hell defie;

Without it, tremble now, when Heav'n is nigh.

Eve. What shall we do? or where direct our Flight?

Eastward as far as I could cast my Sight;

From op'ning Heav'n's, I saw descending Light.

As glitt'ring through the Trees, I still behold;

The Cedar Tops seem all to burn with Gold.

Adam. Some Shape divine, whose Beams I cannot bear!

Would I were hid, where Light could not appear.

Deep into some thick Covert would I run,

Impenetrable to the Stars or Sun;

And fenc'd from Day, by Night's eternal Skreen;

Unknown to Heav'n, and to my self unseen.

Eve. In vain: What Hope to shun his piercing Sight,

Who, from dark Chaos, struck the Sparks of Light?

Adam. These should have been your Thoughts, when

You trusted to your guideless Innocence. [parting hence,

See now th' Effects of your own wilful Mind:

Guilt walks before us; Death pursues behind.

So fatal 'twas to seek Temptations out:

Most Confidence has still most Cause to doubt.

Eve. Such might have been thy hap, alone assail'd;

And so, together, might we both have fail'd.

Cur'd Vassallage of all my future Kind:

First Idoliz'd, till Love's hot Fire be o'er,

Then Slaves to those who courted us before.

Adam. I counsel'd you to stay; your Pride refus'd:

By your own lawless Will you stand accus'd.

Eve. Have you that Priviledge of only wife,

And would you yield to her you so despise?

You should have shown th' Authority you boast,

And, Sovereign-like, my headlong Will have crost:

Coun-

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Counsel was not enough to sway my Heart;
An absolute Restraint had been your Part.

Adam. Ev'n such Returns do they deserve to find,
When Force is lawful, who are fondly Kind.
Unlike my Love; for when thy Guilt I knew,
I shar'd the Curse which did that Crime pursue.
Hard Fate of Love! which Rigor did forbear,
And now 'tis tax'd, because 'twas not severe.

Eve. You have, your self, your Kindness overpaid:
He ceases to oblige, who can upbraid.

Adam. On Womens Virtue, who too much rely,
To boundless Will, give boundless Liberty.
Restraint you will not brook; but think it hard
Your Prudence is not trusted as your Guard:
And, to your selves so left, if Ill ensues,
You first our weak Indulgence will accuse.
Curst be that Hour——

When, sated with my single Happiness,
I chose a Partner, to condole my Bliss,
Who wants that Reason which her Will should sway,
And knows but just enough to disobey.

Eve. Better with Brutes my humble Lot had gone;
Of Reason void, accountable for none:
Th' Unhappiest of Creation is a Wife,
Made lowest, in the highest Rank of Life:
Her Fellow's Slave; to know and not to chuse:
Curst with that Reason she must never use.

Adam. Add, that she's preud, fantastick, apt to change
Restless at home; and ever prone to range:
With Shows delighted, and so vain is she,
She'll meet the Devil; rather than not see.
Our wise Creator, for his Choirs divine,
Peopled his Heav'n with Souls all masculine.
Ah! Why must Man from Woman take his Birth?
Why was this Sin of Nature made on Earth?
This fair Defect; this helpless Aid call'd Wife;
The bending Crutch of a decrepit Life.
Posterity no Pairs from you shall find,
But such as by mistake of Love are join'd:

worthiest Men, their Wishes ne'er shall gain;
 See the Slaves, they scorn, their Loves obtain.
 And Appetite shall your wild Fancies rule;
 And to Desert, and faithful to a Fool.

[Turns in Anger from her, and is going off.

He. Unkind! wilt thou forsake me, in Distress,

[Kneeling.

For that which now is past me to redress?

I have misdone; and I endure the Smart:

I loath to acknowledge; but more loath to part.

The Blame be mine; you warn'd, and I refus'd:

What would you more? I have my self accus'd.

Was plighted Faith so weakly seal'd above,

That, for one Error, I must lose your Love?

Had you so err'd, I should have been more kind,

Than to add Pain to an afflicted Mind.

[fore:

Adam. Y'are grown much humbler, than you were be-

fore; but see my Face no more.

Eve. Vain Pardon, which includes a greater Ill:

Be still displeas'd; but let me see you still.

Without your much-lov'd Sight, I cannot live:

You more than kill me if you so forgive.

The Beasts, since we are fall'n, their Lords despise;

And, passing, look at me, with glaring Eyes:

Must I then wander helpless, and alone?

You'll pity me, too late, when I am gone.

Adam. Your Penitence does my Compassion move;

As you deserve it, I may give my Love.

Eve. On me, alone, let Heav'n's Displeasure fall:

You merit none, and I deserve it all.

[Part,

Adam. You all Heav'n's Wrath! how could you bear a

Wound bore not mine, but with a bleeding Heart?

I was too stubborn, thus to make you sue:

Forgive me; I am more in fault, than you.

Return to me, and to my Love return;

And, both offending, for each other mourn.

Enter Raphael.

Raph. Of Sin to warn thee, I before was sent;

Now Sin, I now pronounce thy Punishment:

Yet

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Yet that much lighter than thy Crimes require;
Th' All-good does not his Creatures Death desire:
Justice must punish the rebellious Deed:
Yet punish so, as Pity shall exceed.

Adam. I neither can dispute his Will, nor dare:
Death will dismiss me from my future Care,
And lay me softly in my Native Dust,
To pay the Forfeit of ill-manag'd Trust.

Eve. Why seek you Death? consider e're you speak:
The Laws were hard; the Pow'r to keep 'em, weak.
Did we solícite Heav'n to mould our Clay?
From Darkness, to produce us to the Day?
Did we concur to Life, or chuse to be?
Was it our Will which form'd, or was it he?
Since 'twas his Choice, not ours, which plac'd us here;
The Laws we did not chuse, why should we bear?

Adam. Seek not, in vain, our Maker to accuse:
Terms were propos'd; Pow'r left us to refuse.
The Good we have enjoy'd from Heav'n's free Will;
And shall we murmur to endure the Ill?
Should we a Rebel-son's Excuse receive,
Because he was begot without his Leave?
Heav'n's Right, in us, is more: First form'd to serve;
The Good, we merit not; the Ill, deserve.

Raph. Death is deferr'd, and Penitence has room.
To mitigate, if not reverse the Doom:
But, for your Crime, th' Eternal does ordain
In *Eden* you no longer shall remain.
Hence, to the lower World, you are exil'd:
This Place, with Crimes shall be no more defil'd.

Eve. Must we this blissful Paradise forego? [grow,

Raph. Your Lot must be where Thorns and Thistles
Unbid, as Balm and Spices did at first;
For Man, the Earth, of which he was, is curst.
By thy own Toil procur'd, thou Food shalt eat; [To Adam,
And know no Pienty, but from painful Sweat.
She, by a Curse, of future Wives abhorr'd,
Shall pay Obedience to her lawful Lord:
And he shall Rule, and she in Thralldom live;
Desiring more of Love than Man can give.

Adam

Adam. Heav'n is all Mercy; Labour I would chuse;
and could sustain this Paradise to lose:

the Bliss; but not the Place: Here could I say
Heav'n's wing'd Messenger did pass the Day;
under this Pine the glorious Angel staid:
then, show my wondring Progeny the Shade.

Woods and Lawns, where-e'er thou didst appear,
each Place some Monument of thee should bear.
with green Turfs, would grateful Altars raise,
and Heav'n, with Gums, and offer'd Incense praise.

Raph. Where-e'er thou art, He is; th'eternal Mind
acts through all Places; is to none confin'd:
fills Ocean, Earth, and Air, and all above,
and through the universal Mass does move.

thou canst be no where distant: Yet this place
had been thy Kingly Seat, and here thy Race,
from all the Ends of peopled Earth, had come
to rev'rence thee, and see their Native home.

immortal, then; now Sicknefs, Care, and Age,
and War, and Luxury's more direful Rage,
thy Crimes have brought, to shorten mortal Breath;
With all the num'rous Family of Death.

Eve. My Spirits faint, while I these Ills foreknow:
and find my self the sad Occasion too.
but what is Death?

Raph. In Vision, thou shalt see his griev'd Face,
the King of Terrors, raging in thy Race.
that, while in future Fate thou shar'st thy Part,
a kind Remorse, for Sin, may seize thy Heart.

*The SCENE shifts, and discovers Deaths of
several Sorts. A Battel at Land, and a Naval
Fight.*

Adam. O wretched Off-spring! O unhappy State
Of all Mankind, by me betray'd to Fate!
Born, through my Crime, to be Offenders first;
And, for those Sins they could not shun, accurst.

Eve.

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Eve. Why is Life forc'd on Man; who, might he chuse
Would not accept, what he, with Pain, must lose?
Unknowing, he receives it; and, when known,
He thinks it his, and values it, 'tis gone.

Raph. Behold of ev'ry Age; ripe Manhood see,
Decrepit Years, and helpless Infancy:
Those who, by lingring Sickness, lose their Breath;
And those who, by despair, suborn their Death:
See yon' mad Fools, who for some trivial Right,
For Love, or for mistaken Honour, fight:
See those, more mad, who throw their Lives away
In needless Wars; the Stakes which Monarchs lay,
When for each others Provinces they play.
Then as if Earth too narrow were for Fate,
On open Seas their Quarrels they debate;
In hollow Wood they floating Armies bear;
And force imprison'd Winds to bring 'em near.

Eve. Who would the Miseries of Man foreknow?
Not knowing, we but share our Part of Woe:
Now, we the Fate of future Ages bear;
And, e'er their Birth, behold our Dead appear. [Strife]

Adam. The Deaths, thou show'st, are forc'd and full of
Cast headlong from the Precipice of Life.
Is there no smooth Descent? no painless Way
Of kindly mixing with our Native Clay?

Raph. There is; but rarely shall that Path be trod,
Which, without horror, leads to Death's abode.
Some few, by temp'rance taught, approaching slow,
To distant Fate, by easie Journeys, go:
Gently they lay 'em down, as ev'ning Sheep
On their own Woolly Fleeces, softly sleep.

Adam. So noiseless would I live, such Death to find,
Like timely Fruit, not shaken by the Wind,
But ripely dropping from the sapless Bough,
And, dying, nothing to my self would owe.

Eve. Thus daily changing, with a duller Taste
Of less'ning Joys, I, by degrees, would waste:
Still quitting Ground, by unperceiv'd Decay,
And steal my self from Life, and melt away:

Raph. Death you have seen: Now see your Race revive,
 how happy they in deathless Pleasures live.
 or more than I can show, or you can see,
 all crown the Blest with Immortality.

*ere a Heaven descends, full of Angels and blessed Spirits;
 with soft Musick, a Song and Chorus.*

Adam. O Goodness Infinite! whose Heav'nly Will
 can so much Good produce, from so much Ill!
 happy their State!

ere, and unchang'd, and needing no defence
 from Sins, as did my frailer Innocence.

their Joy sincere, and with no Sorrow mixt:
 Eternity stands permanent and fixt,

and wheels no longer on the Poles of Time:
 secure from Fate, and more secure from Crime.

Eve. Ravish'd with Joy, I can but half repent
 the Sin which Heav'n makes happy in th' Event.

Raph. Thus arm'd, meet firmly your approaching Ills
 or, see, the Guards, from yon' far Eastern Hill,

ready move, nor longer Stay afford;
 high, in the Air, they wave the flaming Sword,

our Signal to depart: Now, down amain
 they drive, and glide, like Meteors through the Plain.

Adam. Then farewell all; I will indulgent be
 to my own Ease, and not look back to see.

When what we love, we ne'er must meet again,
 to lose the Thought, is to remove the Pain.

Eve. Farewel, you happy Shades!

Where Angels first should practise Hymns, and string
 their tuneful Harps, when they to Heav'n wou'd sing.

Farewel, you Flow'rs, whose Buds, with early Care,
 watch'd, and to the chearful Sun did rear:

Who now shall bind your Stems? or, when you fall,
 With Fountain Streams, your fainting Souls recal?

Long farewell to thee, my nuptial Bow'r,
 adorn'd with ev'ry fair and fragrant Flow'r.

And last, farewell, farewell my Place of Birth;
 go to wander in the lower Earth,

As

70 *The STATE of INNOCENCE, &c.*

As distant as I can; for, dispossess,
Farthest from what I once enjoy'd, is best.

Raph. The rising Winds urge the tempestuous Air;
And on their Wings, deformed Winter bear:
The Beasts already feel the Change; and hence
They fly, to deeper Coverts, for defence:
The feeble Herd, before the stronger run;
For now the War of Nature is begun:
But, part you hence in Peace, and having mourn'd your
Sin,

For outward *Eden* lost, find *Paradise* within.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



AURENG-ZEBE:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATER - ROYAL,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

-----*Sed, cum fregit subsellia versu,
Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.*
Juv.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL NAVY

FROM THE FIRST

TO THE PRESENT

STATE OF THE

NAVY OF GREAT BRITAIN



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To the Right Honourable

f O H N,

EARL of MULGRAVE,

*Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-Chamber,
and Knight of the most Noble
Order of the Garter.*

My LORD,

TIS a severe Reflection which *Montaign* has made on Princes, That we ought not, in reason, to have any Expectations of Favour from them; and that 'tis Kindness enough, if they leave us in Possession of our own. The boldness of the Censure shows the free Spirit of the Author: And the Subjects of *England* may justly congratulate to themselves, that both the Nature of our Government, and the Clemency of our King, secure us from any such

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Complaint. I, in particular, who subsist wholly by his Bounty, am oblig'd to give Posterity a far other Account of my Royal Master, than what *Montaign* has left of his. Those Accusations had been more reasonable, if they had been plac'd on inferior Persons. For in all Courts, there are too many, who make it their Business to ruin Wit: And *Montaign*, in other places, tells us, what Effects he found of their good Natures. He describes them such, whose Ambition, Lust, or private Interest, seem to be the only end of their Creation. If good accrue to any from them, 'tis only in order to their own Designs: Confer'd most commonly on the base and infamous; and never given but only *hapning* sometimes to Well-deservers. Dulness has brought them to what they are; and Malice secures them in their Fortunes. But somewhat of Specious they must have, to recommend themselves to Princes, (for Folly will not easily go down in its own natural Form with discerning Judges.) And diligence in waiting, is their gilding of the Pill; for that looks like Love, tho' 'tis only Interest. 'Tis that which gains 'em their Advantage over witty Men; whose love of Liberty and Ease, makes them willing too often to discharge their burden of Attendance on these officious Gentlemen. 'Tis true, that the nauseousness of such Company is enough to disgust a reasonable Man; when he sees, he can hardly approach Greatness, but as a moated Castle; he must first pass through the Mud and Filth with which it is encompass'd. These are they, who wanting Wit affect Gravity, and go by the name of solid Men. And a solid Man is, in plain *English*, a solid, solemn Fool. Another Disguise they have, (for Fools as well as Knaves, take other Names, and pass

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Alias) and that is, the Title of honest Fellows. But this Honesty of theirs ought to have many Chains for its Allowance; for certainly they are no further honest, than they are silly: They are naturally mischievous to their Power; and if they speak not maliciously, or sharply, of witty Men, 'tis only because God has not bestow'd on them the Gift of Utterance. They fawn and crouch to Men of Parts, whom they cannot ruin: Quote their Wit when they are present, and when they are absent, steal their Jest: But to those who are under 'em, and whom they can crush with ease, they shew themselves in their natural Antipathy; where they treat Wit like the common Enemy, and give it no more Quarter, than a *Dutchman* would to an *English* Vessel in the *Indies*; they strike Sail where they know they shall be master'd, and murder where they can with Safety.

This, my Lord, is the Character of a Courtier without Wit; and therefore that which is a Satyr to other Men, must be a Panegyrick to your Lordship, who are a Master of it: If the least of these Reflections could have reach'd your Person, no necessity of mine could have made me to have sought so earnestly, and so long to have cultivated your Kindness. As a Poet, I cannot but have made some Observations on Mankind: The lowliness of my Fortune has not yet brought me to better Vice; and 'tis my Duty to give testimony to virtue. 'Tis true, your Lordship is not of that nature, which either seeks a Commendation, or craves it. Your Mind has always been above the stretched affectation of Popularity. A popular man is, in truth, no better than a Prostitute to common Fame, and to the People. He lies down to every one he meets for the hire of Praise; and

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his Humility is only a disguis'd Ambition. Even *Cicero* himself, whose Eloquence deserv'd the Admiration of Mankind; yet by his insatiable thirst of Fame, he has lessen'd his Character with succeeding Ages: His Action against *Catiline* may be said to have ruin'd the Consul, when it sav'd the City: For it so swell'd his Soul, which was not truly great, that ever afterwards it was apt to be over-set with Vanity. And this made his Virtue so suspected by his Friends, that *Brutus*, whom of all Men he ador'd, refus'd him a place in his Conspiracy. A modern Wit has made this Observation on him, That coveting to recommend himself to Posterity, he begg'd it as an Alms of all his Friends, the Historians, to remember his Consulship: And observe, if you please, the Oddness of the Event; all their Histories are lost, and the vanity of his Request stands yet recorded in his own Writings. How much more great and manly in your Lordship, is your Contempt of popular Applause, and your retir'd Virtue, which shines only to a few; with whom you live so easily and freely, that you make it evident, you have a Soul which is capable of all the Tenderness of Friendship, and that you only retire your self from those, who are not capable of returning it. Your Kindness, where you have once plac'd it, is inviolable: And 'tis to that only I attribute my Happiness in your Love. This makes me more easily forsake an Argument, on which I could otherwise delight to dwell: I mean, your Judgment in your choice of Friends; because I have the Honour to be one. After which, I am sure you will more easily permit me to be silent, in the care you have taken of my Fortune; which you have reserved, not only from the Power of others, but from

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from my worst of Enemies, my own Modesty and Laziness. Which Favour, had it been employ'd on a more deserving Subject, had been an Effect of Justice in your Nature; but, as plac'd on me, is only Charity. Yet, withal, 'tis conferred on such a Man, as prefers your Kindness it self, before any of its Consequences; and who values, as the greatest of your Favours, those of your Love, and of your Conversation. From this Constancy to your Friends, I might reasonably assume, that your Resentments would be as strong and lasting, if they were not restrain'd by a nobler Principle of good Nature and Generosity. For certainly, 'tis the same Composition of Mind, the same Resolution and Courage, which makes the greatest Friendships, and the greatest Enmities. And he who is too lightly reconcil'd, after high Provocations, may recommend himself to the World for a Christian, but I should hardly trust him for a Friend. The *Italians* have a Proverb to that Purpose, *To forgive the first time shows me a good Catholick, the second time a Fool.* To this firmness in all your Actions (though you are wanting in no other Ornaments of Mind and Body, yet to this) I principally ascribe the Interest your Merits have acquir'd you in the Royal Family. A Prince, who is constant to himself, and steady in all his Undertakings; one with whom that Character of *Horace* will agree,

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum serient ruinae,*

Such an one cannot but place an Esteem, and repose a Confidence on him, whom no Adversity, no Change of Courts, no Bribery of Interests, or

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Cabals of Factions, or Advantages of Fortune can remove from the solid Foundations of Honour and Fidelity.

*Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.*

How well your Lordship will deserve that praise I need no Inspiration to foretel. You have already left no room for Prophecy: Your early Undertakings have been such, in the Service of your King and Country, when you offer'd yourself to the most dangerous Employment, that of the Sea; when you chose to abandon those Delights, to which your Youth and Fortune did invite you, to undergo the Hazards, and, which was worse, the Company of common Seamen, that you have made it evident, you will refuse no Opportunity of rendring your self useful to the Nation, when either your Courage or Conduct shall be requir'd. The same Zeal and Faithfulness continues in your Blood, which animated one of your noble Ancestors to sacrifice his Life in the Quarrel of his Sovereign; Tho', I hope, both for your sake, and for the publick Tranquillity, the same Occasion will never be offer'd to your Lordship, and that a better Destiny will attend you. But I make haste to consider you as abstracted from a Court, which (if you will give me leave to use a term of Logick) is only an Adjunct, not a Propriety of Happiness. The Academicks, I confess, were willing to admit the Goods of Fortune into their Notion of Felicity; but I do not remember, that any of the Sects of old Philosophers did ever leave a room for Greatness. Neither am I form'd to praise a Court, who admire

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mire and covet nothing, but the easiness and quiet of Retirement. I naturally withdraw my Sight from a Precipice; and admit the Prospect be never so large and goodly, can take no pleasure even in looking on the Downfal, tho' I am secure from the Danger. Methinks there's something of a malignant Joy in that excellent Description of *Laetius*,

*Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quenquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.*

I am sure his Master *Epicurus*, and my better Master *Cowley*, prefer'd the Solitude of a Garden, and the Conversation of a Friend to any Consideration, so much as a regard, of those unhappy People, whom in our own wrong, we call the Great. True Greatness, if it be any where on Earth, is in a private Virtue; remov'd from the Notion of Pomp and Vanity, confin'd to a Contemplation of it self, and centring on it self:

*Omnis enim per se Divum natura, necesse est
Immortali ævo summâ cum pace fruatur;
——— Curâ semota, metuque,
Ipsa suis pollens opibus———*

If this be not the Life of a Deity, because it cannot consist with Providence; 'tis at least a godlike Life: I can be contented, (and I am sure I have your Lordship of my Opinion) with an humbler Station in the Temple of Virtue, than to be set on the Pinnacle of it.

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*Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantis quærere vitæ.*

The truth is, the consideration of so vain a Creature as Man, is not worth our pains. I have Fought enough at home, without looking for it abroad: And am a sufficient Theater to my self of ridiculous Actions, without expecting Company, either in a Court, a Town, or Play-house. 'Tis on this account that I am weary with drawing the Deformities of Life, and Lazars of the People, where every Figure of Imperfection more resembles me than it can do others. If I must be condemn'd to Rhyme, I should find some Ease in my change of Punishment. I desire to be no longer the *Sisyphus* of the Stage; to rowl up a Stone with endless Labour (which, to follow the Proverb, *gathers no Moss*) and which is perpetually falling down again. I never thought my self very fit for an Employment, where many of my Predecessors have excell'd me in all kinds; and some of my Contemporaries, even in my own partial Judgment, have out-done me in *Comedy*. Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and those too, considering my Abilities, may be vain, that I may make the World some part of amends, for many ill Plays, by an Heroick Poem. Your Lordship has been long acquainted with my Design; the Subject of which you know is great, the Story *English*, and neither too far distant from the present Age, nor too near approaching it. Such it is in my Opinion, that I could not have wish'd a nobler Occasion to do Honour by it to my King, my Country, and my Friends; most of our ancient Nobility being concern'd in the Action. And
your

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your Lordship has one particular Reason to promote this Undertaking, because you were the first who gave me the Opportunity of discoursing it to his Majesty, and his Royal Highness: They were then pleas'd, both to commend the Design, and to encourage it by their Cominands. But the Unsettledness of my Condition has hitherto put a stop to my Thoughts concerning it. As I am no Successor to *Homer* in his Wit, so neither do I desire to be in his Poverty. I can make no Rhapsodies, nor go a begging at the *Grecian* Doors, while I sing the Praises of their Ancestors. The Times of *Virgil* please me better, because he had an *Augustus* for his Patron. And to draw the Allegory nearer you, I am sure I shall not want a *Mecenas* with him. 'Tis for your Lordship to stir up that Remembrance in his Majesty, which his many Avocations of Business have caus'd him, I fear, to lay aside. And, (as himself and his Royal Brother are the Heroes of the Poem) to represent to them the Images of their Warlike Predecessors; as *Achilles* is said to be rouz'd to Glory, with the sight of the Combat before the Ships. For my own part, I am satisfy'd to have offer'd the Design, and it may be to the advantage of my Reputation to have it refus'd me.

In the mean time, my Lord, I take the Confidence to present you with a Tragedy; the Characters of which are the nearest to those of an Heroick Poem. 'Twas dedicated to you in my Heart, before 'twas presented on the Stage. Some things in it have pass'd your Approbation, and many your Amendment. You were likewise pleas'd to recommend it to the King's perusal, before the last hand was added to it, when I receiv'd the Favour from him, to have the most considerable

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Event of it modell'd by his Royal Pleasure. It may be some Vanity in me to add his Testimony then, and which he graciously confirm'd afterwards, that it was the best of all my Tragedies, in which he has made Authentick my private Opinion of it; at least, he has given it a Value by his Commendation, which it had not by my Writing.

That which was not pleasing to some of the fair Ladies in the last Act of it, as I dare not vindicate, so neither can I wholly condemn, 'till I find more Reason for their Censures. The Procedure of *Indamora* and *Melesinda*, seems yet, in my Judgment, natural, and not unbecoming of their Characters. If they who arraign them, fail not more, the World will never blame their Conduct. And I shall be glad, for the Honour of my Country, to find better Images of Virtue drawn to the Life in their Behaviour, than any I could feign to adorn the Theatre. I confess, I have only represented a practical Virtue, mix'd with the Frailties and Imperfections of human Life. I have made my *Heroine* fearful of Death, which neither *Cassandra* nor *Cleopatra* would have been; and they themselves, I doubt it not, would have outdone Romance in that particular. Yet their *Mandane* (and the *Cyrus* was written by a Lady) was not altogether so hard-hearted: For she sate down on the cold Ground by the King of *Assyria*, and not only pity'd him, who dy'd in her Defence; but allow'd him some Favours, such, perhaps, as they would think, should only be permitted to her *Cyrus*. I have made my *Melesinda*, in opposition to *Nourmahal*, a Woman passionately loving of her Husband, patient of Injuries and Contempt, and constant in her Kindness, to the last: And in that,

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that, perhaps, I may have err'd, because it is not a Virtue much in use. Those *Indian Wives* are loving Fools, and may do well to keep themselves in their own Country, or, at least, to keep Company with the *Arria's* and *Portia's* of old *Rome*: Some of our Ladies know better things. But, it may be, I am partial to my own Writings: Yet I have labour'd as much as any Man, to divest my self of the Self-opinion of an Author; and am too well satisfy'd of my own Weakness, to be pleas'd with any thing I have written. But on the other side, my Reason tells me, that, in probability, what I have seriously and long consider'd, may be as likely to be just and natural, as what an ordinary Judge (if there be any such amongst those Ladies) will think fit, in a transient Presentation, to be plac'd in the room of that which they condemn. The most judicious Writer is sometimes mistaken, after all his Care: But the hasty Critick, who judges on a View, is full as liable to be deceiv'd. Let him first consider all the Arguments, which the Author had, to write this, or to design the other, before he arraigns him of a Fault: And then, perhaps, on second Thoughts, he will find his Reason oblige him to revoke his Censure. Yet, after all, I will not be too positive. *Homo sum, humani à me nihil alienum puto.* As I am a Man, I must be changeable: And sometimes the gravest of us all are so, even upon ridiculous Accidents. Our Minds are perpetually wrought on by the temperament of our Bodies: Which makes me suspect, they are nearer ally'd, than either our Philosophers or School-Divines will allow them to be. I have observ'd, says *Montaign*, that when the Body is out of Order, his Companion is seldom at his ease. An ill Dream,

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or a cloudy Day, has Power to change this wretched Creature, who is so proud of a reasonable Soul, and make him think what he thought not Yesterday. And *Homer* was of this Opinion, as *Cicero* is pleas'd to translate him for us :

*Tales sunt hominum mentes, quali pater ipse
Jupiter, auctiferâ lustravit lampade terras.*

Or as the same Author, in his *Tusculane Questions*, speaks with more Modesty than usual of himself: *Nos in diem vivimus; quodcunque animos nostros probabilitate percussit, id dicimus.* 'Tis not therefore impossible, but that I may alter the Conclusion of my Play, to restore my self into the good Graces of my fair Criticks. And your Lordship, who is so well with them, may do me the Office of a Friend and Patron, to intercede with them on my Promise of Amendment. The Impotent Lover in *Petronius*, tho' his was a very unpardonable Crime, yet was receiv'd to Mercy on the Terms I offer. *Summa excusationis mea hæc est: Placebo tibi, si culpam emendare permiseris.*

But I am conscious to my self of offering at a greater Boldness, in presenting to your view what my Meanness can produce, than in any other Error of my Play. And therefore make haste to break off this tedious Address, which has, I know not how, already run it self into Pedantry, with an excuse of *Tully's*, which he sent with his Books *De Finibus*, to his Friend *Brutus*: *De ipsis rebus autem, sæpenumerò Brute vereor ne reprehendar, cum hæc ad te scribam, qui tum in Poesi, (I change it from Philosophiâ) tum in optima genere Poeseos tantum processeris. Quod si facerem quasi te erudiens, jura*
repræ

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reprehenderer. Sed ab eo plurimum absum: Nec,
ut ea cognoscas quæ tibi notissima sunt, ad te
mitto; sed quia facillimè in nomine tuo acquiesco,
& quia te habeo æquissimum eorum studiorum,
quæ mihi communia tecum sunt, æstimatorem &
iudicem. Which you may please, my Lord, to
apply to your self, from him, who is.

Your Lordship's

most Obedient

Humble Servant,

DRYDEN.

P R O E



P R O L O G U E

OUR Author by Experience finds it true,
'Tis much more hard to please himself than you:
And out of no feign'd Modesty, this Day
Damns his laborious Trifle of a Play:
Not that it's worse than what before he writ,
But he has now another Taste of Wit;
And to confess a Truth, (though out of time)
Grows weary of his long-lov'd Mistress, Rhyme.
Passion's too fierce to be in Fetters bound,
And Nature flies him like Enchanted Ground.
What Verse can do, he has perform'd in this,
Which he presumes the most Correct of his:
But spite of all his Pride, a secret Shame
Invades his Breast at Shakespear's sacred Name:
Aw'd when he hears his Godlike Romans Rage,
He, in a just Despair, would quit the Stage.
And to an Age less polish'd, more unskill'd,
Does, with disdain the foremost Honours yield.
As with the greater Dead he dares not strive,
He would not match his Verse with those who live:
Let him retire, betwixt two Ages cast,
The first of this, and hindmost of the last.
A losing Gamester, let him sneak away;
He bears no ready Money from the Play.

PROLOGUE.

*The Fate which governs Poets, thought it fit,
He should not raise his Fortunes by his Wit.
The Clergy thrive, and the litigious Bar;
Dull Heroes fatten with the Spoils of War:
All Southern Vices, Heav'n be prais'd, are here;
But Wit's a Luxury you think too dear.
When you to cultivate the Plant are loath,
'Tis a shrewd Sign 'twas never of your Growth:
And Wit in Northern Climates will not blow,
Except, like Orange-trees, 'tis hous'd from Snow.
There needs no Care to put a Play-house down,
'Tis the most Desert Place of all the Town.
We and our Neighbours, to speak proudly, are
Like Monarchs, ruin'd with expensive War.
While, like wise English, unconcern'd, you sit,
And see us play the Tragedy of Wit.*



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

The old Emperor.	Mr. Mohun.
<i>Aureng-Zebe</i> his Son.	Mr. Hart.
<i>Morat</i> , his younger Son.	Mr. Kynaston.
<i>Arimant</i> , Governor of <i>Agra</i> .	Mr. Wintershall.
<i>Dianet</i> .	
<i>Solyman</i> .	} Indian Lords, or Omrahs, of several Factions.
<i>Mir Baba</i> .	
<i>Abas</i> .	
<i>Asaph Chan</i> .	
<i>Fazel Chan</i> .	

W O M E N.

<i>Nourmabal</i> , the Empress.	Mrs. Marshall.
<i>Indamora</i> , a Captive Queen.	Mrs. Cox.
<i>Melesinda</i> , Wife to <i>Morat</i> .	Mrs. Corbet.
<i>Zayda</i> , Favourite Slave to the Empress.	} Mrs. Uphill.

SCENE, *Agra*, in the Year 1660.

AURENG.



AURENG-ZEBE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Arimant, Asaph Chan and Fazel Chan.

ARIMANT.



Heav'n seems the Empire of the East to lay
On the Success of this important Day:
Their Arms are to the last Decision bent;
And Fortune labours with the vast Event:
She now has in her Hand the greatest
Stake,

Which for contending Monarchs she can make.
What e'er can urge ambitious Youth to fight,
She pompously displays before their Sight:
Laws, Empire, All permitted to the Sword;
And Fate could ne'er an ampler Scene afford.

Asaph. Four several Armies to the Field are led;
Which, high in equal Hopes four Princes head:
Indus and Ganges, our wide Empire's Bounds,
Swell their dy'd Currents with their Native's Wounds:
Each purple River winding, as he runs,
His bloody Arms about his slaughter'd Sons.

Fazel. I well remember you foretold the Storm,
When first the Brothers did their Factions form:

When

When each, by curs'd Cabals of Women, strove
To draw th'indulgent King to partial Love.

Arim. What Heav'n decrees, no Prudence can prevent
To cure their mad Ambition, they were sent
To rule a distant Province each alone.

What could a careful Father more have done?
He made Provision against all, but Fate;
While, by his Health, we held our Peace of State.
The weight of seventy Winters prest him down,
He bent beneath the Burthen of a Crown:
Sickness, at last, did his spent Body seize,
And Life almost sunk under the Disease:
Mortal 'twas thought, at least by them desir'd,
Who, impiously, into his Years inquir'd:
As at a Signal, streight the Sons prepare
For open Force, and rush to sudden War:
Meeting, like Winds broke loose upon the Main;
To prove, by Arms, whose Fate it was to reign.

Asaph. Rebels and Parricides!

Arim. Brand not their Actions with so foul a Name
Pity, at least, what we are forc'd to blame.
When Death's cold Hand has clos'd the Father's Eye,
You know the younger Sons are doom'd to die.
Less Ills are chosen greater to avoid,
And Nature's Laws are by the State's destroy'd.
What Courage tamely could to Death consent,
And not, by striking first, the Blow prevent?
Who falls in fight, cannot himself accuse,
And he dies greatly who a Crown pursues.

To them Solyman Agah.

Solym. A new Express all *Agra* does afright:
Darah and *Aureng-Zebe* are join'd in Fight;
The Press of People thickens to the Court,
Th'impatient Crowd devouring the Report.

Arim. T'each changing News they chang'd Affection
And servilely from Fate expect a King.

Solym. The Ministers of State, who gave us Law,
In Corners, with select'd Friends, withdraw:
There, in deaf murmurs, solemnly are wise;
Whisp'ring, like Winds, e'er Hurricanes arise.

The most Corrupt are most Obsequious grown,
 And those they scorn'd, officiously they own.

Asaph. In change of Government,
 The Rabble rule their great Oppressor's Fate:
 No Sovereign Justice, and Revenge the State.

Solym. The little Courtiers, who ne'er come to know
 The Depth of Factions, as in Mazes go,
 Where Int'rests meet and cross so oft, that they
 With too much care are wilder'd in their Way.

Arim. What of the Emperor?

Solym. Unmov'd, and brave, he like himself appears,
 And, meriting no Ill, no Danger fears:
 Yet mourns his former Vigour lost so far,
 To make him now Spectator of a War:
 Repining that he must preserve his Crown
 By any Help or Courage but his own:
 Wishes, each Minute, he could unbeget
 Those Rebel-Sons, who dare t'usurp his Seat:
 To sway his Empire with unequal Skill,

and mount a Throne, which none but he can fill.

Arim. Oh! had he still that Character maintain'd,
 Of Valour, which in blooming Youth he gain'd!
 He promis'd in his East a glorious Race;
 Now, sunk from his Meridian, sets apace.
 But as the Sun, when he from Noon declines,
 And with abated Heat, less fiercely shines,
 Seems to grow Milder as he goes away,
 Pleasing himself with the Remains of Day:
 So he who, in his Youth, for Glory strove,
 Would recompence his Age with Ease and Love.

Asaph. The Name of Father hateful to him grows,
 Which, for one Son, produces him three Foes.

Fazel. *Darah*, the Eldest, bears a generous Mind;
 But to implacable Revenge inclin'd,
 Too openly does Love and Hatred show:
 Bounteous Master, but a deadly Foe.

Solym. From *Sujah's* Valour I should much expect,
 But he's a *Bigot* of the *Persian* Sect:
 And, by a Foreign Int'rest seeks to Reign,
 Hopeleis by Love the Sceptre to obtain.

Asaph.

Asaph. *Morat's* too insolent, too much a Brave,
His Courage to his Envy is a Slave.
What he attempts, if his Endeavours fail
T' effect, he is resolv'd no other shall.

Arim. But *Aureng-Zebe*, by no strong Passion sway'd
Except his Love, more temp'rate is, and weigh'd:
This *Atlas* must our sinking State uphold;
In Council cool, but in Performance bold:
He sums their Virtues in himself alone,
And adds the greatest, of a Loyal Son:
His Father's Cause upon his Sword he wears,
And with his Arms, we hope, his Fortune bears.

Solym. Two vast Rewards may well his Courage move
A Parent's Blessing, and a Mistress' Love.
If he succeed, his Recompence, we hear,
Must be the Captive Queen of *Cassimere*.

To them, *Abas*.

Abas. Mischiefs on Mischiefs, greater still, and more
The neighb'ring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'er:
The Vale an Iron-Harvest seems to yield
Of thick-sprung Lances in a waving Field.
The polish'd Steel gleams terribly from far,
And every moment nearer shows the War.
The Horses neighing by the Wind is blown,
And Castl'd-Elephants o'er-look the Town.

Arim. If, as I fear, *Morat* these Pow'rs commands,
Our Empire on the Brink of Ruin stands:
Th' ambitious Empress with her Son is join'd,
And, in his Brother's Absence, has design'd
The unprovided Town to take with ease,
And then, the Person of the King to seize.

Solym. To all his former Issue she has shown
Long hate, and labour'd to advance her own.

Abas. These Troops are his.

Surat he took; and thence, preventing Fame,
By quick and painful Marches hither came.
Since his Approach, he to his Mother sent,
And two long Hours in close Debate were spent.

Arim. I'll to my Charge, the Cittadel repair,
And show my Duty by my timely Care.

them the Emperor with a Letter in his Hand: After him,
an Ambassador, with a Train following.

Asaph. But see, the Emperor! a fiery red
His Brows, and glowing Temples does o'er-spread,
Norat has some displeasing Message sent:

Amb. Do not, great Sir; misconstrue his Intent;
Nor call Rebellion what was prudent Care,
To guard himself by necessary War:

While he believ'd you living, he obey'd:
His Governments but as your Vice-Roy sway'd;
Not, when he thought you gone

To augment the Number of the Bless'd above,
He deem'd 'em Legacies of Royal Love:
Nor arm'd his Brothers Portions to invade,

But to defend the Present you had made.

Emp. By frequent Messages, and strict Commands,
He knew my Pleasure to discharge his Bands:

Proof of my Life my Royal Signet made;

Yet still he arm'd, came on, and disobey'd: [ceal'd:

Amb. He thought the Mandat forg'd, your Death con-
And but delay'd, till Truth should be reveal'd.

Emp. News of my Death from Rumor he receiv'd;
And what he wish'd, he easily believ'd:

But long demurr'd, though from my Hand he knew
Liv'd, so loath he was to think it true.

Since he pleads Ignorance to that Command,

Now let him show his Duty, and disband.

Amb. His Honour, Sir, will suffer in the Cause;

He yields his Arms unjust, if he withdraws:

And begs his Loyalty may be declar'd,

By owning those he leads to be your Guard.

Emp. I, in my self, have all the Guard I need;

Did the presumptuous Boy draw off with speed:

If his audacious Troops one Hour remain,

My Cannon from the Fort shall scour the Plain.

Amb. Since you deny him Entrance, he demands

His Wife, whom cruelly you hold in Bands:

Her, if unjustly you from him detain,

He justly will by force of Arms regain.

Emp.

Emp. O'er him, and his, a Right from Heav'n I have;
 Subject, and Son, he's doubly born my Slave.
 But whatsoe'er his own Demerits are,
 Tell him, I shall not make on Women, War.
 And yet I'll do her Innocence the Grace,
 To keep her here, as in the safer Place.
 But thou, who dar'st this bold Defiance bring,
 May'st feel the Rage of an offended King.
 Hence from my Sight, without the least Reply:
 One Word, nay, one Look more, and thou shalt die.

[Exit Ambassador.]

Re-enter Arimant.

Arim. May Heav'n, great Monarch, still augment your
 With length of Days, and every Day like this. [Bliss
 For, from the Banks of *Gemma* news is brought,
 Your Army has a bloody Battel fought:
Darak from Loyal *Aureng-Zebe* is fled;
 And forty thousand of his Men lye dead.
 To *Sujah* next your conquering Army drew;
 Him they surpris'd, and easily o'er-threw.

Emp. 'Tis well.

[done,

Arim. But well! what more could at your Wish be
 Than two such Conquests gain'd by such a Son?
 Your Pardon, mighty Sir;
 You seem not high enough your Joys to rate;
 You stand indebted a vast Sum to Fate:
 And should large Thanks for the great Blessing pay.

Emp. My Fortune owes me greater every Day.
 And should my Joy more high for this appear,
 It would have argu'd me before of Fear.
 How is Heav'n kind, where I have nothing won,
 And Fortune only pays me with my own?

Arim. Great *Aureng-Zebe* did duteous Care express:
 And durst not push too far his good Success.
 But lest *Morat* the City should attack,
 Commanded his victorious Army back;
 Which, left to march as swiftly as they may,
 Himself comes first, and will be here this Day,
 Before a close-form'd Siege shut up his way.

Emp.

Emp. Prevent his Purpose, hence, with all thy speed.
 Opp him; his Entrance to the Town forbid.

Arim. How, Sir? your Loyal, your Victorious Son?

Emp. Him would I, more than all the Rebels, shun.

Arim. Whom with your Pow'r and Fortune, Sir, you
 now to suspect is vain, as 'tis unjust. [trust;

He comes not with a Train to move your Fear,

But trusts himself, to be a Pris'ner here.

You knew him Brave, you know him Faithful now:

He aims at Fame, but Fame from serving you.

'Tis said, Ambition in his Breast does rage:

Who would not be the Heroe of an Age?

Will grant him prudent: Prudence Interest weighs,

And Interest bids him seek your Love and Praise.

Know you grateful, when he march'd from hence,

You bad him hope an ample Recompence:

He conquer'd in that Hope; and from your Hands,

His Love, the precious Pledge he left, demands.

Emp. No more; you search too deep my wounded
 And show me what I fear, and would not find. [Mind;

My Son has all the Debts of Duty paid:

Your Prophet sends him to my present Aid.

Such Virtue to distrust were base and low:

I'm not ungrateful——or I was not so!

Inquire no farther, stop his coming on:

I will not, cannot, dare not see my Son.

Arim. 'Tis now too late his Entrance to prevent:

Nor must I to your Ruin give consent.

At once your Peoples Heart, and Son's you lose:

And give him all, when you just things refuse.

Emp. Thou lov'st me sure; thy Faith has oft been try'd,

In ten pitch'd Fields, not shrinking from my Side,

Yet giv'st me no advice to bring me ease.

Arim. Can you be cur'd, and tell not your Disease?

Ask'd you, Sir.

Emp. ——Thou should'st have ask'd again:

There hangs a secret Shame on guilty Men.

Thou should'st have pull'd the Secret from my Breast,

Torn out the bearded Steel to give me Rest:

At

Emp.

At least, thou should'st have guess'd——

Yet thou art honest, thou could'st ne'er have guess'd.

Hast thou been never base? did Love ne'er bend

Thy frailer Virtue, to betray thy Friend?

Flatter me, make thy Court, and say, It did:

Kings in a Crowd would have their Vices hid.

We would be kept in Count'nance, sav'd from Shame;

And own'd by others who commit the same.

Nay, now I have confess'd,——

Thou seest me naked, and without disguise:

I look on *Aureng-Zebe* with Rival's Eyes.

He has abroad my Enemies o'ercome,

And I have sought to ruin him at home.

Arim. This free Confession shows you long did strive

And Virtue, though oppress'd, is still alive.

But what Success did your Injustice find?

Emp. What it deserv'd, and not what I design'd.

Unmov'd she stood, and deaf to all my Prayers,

As Seas and Winds to sinking Mariners.

But Seas grow calm, and Winds are reconcil'd:

Her Tyrant Beauty never grows more mild.

Pray'rs, Promises, and Threats were all in vain.

Arim. Then cure your self by generous Disdain.

Emp. Virtue, Disdain, Despair, I oft have try'd,

And foil'd, have with new Arms my Foe defy'd.

This made me with so little Joy to hear

The Victory, when I the Victor fear.

Arim. Something you swiftly must resolve to do,

Lest *Aureng-Zebe* your secret Love should know.

Morat without does for your Ruin wait;

And would you lose the Buckler of your State?

A jealous Empress lyes within your Arms,

Too haughty to endure neglected Charms.

Your Son is duteous, but (as Man) he's frail,

And just Revenge o'er Virtue may prevail.

Emp. Go then to *Indamora*, say from me,

Two Lives depend upon her Secrecie.

Bid her conceal my Passion from my Son.

Tho' *Aureng-Zebe* return a Conqueror,

Both he and she are still within my Pow'r.

ay, I'm a Father, but a Lover too:

Much to my Son, more to my self I owe.

When she receives him, to her words give Law:

And even the Kindness of her Glances awe.

See, he appears! [*After a short whisper, Arimant departs.*]

Enter Aureng-Zebe, Dianet, and Attendants. Aureng-

Zebe kneels to his Father, and kisses his Hand.

Aur. My Vows have been successful as my Sword:

My Pray'rs are heard, you have your Health restor'd.

Once more 'tis given me to behold your Face:

The best of Kings and Fathers to embrace.

Forgon my Tears; 'Tis Joy which bids 'em flow,

Joy which never was sincere till now.

That which my Conquest gave, I could not prize;

'twas imperfect till I saw your Eyes.

Emp. Turn the Discourse: I have a Reason why

I would not have you speak so tenderly.

Show you what Shame your kind Expressions bring,

You would in pity spare a wretched King.

Aur. A King! you rob me, Sir, of half my due:

You have a dearer Name, a Father too.

Emp. I had that Name.

Aur. ——— What have I said or done,

That I no longer must be call'd your Son?

'Tis in that name, Heav'n knows, I glory more,

Than that of Prince, or that of Conqueror.

Emp. Then you upbraid me; I am pleas'd to see

You're not so perfect, but can fail, like me.

I have no God to deal with.

Aur. ——— Now I find

Some sly Court Devil has seduc'd your Mind:

And it with black Suspensions, not your own:

And all my Actions through false Opticks shown.

Ne'er did Crowns ambitiously regard:

Honour I sought, the generous Mind's Reward.

Long may you live! while you the Sceptre sway,

I shall be still most happy to obey.

Emp. Oh, *Aureng-Zebe*! thy Virtues shine too bright,

They flash too fierce: I, like the Bird of Night,

Am at my dull Eyes, and sicken at the Sight.

Thou hast deserv'd more Love than I can show:
 But 'tis thy Fate to give, and mine to owe.
 Thou seest me much distemper'd in my Mind:
 Pull'd back, and then push'd forward to be kind.
 Virtue, and——fain I would my Silence break,
 But have not yet the Confidence to speak.
 Leave me, and to thy needful Rest repair.

Aur. Rest is not suiting with a Lover's Care.
 I have not yet my *Indamora* seen.

Emp. Somewhat I had forgot; come back again:
 So weary of a Father's Company?

Aur. Sir, you were pleas'd your self to License me.

Emp. You made me no relation of the Fight.
 Besides, a Rebel's Army is in fight.
 Advise me first: Yet go——

He goes to *Indamora*; I should take
 A kind of envious Joy to keep him back.
 Yet to detain him makes my Love appear:
 I hate his Presence, and his Absence fear.

Aur. To some new Clime, or to thy native Sky,
 Oh friendless and forsaken Virtue fly.
 Thy *Indian* Air is deadly to thee grown:
 Deceit and canker'd Malice rule thy Throne.
 Why did my Arms in Battel prosp'rous prove,
 To gain the barren Praise of filial Love?
 The best of Kings by Women is mis-led,
 Charm'd by the Witchcraft of a second Bed.
 Against my self I Victories have won,
 And by my fatal Absence am undone.

To him, Indamora, with Arimant.
 But here she comes!
 In the calm Harbour of whose gentle Breast,
 My Tempest-beaten Soul may safely rest.
 Oh, my Heart's Joy! what e'er my Sorrows be,
 They cease and vanish, in beholding thee!
 Care shuns thy Walks; as at the chearful Light,
 The groaning Ghosts, and Birds obscene take flight.
 By this one View, all my past Pains are paid:
 And all I have to come more easie made.

Ind. Such fullen Planets at my Birth did shine,
 They threaten every Fortune mixt with mine.
 By the Pursuit of my disastrous Love,
 And from unhappy Neighbourhood remove.

Aur. Bid the laborious Hind,
 Whose hardned Hands did long in Tillage toil,
 Neglect the promis'd Harvest of the Soil.
 Should I, who cultivated Love with Blood,
 Refuse Possession of approaching Good?

Ind. Love is an Airy Good, Opinion makes:
 Which he who only thinks he has, partakes.
 Seen by a strong Imagination's Beam;
 That tricks and dresses up the gaudy Dream.
 Presented so, with Rapture 'tis enjoy'd:
 rais'd by high Fancy, and by low destroy'd

Aur. If Love be Vision, mine has all the Fire
 Which, in first Dreams, young Prophets does inspire:
 Dream, in you, our promis'd Paradise:
 In Age's Tumult of continu'd Bliss.
 But you have still your Happiness in doubt:
 Or else 'tis past, and you have dreamt it out.

Ind. Perhaps not so.

Aur. ——— Can *Indamora* prove
 To alter'd? Is it but, Perhaps you Love?
 Then farewell all! I thought in you to find
 A Balm, to cure my much distemper'd Mind.
 I came to grieve a Father's Heart estrang'd;
 But little thought to find a Mistress chang'd.
 Nature her self is chang'd to punish me:
 Virtue turn'd Vice, and Faith Inconstancy.

Ind. You heard me not Inconstancy confess:
 'Twas but a Friend's Advice to love me less.
 Who knows what adverse Fortune may befall?
 Firm well your Mind: Hope little, and fear all.
 Hope, with a goodly Prospect, feeds your Eye:
 Shows, from a rising Ground, Possession nigh:
 Shortens the Distance, or o'er-looks it quite:
 So easie 'tis to travel with the Sight.

Aur. Then to Despair you would my Love betray,
 By taking Hope, its last kind Friend, away.

You hold the Glass, but turn the Perspective;
 And farther off the less'n'd Object drive.
 You bid me fear: In that your Change I know:
 You would prepare me for the coming Blow.
 But, to prevent you, take my last Adieu;
 I'll sadly tell my self you are untrue,
 Rather than stay to hear it told by you. [Going]

Ind. Stay, *Aureng-Zebe*, I must not let you go.
 And yet believe your self, your own worst Foe,
 Think I am true, and seek no more to know.
 Let in my Breast the fatal Secret lye,
 'Tis a sad Riddle, which, if known, we die.

[Seeming to pause]
Aur. Fair Hypocrite, you seek to cheat in vain;
 Your Silence argues you ask time to feign.
 Once more, farewell: The Snare in Sight is laid,
 'Tis my own Fault if I am now betray'd. [Going again]
Ind. Yet once more stay; you shall believe me true,
 Though in one Fate I wrap my self and you.
 Your Absence——

Arim. —— Hold; you know the hard Command
 I must obey: You only can withstand
 Your own Mishap. I beg you on my Knee,
 Be not unhappy by your own Decree.

Aur. Speak, Madam, by (if that be yet an Oath)
 Your Love, I'm pleas'd we should be ruin'd both.
 Both is a sound of Joy.
 In Death's dark Bow'rs our Bridals we will keep:
 And his cold Hand
 Shall draw the Curtain when we go to sleep.

Ind. Know then, that Man whom both of us did trust
 Has been to you unkind, to me unjust.
 The Guardian of my Faith so false did prove,
 As to sollicite me with lawless Love:
 Pray'd, promis'd, threaten'd, all that Man could do,
 Base as he's great; and need I tell you who?

Aur. Yes; for I'll not believe my Father meant:
 Speak quickly, and my impious Thoughts prevent.

Ind. You've said; I wish I could some other name!

Arim. My Duty must excuse me, Sir, from blame.

A Guard there.

Enter Guards.

Aur. ——— Slave, for me?

Arim. ——— My Orders are
To seize this Princess, whom the Laws of War
Long since made Prisoner.

Aur. ——— Villain.

Arim. ——— Sir, I know
Your Birth, nor durst another call me so.

Aur. I have redeem'd her; and as mine she's free.

Arim. You may have Right to give her Liberty:
But with your Father, Sir, that Right dispute;
For his Commands to me were absolute;
If she disclos'd his Love, to use the Right
Of War, and to secure her from your Sight.

Aur. I'll rescue her, or die.

[*Draws.*

And you, my Friends, though few, are yet too brave
To see your Gen'ral's Mistress made a Slave. [*All draw.*

Ind. Hold, my dear Love! if so much Pow'r there lies,
As once you own'd, in *Indamora's* Eyes,
Lose not the Honour you have early won;
But stand the blameless Pattern of a Son.
My Love your Claim inviolate secures:
Tis writ in Fate, I can be only yours.
My Sufferings for you make your Heart my Due:
Be worthy me, as I am worthy you.

Aur. I've thought, and blest'd be you who gave me
time:

[*Putting up his Sword.*

My Virtue was surpris'd into a Crime.
Strong Virtue, like strong Nature, struggles still:
Exerts it self, and then throws off the Ill.
I to a Son's and Lover's Praise aspire:
And must fulfil the Parts which both require.
How dear the Cure of Jealousie has cost!
With too much Care and Tenderneſs y're lost.
So the fond Youth from Hell redeem'd his Prize,
Till looking back, she vanish'd from his Eyes!

[*Exeunt severally.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Between the Acts, a warlike Tune is plaid, shooting off Guns
and Shouts of Soldiers are heard, as in an Assault.*

Aureng-Zebe, Arimant, Asaph Chan, Fazel Chan,
and Solyman.

Aur. **W**Hat Man could do, was by *Morat* perform'd:
The Fortrefs thrice himself in Person storm'd
Your Valour bravely 'did th' Assault sustain;
And fill'd the Moats and Ditches with the Slain.
Till, mad with Rage, into the Breach he fir'd:
Slew Friends and Foes, and in the Smoak retir'd.

Arim. To us you give what Praises are not due:
Morat was thrice repuls'd, but thrice by you.
High, over all, was your great Conduct shown:
You fought our Safety, but forgot your own.

Asaph. Their Standard, planted on the Battlement,
Despair and Death among the Soldiers sent:
You, the bold *Omrab* tumbled from the Wall;
And Shouts of Victory pursu'd his Fall.

Fazel. To you, alone, we owe this prosp'rous Day:
Our Wives and Children rescu'd from the Prey:
Know your own Int'rest, Sir, where-e'er you lead,
We jointly Vow to own no other Head. [mands

Solyman. Your Wrongs are known. Impose but your Command:
This Hour shall bring you twenty thousand Hands.

Aur. Let them who truly would appear my Friends,
Employ their Swords, like mine, for noble Ends.
No more: Remember you have bravely done:
Shall Treason end, what Loyalty begun?
I own no Wrongs; some Grievance I confess,
But Kings, like Gods, at their own Time redress.
Yet, some becoming Boldness I may use:
I've well deserv'd, nor will he now refuse.

[Aside
Th

Will strike my Fortunes with him at a Heat:
And give him not the leisure to forget.

[Exit, attended by the Omrahs.]

Arim. Oh! *Indamora*, hide these fatal Eyes;
Too deep they wound whom they too soon surprize:
My Virtue, Prudence, Honour, Interest, all
Before this Universal Monarch fall.
Beauty, like Ice, our Footing does betray;
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery Way?
Pleas'd with the Passage, we slide swiftly on:
And see the Dangers which we cannot shun.

To him, *Indamora*.

Ind. I hope my Liberty may reach thus far:
These Terras Walks within my Limits are.
I came to seek you, and to let you know,
How much I to your generous Pity owe.
The King, when he design'd you for my Guard,
Resolv'd he would not make my Bondage hard:
If otherwise, you have deceiv'd his End;
And whom he meant a Guardian, made a Friend.

Arim. A Guardian's Title I must own with shame:
But should be prouder of another Name.

Ind. And therefore 'twas I chang'd that Name before:
I call'd you Friend, and could you wish for more?

Arim. I dare not ask for what you would not grant:
But Wishes, Madam, are extravagant.
They are not bounded with things possible:
I may wish more than I presume to tell:
Desire's the vast Extent of humane Mind,
It mounts above, and leaves poor Hope behind.
I could wish——

Ind. What?

Arim. Why did you speak? you've dash'd my Fancy quite:
Ev'n in th' approaching Minute of Delight.
I must take breath——

Ere I the Rapture of my Wish renew,
And tell you then, It terminates in you.

Ind. Have you consider'd what th' Event would be?
Or know you, *Arimant*, your self, or me?

Were I no Queen, did you my Beauty weigh,
My Youth in bloom, your Age in its decay?

Arim. I my own Judge, condemn'd my self before;
For pity aggravate my Crime no more.
So weak I am, I with a Frown am slain:
You need have us'd but half so much Disdain.

Ind. I am not cruel yet to that degree:
Have better Thoughts both of your self, and me.
Beauty a Monarch is,
Which Kingly Power magnificently proves,
By Crouds of Slaves, and peopled Empire loves.
And such a Slave as you, what Queen would lose?
Above the rest, I *Arimant* would chuse:
For Counsel, Valour, Truth, and Kindness too,
All I could wish in Man, I find in you.

Arim. What Lover could to greater Joy be rais'd!
I am, methinks, a God, by you thus prais'd.

Ind. To what may not desert, like yours, pretend?
You have all Qualities — that fit a Friend.

Arim. So Mariners mistake the promis'd Coast:
And, with full Sails, on the blind Rocks are lost.
Think you my aged Veins so faintly beat,
They rise no higher than to Friendship's heat?
So weak your Charms, that, like a Winter's Night,
Twinkling with Stars, they freeze me while they light.

Ind. Mistake me not, good *Arimant*, I know
My Beauty's Pow'r, and what my Charms can do.
You your own Talent have not learn'd so well;
But practise one, where you can ne'er excel.
You can at most,

To an indiff'rent Lover's Praise pretend:
But you would spoil an admirable Friend.

Arim. Never was Amity so highly priz'd;
Nor ever any Love so much despis'd.
Ev'n to my self ridiculous I grow;
And would be angry, if I knew but how.

Ind. Do not. Your Anger, like your Love, is vain:
When e'er I please, you must be pleas'd again.
Knowing what Pow'r I have your Will to bend,
I'll use it; for I need just such a Friend.

you must perform, not what you think is fit:

to what ever I propose, submit.

Arim. Madam, you have a strange Ascendant gain'd;

you use me like a Courser, spur'd and rein'd:

I fly out, my Fierceness you command,

then sooth, and gently stroke me with your Hand.

propose; but use your Pow'r of taxing well:

when Subjects cannot Pay, they soon Rebel.

Enter the Emperor, unseen by them.

Ind. My Rebels Punishment would easie prove:

you know y'are in my Pow'r by making Love.

Arim. Would I, without dispute, your Will obey,

and could you, in return, my Life betray?

Emp. What danger, *Arimant*, is this you fear?

what Love-secret which I must not hear?

these alter'd Looks some inward Motion show.

your Cheeks are pale, and yours with Blushes glow.

[*To her.*]

Ind. 'Tis what, with Justice, may my Anger move:

you have been bold, and talk'd to me of Love.

Arim. I am betray'd, and shall be doom'd to die! [*Aside.*]

Emp. Did he, my Slave, presume to look so high?

that crawling Insect, who from Mud began,

warm'd by my Beams, and kindled into Man?

must he, who does but for my Pleasure live,

stretch on Love, my great Prerogative?

print his base Image on his Sovereign's Coin?

his Treason if he stamp his Love with mine.

Arim. 'Tis true, I have been bold, but if it be

Crime——

Ind. —— He means, 'tis only so to me.

you, Sir, should praise, what I must disapprove:

he insolently talk'd to me of Love:

but, Sir, 'twas yours, he made it in your Name:

you, if you please, may all he said disclaim.

Emp. I must disclaim what e'er he can express:

this groveling Sense will show my Passion less.

but stay, if what he said, my Message be,

what Fear, what Danger could arrive from me?

he said, he fear'd you would his Life betray.

Ind. Should he presume again, perhaps I may.
 Tho' in your Hands he hazard not his Life,
 Remember, Sir, your fury of a Wife;
 Who, not content to be reveng'd on you,
 The Agents of your Passion will pursue.

Emp. If I but hear her nam'd, I'm sick that Day;
 The Sound is mortal, and frights Life away.
 Forgive me, *Arimant*, my jealous Thought:
 Distrust in Lovers is the tender'st Fault.
 Leave me, and tell thy self in my Excuse,
 Love, and a Crown, no Rivalship can bear;
 And precious things are still possess'd with Fear.

[*Exit Arimant bowing*]

This, Madam, my Excuse to you may plead;
 Love should forgive the Faults which Love has made.

Ind. From me, what Pardon can you hope to have,
 Robb'd of my Love, and treated as a Slave?

Emp. Force is the last Relief which Lovers find:
 And 'tis the best Excuse of Woman-kind.

Ind. Force never yet a generous Heart did gain:
 We yield on parley, but are storm'd in vain.
 Constraint, in all things, makes the Pleasure less;
 Sweet is the Love which comes with Willingness.

Emp. No; 'tis Resistance that inflames Desire:
 Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire.
 Love is disarm'd that meets with too much Ease:
 He Languishes, and does not care to please.
 And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit you guard
 With so much care, to make Possession hard.

Ind. Was't not enough you took my Crown away,
 But cruelly you must my Love betray?
 I was well pleas'd to have transferr'd my Right,
 And better chang'd your Claim of lawless Might,
 By taking him, whom you esteem'd above
 Your other Sons, and taught me first to Love.

Emp. My Son by my Command his Course must steer:
 I bad him Love, I bid him now forbear.
 If you have any Kindness for him still,
 Advise him not to shock a Father's Will.

Ind. Must I advise?

Then let me see him, and I'll try t'obey.

Emp. I had forgot, and dare not trust your way.
But send him word,

He has not here an Army to command:
Remember, he and you are in my Hand.

Ind. Yes, in a Father's Hand, whom he has serv'd;
And, with the hazard of his Life, preserv'd.

But Piety to you, unhappy Prince,
Becomes a Crime, and Duty an Offence:

Against your self, you with your Foes combine,
And seem your own Destruction to design.

Emp. You may be pleas'd your Politicks to spare:
I'm old enough, and can my self take care.

Ind. Advice from me was, I confess, too bold:
Y'are old enough; it may be, Sir, too old.

Emp. You please your self with your Contempt of Age:
But Love, neglected, will convert to Rage.

If on your Head my Fury does not turn,
Thank that fond Dotage which so much you scorn.

But, in another's Person, you may prove,
There's warmth for Vengeance left, tho' not for Love.

Re-enter Arimant.

Arim. The Empress has the Anti-chambers past,
And this way moves with a disorder'd haste:
Her Brows, the stormy Marks of Anger bear.

Emp. Madam, retire: She must not find you here.

[Exit Indamora with Arimant.]

Enter Nourmahal hastily.

Nour. What have I done, that *Nourmahal* must prove
The Scorn and Triumph of a Rival's Love?

My Eyes are still the same, each Glance, each Grace
Keep their first Lustre, and maintain their Place;
Not second yet to any other Face.

Emp. What Rage transports you? Are you well awake?
Such Dreams distracted Minds in Feavers make.

Nour. Those Feavers you have giv'n, those Dreams have
By broken Faith, and an abandon'd Bed.

Such Visions hourly pass before my Sight;
Which from my Eyes their balmy Slumbers fright,
In the severest Silence of the Night.

Vision,

108 AURENG-ZEBE.

Visions, which in this Cittadel are seen;
Bright, glorious Visions of a Rival Queen.

Emp. Have patience, my first Flames can ne'er decay:
These are but Dreams, and soon will pass away.
Thou know'st, my Heart, my Empire, all is thine:
In thy own Heav'n of Love serenely shine:
Fair as the Face of Nature did appear,
When Flowers first peep'd, and Trees did Blossoms bear,
And Winter had not yet deform'd th' inverted Year.
Calm as the Breath which fans our Eastern Groves,
And bright as when thy Eyes first lighted up our Loves,
Let our eternal Peace be seal'd by this,
With the first Ardour of a Nuptial Kifs. [*Offers to kiss her.*]

Nour. Me would you have, me your faint Kisses prove,
The Dregs and Droppings of enervate Love?
Must I your cold long-labouring Age sustain,
And be to empty Joys provok'd in vain?
Receive you fighting after other Charms,
And take an absent Husband in my Arms?

Emp. Even these Reproaches I can bear from you:
You doubted of my Love; believe it true.
Nothing but Love this Patience could produce;
And I allow your Rage that kind Excuse.

Nour. Call it not Patience; 'tis your Guilt stands mute:
You have a Cause too foul to bear dispute.
You wrong me first, and urge my Rage to rise,
Then I must pass for mad; you, meek and wise:
Good Man, plead Merit by your soft Replies.
Vain Priviledge poor Women have of Tongue:
Men can stand silent, and resolve on Wrong.

Emp. What can I more? My Friendship you refuse,
And even my Mildness, as my Crime, accuse.

Nour. Your sullen Silence cheats not me, false Man;
I know you think the bloodiest things you can.
Could you accuse me, you would raise your Voice:
Watch for my Crimes, and in my Guilt rejoice.
But my known Virtue is from Scandal free,
And leaves no shadow for your Calumny.

Emp. Such Virtue is the Plague of human Life:
A virtuous Woman, but a curst Wife.

In vain of pompous Chastity y^ere proud:
 Virtue's Adultery of the Tongue, when loud.
 With less pain, a Prostitute could bear,
 Than the shrill Sound of Virtue, Virtue hear.
 In unchaste Wives——

There's yet a kind of recompensing Ease:
 Vice keeps 'em humble, gives 'em care to please:
 But against clamorous Virtue, what Defence?
 It stops our Mouths, and gives your Noise Pretence.
Nour. Since Virtue does your Indignation raise,
 'Tis pity but you had that Wife you praise.
 Your own wild Appetites are prone to range;
 And then you tax our Humours with your Change.

Emp. What can be sweeter than our native Home!
 Thither for Ease, and soft Repose, we come:
 Home is the sacred Refuge of our Life:
 Secur'd from all Approaches but a Wife.
 If thence we fly, the Cause admits no Doubt:
 None but an Inmate Foe could force us out.

Clamours, our Privacies uneasie make: [forsake.
 Birds leave their Nests disturb'd, and Beasts their Haunts

Nour. Honour's my Crime, that has your loathing bred:
 You take no Pleasure in a virtuous Bed.

Emp. What Pleasure can there be in that Estate,
 Which your Unquietness has made me hate?
 Shrink far off——

Dissembling Sleep, but wakeful with the Fright.
 The Day takes off the Pleasure of the Night.

Nour. My Thoughts no other Joys but Pow'r pursue:
 Or, if they did, they must be lost in you.
 And yet the Fault's not mine——

Tho' Youth and Beauty cannot Warmth command;
 The Sun in vain shines on the barren Sand.

Emp. 'Tis true, of Marriage-bands I'm weary grown,
 Love scorns all Ties, but those that are his own.
 Chains that are dragg'd, must needs uneasie prove:
 For there's a God-like Liberty in Love.

Nour. What's Love to you?
 The Bloom of Beauty other Years demands;
 Nor will be gather'd by such wither'd Hands:

You

You importune it with a false Desire:
 Which sparkles out, and makes no solid Fire.
 This Impudence of Age, whence can it spring?
 All you expect, and yet you nothing bring.
 Eager to ask, when you are past a Grant;
 Nice in providing what you cannot want.
 Have Conscience; give not her you love this Pain:
 Sollicit not your self, and her, in vain.
 All other Debts may Compensation find:
 But Love is strict, and will be paid in kind.

Emp. Sure of all Ills, Domestick are the worst;
 When most secure of Blessings, we are curst.
 When we lay next us what we hold most dear,
 Like *Hercules*, invenom'd Shirts we wear;
 And cleaving Mischiefs.

Nour. ——— What you merit, have:
 And share, at least, the Miseries you gave.
 Your Days I will alarm, I'll haunt your Nights:
 And, worse than Age, disable your Delights.
 May your sick Fame still languish, 'till it die:
 All Offices of Pow'r neglected lie,
 And you grow cheap in every Subject's Eye.
 Then, as the greatest Curse that I can give;
 Unpitied, be depos'd; and after live.

[Going]

Emp. Stay; and now learn,
 How criminal so'er we Husbands are,
 'Tis not for Wives to push our Crimes too far.
 Had you still Mistress of your Temper been,
 I had been modest, and not own'd my Sin.
 Your Fury hardens me: And what e'er Wrong
 You suffer, you have cancell'd by your Tongue.
 A Guard there; seize her: She shall know this Hour,
 What is a Husband's and a Monarch's Pow'r.

[Guard seizes her]

Enter Aureng-Zebe.

Nour. I see for whom your Charter you maintain:
 I must be fetter'd, and my Son be slain,
 That *Zelyma's* ambitious Race may reign.
 Not so you promis'd, when my Beauty drew
 All *Aja's* Vows; when *Perja* left for you

The

The Realm of *Candahar* for Dow'r I brought:
That long contended Prize for which you fought.

Aur. The Name of Stép-mother, your practis'd Art,
By which you have estrang'd my Father's Heart,
All you have done against me, or design,
Shows your Aversion, but begets not mine.
Long may my Father *India's* Empire guide:
And may no Breach your Nuptial Vows divide.

Emp. Since Love obliges not, I from this Hour,
Assume the Right of Man's despotick Pow'r:
Man is by Nature form'd your Sexes Head:
And is himself the Canon of his Bed.
In Bands of Iron fetter'd you shall be:
An easier Yoke than what you put on me.

Aur. Though much I fear my Int'rest is not great,
[Kneeling.]

Let me your Royal Clemency intreat.
Secrets of Marriage still are Sacred held:
There sweet and bitter by the wise conceal'd.
Errors of Wives reflect on Husbands still:
And, when divulg'd, proclaim you've chosen Ill.
And the mysterious Pow'r of Bed and Throne,
Should always be maintain'd, but rarely shown.

Emp. To so perverse a Sex all Grace is vain:
It gives 'em Courage to offend again:
Nor with feign'd Tears they Penitence pretend:
Again are pardon'd, and again offend.

Worth our Pity when they seem to grieve;
Only to try how far we can forgive.

Till lanching out into a Sea of strife,
They scorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife.

But be it as you please: For your lov'd sake,
This last and fruitless Tryal I will make.

In all Requests, your Right of Merit use:
And know, There is but one I can refuse.

[He signs to the Guards, and they remove from the Empress.]

Nour. You've done enough, for you design'd my Chains:
The Grace is vanish'd, but th' Affront remains.
Nor is't a Grace, or for his Merit done;
You durst no farther, for you fear'd my Son.

This

This you have gain'd by the rough Course you prove;
I'm past Repentance, and you past my Love. [Exit]

Emp. A Spirit so untam'd the World ne'er bore.

Aur. And yet worse Usage had incens'd her more,
But since by no Obligement she is ty'd,
You must betimes for your Defence provide.
I cannot idle in your Danger stand;

But beg once more I may your Arms command:

Two Battels your auspicious Cause has won;

My Sword can perfect what it has begun,

And, from your Walls, dislodge that haughty Son.

Emp. My Son, your Valour has, this Day, been such,
None can enough admire, or praise too much.

But now, with Reason, your Success I doubt:

Her Faction's strong within, his Arms without.

Aur. I left the City in a Panick Fright:

Lions they are in Council, Lambs in Fight.

But my own Troops, by *Mirzah* led, are near:

I, by to-morrow's dawn, expect 'em here.

To favour 'em, I'll Sally out e're Day,

And through our slaughter'd Foes enlarge their Way.

Emp. Age has not yet

So shrunk my Sinews, or so chill'd my Veins,

But conscious Virtue in my Breast remains.

But had I now

That Strength, with which my boiling Youth was fraught,

When in the Vale of *Balasor* I fought,

And from *Bengale* their Captive Monarch brought;

When Elephant 'gainst Elephant did rear

His Trunk, and Castles just'd in the Air;

My Sword thy way to Victory had shown:

And ow'd the Conquest to it self alone.

Aur. Those fair Idea's to my Aid I'll call,

And emulate my great Original.

Or, if they fail, I will invoke in Arms,

The Pow'r of Love, and *Indumora's* Charms.

Emp. I doubt the happy Influence of your Star:

T'invoke a Captive's Name bodes ill in War.

Aur. Sir, give me leave to say, Whatever now

The Omen prove, it boded well to you.

our Royal Promise, when I went to fight,
 oblig'd me to resign a Victor's Right.
 For Liberty I fought for, and I won:
 And claim it as your General, and your Son.

Emp. My Ears still ring with noise, I'm vex'd to Death:
 Tongue-kill'd, and have not yet recover'd Breath.
 Or will I be prescrib'd my Time by you:
 To end the War, and then your Claim renew.

While to your Conduct I my Fortune trust,
 To keep this Pledge of Duty is but just.

Aur. Some hidden Cause your Jealousie does move,
 For you could ne'er suspect my Loyal Love.

Emp. What Love soever by an Heir is shown,
 It waits but time to step into the Throne.
 You're neither justify'd, nor yet accus'd:
 Mean while, the Pris'n'r with Respect is us'd.

Aur. I know the Kindness of her Guardian such,
 Need not fear too little, but too much.
 But how, Sir, how have you from Virtue swerv'd?
 For what so ill Return have I deserv'd?

You doubt not me, nor have I spent my Blood,
 To have my Faith no better understood:
 Your Soul's above the Baseness of Distrust:
 Nothing but Love could make you so unjust.

Emp. You know your Rival then; and know 'tis fit,
 The Son's should to the Father's Claim submit.

Aur. Sons may have right, which they can never quit.
 Your self first made that Title which I claim:
 First bid me Love, and authoris'd my Flame.

Emp. The Value of my Gift I did not know:
 If I could give, I can resume it too.

Aur. Recal your Gift, for I your Power confess:
 But first, take back my Life, a Gift that's less.
 A long Life would now but a long Burthen prove:
 You're grown unkind, and I have lost your Love.
 My Grief lets unbecoming Speeches fall:
 I should have dy'd, and not complain'd at all.

Emp. Witness ye Pow'rs,
 How much I suffer'd, and how long I strove
 Against th' Assaults of this imperious Love!

I represented to my self the Shame
Of perjur'd Faith, and violated Fame.
Your great Deserts, how ill they were repaid;
All Arguments, in vain, I urg'd and weigh'd:
For mighty Love, who Prudence does despise,
For Reason, show'd me *Indamora's* Eyes.
What would you more, my Crime I sadly view,
Acknowledge, am asham'd, and yet pursue.

Aur. Since you can Love, and yet your Error see,
The same resistless Pow'r may plead for me.
With no less Ardor, I my Claim pursue:
I love, and cannot yield her even to you.

Emp. Your elder Brothers, though o'ercome, have Right
The youngest yet in Arms prepar'd to fight.
But, yielding her, I firmly have decreed,
That you alone to Empire shall succeed.

Aur. To after-Ages let me stand a Shame,
When I exchange for Crowns my Love or Fame.
You might have found a mercenary Son,
To profit of the Battels he had won:
Had I been such, what hinder'd me to take
The Crown? nor had th' Exchange been yours to make
While you are living, I no Right pretend;
Wear it, and let it where you please descend.
But from my Love, 'tis Sacrilege to part:
There, there's my Throne in *Indamora's* Heart.

Emp. 'Tis in her Heart alone that you must Reign:
You'll find her Person difficult to gain.
Give willingly what I can take by Force:
And know, Obedience is your safest Course.

Aur. I'm taught, by Honour's Precepts, to obey:
Fear to Obedience is a slavish Way.
If ought my Want of Duty could beget;
You take the most prevailing Means, to threat.
Pardon your Blood that boils within my Veins;
It rises high, and menacing disdains.
Even Death's become to me no dreadful Name:
I've often met him, and have made him tame:
In fighting Fields, where our Acquaintance grew,
I saw him, and condemn'd him first for you,

Emp. Of formal Duty make no more thy boast:
 Thou disobey'st where it concerns me most.

Pol, with both Hands thus to push back a Crown:
 And headlong cast thy self from Empire down.

Though *Nourmahal* I hate, her Son shall reign:
 Glorious thou, by thy own Fault remain.

My younger Brother I'll admit this Hour:

Thine shall be thy Mistress, his thy Pow'r. [Exit.]

Aur. How vain is Virtue which directs our Ways

Through certain Danger to uncertain Praise!

Errand, and airy Name! thee Fortune flies;

With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wise.

Heav'n takes thee at thy Word, without regard;

And lets thee poorly be thy own Reward.

The World is made for the bold impious Man;

Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can,

Justice to Merit does weak Aid afford;

She trusts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword.

Virtue is nice to take what's not her own;

And, while she long consults, the Prize is gone.

To him, Dianet.

Dia. Forgive the Bearer of unhappy News:

Our alter'd Father openly pursues

Our Ruin; and, to compass his Intent,

For violent *Morat* in haste has sent.

The Gates he order'd all to be unbarr'd:

And from the Market-place to draw the Guard.

Aur. How look the People in this turn of State?

Dia. They mourn your Ruin as their proper Fate;

Curse the Empress: For they think it done

By her Procurement, to advance her Son.

Am too, though aw'd, they scarcely can forbear:

As Pride they hate, his Violence they fear.

All bent to rise, would you appear their Chief,

All your own Troops come up to your Relief.

Aur. Ill treated, and forsaken, as I am,

Will not betray the Glory of my Name:

It is not for me, who have preserv'd a State,

To buy an Empire at so base a Rate.

Dia.

Dia. The Points of Honour Poets may produce;
Trappings of Life, for Ornament, not Use:
Honour, which only does the Name advance,
Is the meer raving Madness of Romance.
Pleas'd with a Word, you may sit tamely down;
And see your younger Brother force the Crown.

Aur. I know my Fortune in Extreame does lye:
The Sons of *Indostan* must reign, or die.
That desperate hazard Courage does create;
As he plays frankly, who has least Estate,
And that the World the Coward will despise,
When Life's a Blank, who pulls not for a Prize?

Dia. Of all your Knowledge, this vain Fruit you have
To walk with Eyes broad open to your Grave.

Aur. From what I've said, conclude, without reply
I neither would Usurp, nor tamely die.

Th' attempt to fly, would Guilt betray, or Fear:
Besides, 'twere vain; the Fort's our Prison here.
Somewhat I have resolv'd——

Morat, perhaps, has Honour in his Breast:
And, in extreame, bold Counsels are the best.
Like Emp'ric Remedies, they last are try'd;
And by th' Event condemn'd, or justify'd.
- Presence of Mind and Courage in Distress,
Are more than Armies to procure Success.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Arimant, with a Letter his Hand: *Indamora*.

Arim. **A**ND I the Messenger to him from you?
Your Empire you to Tyranny pursue:
You lay Commands, both cruel and unjust,
To serve my Rival, and betray my Trust.

Ind. You first betray'd your Trust in loving me,
And should not I my own Advantage see?

Serv

ving my Love, you may my Friendship gain;
 u know the rest of your Pretences vain.

u must, my *Arimant*, you must be kind:
 s in your Nature, and your noble Mind.

Arim. I'll to the King, and streight my Trust resign.

Ind. His Trust you may, but you shall never mine.

av'n made you love me for no other end,

t to become my Confident and Friend:

such, I keep no Secret from your Sight,

and therefore make you judge how ill I write:

ad it, and tell me freely then your Mind:

'tis indited as I meant it, kind.

Arim. I ask not Heav'n my Freedom to restore, [Reading.]

only for your sake——I'll read no more:.

and yet I must——

for my own, than for your Sorrow, sad—— [Reading.]

another Line, like this, would make me mad——

Heav'n! she goes on—yet more—and yet more kind!

[As Reading.]

each Sentence is a Dagger to my Mind.

me this Night——

[Reading.]

Thank Fortune, who did such a Friend provide,

or faithful *Arimant* shall be your Guide.

Not only to be made an Instrument,

but preingag'd without my own Consent!

Ind. Unknown t'ingage you still augments my Score,

and gives you scope of meriting the more.

Arim. The best of Men

some int'rest in their Actions must confess;

None merit but in hope they may possess.

The fatal Paper rather let me tear,

Than, like *Bellerophon*, my own Sentence bear.

Ind. You may; but 'twill not be your best Advice:

'Twill only give me Pains of Writing Twice.

You know you must obey me, soon or late:

Why should you vainly struggle with your Fate?

Arim. I thank thee, Heav'n, thou hast been won-
 drous kind!

Why am I thus to Slavery design'd,

And yet am cheated with a freeborn Mind?

Or

Or make thy Orders with my Reason fute,
Or let me live by Sense a glorious Brute—

[*She from*

You frown, and I obey with speed, before
That dreadful Sentence comes, *See me no more*:
See me no more! that Sound, methinks, I hear
Like the last Trumpet thund'ring in my Ear.

Enter Solyman.

Soly. The Princess *Melesinda*, bath'd in Tears,
And tofs'd alternately with Hopes and Fears,
If your Affairs such leisure can afford,
Would learn from you the Fortunes of her Lord.

Arim. Tell her, that I some Certainty may bring;
I go this Minute to attend the King.

Ind. This lonely Turtle I desire to see:
Grief, tho' not cur'd, is eas'd by Company.

Arim. to Soly. Say, if she please, she hither may
pair,

And breathe the freshness of the open Air. [*Exit Soly*

Ind. Poor Princess! how I pity her Estate,
Wrapt in the Ruins of her Husband's Fate!
She mourn'd *Morat* should in Rebellion rise;
Yet he offends, and she's the Sacrifice.

Arim. Not knowing his Design, at Court she staid;
'Till, by Command, close Pris'ner she was made.
Since when,

Her Chains with *Roman* Constancy she bore;
But that, perhaps, an *Indian* Wife's is more.

Ind. Go, bring her Comfort; leave me here alone.

Arim. My Love must still be in Obedience shown.

[*Exit Arim*

Enter Melesinda, led by Solyman, who retires afterwards.

Ind. When graceful Sorrow in her Pomp appears,
Sure she is dress'd in *Melesinda's* Tears.

Your Head reclin'd, (as hiding Grief from view,)
Droops, like a Rose surcharg'd with Morning Dew.

Mel. Can Flow'rs but droop in absence of the Sun,
Which wak'd their Sweets? And mine, alas! is gone.
But you the noblest Charity express:
For they who shine in Courts, still shun Distress.]

Ind. Distress'd my self, like you, confin'd I live:

And therefore can Compassion take, and give.

We're both Love's Captives, but with Fate so cross,
We must be happy by the others loss.

Morat, or *Aureng-Zebe* must fall this Day.

Mel. Too truly *Tamerlain's* Successors they,

Each thinks a World too little for his Sway.

Would you and I the same Pretences bring,

Unkind should with more ease receive a King:

Would to you the narrow World resign,

And want no Empire while *Morat* was mine.

Ind. Wish'd Freedom I presage you soon will find;

Heav'n be just, and be to Virtue kind.

Mel. Quite otherwise my Mind foretels my Fate:

Fort is my Life, and that Unfortunate.

Should I not complain, would Heav'n afford

Me little time, e'er Death, to see my Lord.

Ind. These Thoughts are but your Melancholy's Food;

And bid from a lonely Life, and dark Abode:

Whatsoever our jarring Fortunes prove,

Though our Lords hate, methinks we two may love.

Mel. Such be our Loves as may not yield to Fate;

Bring a Heart more true than fortunate.

[Giving their Hands.]

To them, *Arimant*.

Arim. I come with haste surprising News to bring:

In two Hours time, since last I saw the King,

Th' Affairs of Court have wholly chang'd their Face:

Unhappy *Aureng-Zebe* is in disgrace:

And your *Morat*, (proclaim'd the Successor)

Is call'd, to awe the City with his Power.

Those Trumpets his triumphant Entry tell.

And now the Shouts waft near the Cittadel.

Ind. See, Madam, see th' Event by me foreshown:

Envy not your Chance, - but grieve my own.

Mel. A Change so unexpected must surprise:

And more, because I am unus'd to Joys.

Ind. May all your Wishes ever prosp'rous be,

But I'm too much concern'd th' Event to see.

My Eyes too tender are —————

To

To view my Lord become the publick Scorn:
I came to comfort, and I go to mourn. [*Taking her leave*]

Mel. Stay, I'll not see my Lord,
Before I give your Sorrow some Relief;
And pay the Charity you lent my Grief.
Here he shall see me first with you confin'd:
And, if your Virtue fail to move his Mind,
I'll use my Int'rest that he may be kind.
Fear not, I never mov'd him yet in vain.

Ind. So fair a Pleader any Cause may gain.

Mel. I have no taste, methinks, of coming Joy;
For black Presages all my Hopes destroy.
Die, something whispers, *Melesinda*, die;
Fulfil, fulfil thy mournful Destiny.
Mine is a Gleam of Bliss, too hot to last,
Watry it shines, and will be soon o'er-cast.

Indamora and Melesinda re-enter, as into the Chamber.

Arim. Fortune seems weary grown of *Aureng-Zebe*,
While to her new-made Favourite, *Morat*,
Her lavish Hand is wastefully profuse:
With Fame and flowing Honours tided in,
Born on a swelling Current smooth beneath him.
The King and haughty Empress, to our Wonder,
If not atton'd, yet seemingly at peace,
As Fate for him that Miracle reserv'd.

Enter in Triumph, Emperor, Morat, and Train.

Emp. I have confess'd I love.
As I interpret fairly your Design,
So look not with severer Eyes on mine.
Your Fate has call'd you to th'Imperial Seat:
In Duty be, as you in Arms are, great.
For *Aureng-Zebe* a hated Name is grown,
And Love less bears a Rival than the Throne.

Mor. To me, the Cries of fighting Fields are Charms.
Keen be my Sable, and of Proof my Arms,
I ask no other Blessing of my Stars:
No Prize but Fame, nor Mistress but the Wars.
I scarce am pleas'd I tamely mount the Throne:
Would *Aureng-Zebe* had all their Souls in one:

th all my elder Brothers I would fight,
 d so from partial Nature force my Right.
Emp. Had we but lasting Youth, and Time to spare,
 me might be thrown away on Fame and War:
 t Youth, the perishing Good, runs on too fast:
 d unenjoy'd will spend it self to waste;
 w know the Use of Life before 'tis past.
 d I once more thy Vigour to Command,
 ould not let it die upon my Hand:

Hour of Pleasure should pass empty by,
 uth should watch Joys, and shoot 'em as they fly:
Mor. Methinks all Pleasure is in Greatness found.
 ings, like Heav'n's Eye, should spread their Beams around.
 as'd to be seen, while Glory's Race they run:
 It is not for the Chariot of the Sun.

jects are stiff-neck'd Animals, they soon
 el slacken'd Reins, and pitch their Rider down.

Emp. To thee that Drudgery of Pow'r I give:
 es be thy Lot: Reign thou, and let me live.
 e Fort I'll keep for my Security;
 pness, and publick State resign to thee.

Mor. Luxurious Kings are to their People lost:
 ey live, like Drones, upon the publick Cost.
 Arms, from Pole to Pole, the World shall shake:
 d, with my self, keep all Mankind awake.

Emp. Believe me, Son, and needless Trouble spare;
 s a base World, and is not worth our Care.

The Vulgar, a scarce animated Clod,
 er pleas'd with ought above 'em, Prince or God.
 ere I a God, the drunken Globe should roul:

The little Emmets with the human Soul
 are for themselves, while at my Ease I sat,
 d second Causes did the Work of Fate.

if I would take Care, that Care should be
 Wit that scorn'd the World, and liv'd like me.

To them, Nourmahal, Zayda, and Attendants.

Nour. My dear *Morat*, [Embracing her Son.
 his Day propitious to us all has been:
 ou're now a Monarch's Heir, and I a Queen.

Your youthful Father now may quit the State,
And find the Ease he fought, indulg'd by Fate.
Cares shall not keep him on the Throne awake,
Nor break the golden Slumbers he would take.

Emp. In vain I struggl'd to the Goal of Life,
While Rebel-Sons, and an imperious Wife
Still dragg'd me backward into Noise and Strife.

Mor. Be that remembrance lost; and be't my Pride
To be your Pledge of Peace on either side.

To them, Aureng-Zebe.

Aur. With all th'assurance Innocence can bring,
Fearless without, because secure within,
Arm'd with my Courage, unconcern'd I see
This Pomp; a Shame to you, a Pride to me.
Shame is but where with Wickedness 'tis join'd;
And, while no Baseness in this Breast I find,
I have not lost the Birth-right of my Mind.

Emp. Children (the blind Effect of Love and Chance,
Form'd by their sportive Parents ignorance)
Bear from their Birth th' Impressions of a Slave:
Whom Heaven for Play-games first, and then for Service gave.
One then may be displac'd, and one may reign:
And want of Merit, render Birth-right vain.

Mor. Comes he t'upbraid us with his Innocence?
Seize him, and take the preaching *Brachman* hence.

Aur. Stay, Sir; I, from my Years, no Merit plead:
[*To his Father*

All my Designs and Acts to Duty lead.
Your Life and Glory are my only End;
And for that Prize I with *Morat* contend.

Mor. Not him alone; I all Mankind desie.
Who dares Adventure more for both than I?

Aur. I know you brave, and take you at your Word
That present Service which you vaunt, afford.
Our two Rebellious Brothers are not dead:
Though vanquish'd, yet again they gather Head.
I dare you, as your Rival in Renown,
March out your Army from th' Imperial Town:
Chuse whom you please, the other leave to me:
And set our Father absolutely free.

is, if you do, to end all future Strife,
 am content to lead a private Life:

band my Army to secure the State,
 or aim at more, but leave the rest to Fate.

Mor. I'll do't. Draw out my Army on the Plain;
 War is to me a Pastime, Peace a Pain.

Emp. Think better first.

You see your self inclos'd beyond Escape, [To Mor.]
 and therefore, *Proteus*-like, you change your Shape. [To Aur.]

Of Promise prodigal, while Pow'r you want,
 And preaching in the self-denying Cant.

Mor. Plot better; for these Arts too obvious are,
 Of gaining Time, the Master-piece of War;

Aureng-Zebe so known?

Aur. ——— If Acts like mine,
 so far from Int'rest, Profit, or Design,
 Can show my Heart, by those I would be known:

I wish you could as well defend your own.
 My absent Army for my Father fought:

Yours, in these Walls, is to inflave him brought.
 I come singly, you an armed Guest,
 The World with ease may judge whose Cause is best.

Mor. My Father saw you ill Designs pursue:
 And my Admission show'd his Fear of you.

Aur. Himself best knows why he his Love withdraws:
 I owe him more than to declare the Cause.

But still I press our Duty may be shown
 In Arms.

Mor. ——— I'll vanquish all his Foes alone.

Aur. You speak as if you could the Fates command,
 And had no need of any other Hand.

But, since my Honour you so far suspect,
 'Tis just I should on your Designs reflect.

To prove your self a loyal Son, declare
 You'll lay down Arms when you conclude the War.

Mor. No present Answer your Demand requires;
 The War once done, I'll do what Heav'n inspires.

And while the Sword this Monarchy secures,
 'Tis manag'd by an abler Arm than yours.

Emp. *Morat's* Design a doubtful Meaning bears: [*Apart.*]
In *Aureng-Zebe* true Loyalty appears.

He, for my Safety, does his own despise;
Still, with his Wrongs, I find his Duty rise.
I feel my Virtue struggling in my Soul,
But stronger Passion does its Pow'r Controul.

Yet be advis'd your Ruin to prevent. [*To Aur. apart.*]
You might be safe, if you would give consent.

Aur. So to your Welfare I of use may be,
My Life or Death are equal both to me.

Emp. The Peoples Hearts are yours; the Fort yet mine;
Be wise, and *Indamora's* Love resign.

I am observ'd: Remember that I give
This my last Proof of Kindness, die, or live.

Aur. Life, with my *Indamora*, I would chuse;
But, losing her, the End of Living lose.

I had consider'd all I ought before;
And Fear of Death can make me change no more.

The Peoples Love so little I esteem,
Condemn'd by you, I would not live by them.

May he who must your Favour now possess,
Much better serve you, and not love you less.

Emp. I've heard you; and, to finish the Debate, [*Aloud.*]
Commit that Rebel Pris'ner to the State.

Mor. The deadly Draught he shall begin this Day:
And languish with insensible Decay.

Aur. I hate the lingring Summons to attend,
Death all at once would be the nobler End.

Fate is unkind! methinks a General
Should warm, and at the Head of Armies fall.

And my Ambition did that Hope pursue,
That so I might have dy'd in fight for you. [*To his Father.*]

Mor. Would I had been Disposer of thy Stars;
Thou shouldst have had thy Wish, and dy'd in Wars.

'Tis I, not thou, have reason to repine,
That thou shouldst fall by any Hand, but mine.

Aur. When thou wert form'd, Heav'n did a Man begin;
But the brute Soul, by chance, was shuff'd in.
In Woods and Wilds thy Monarchy maintain:
Where valiant Beasts, by Force and Rapine, reign.

In Life's next Scene, if Transmigration be,
Some Bear or Lion is reserv'd for thee.

Mor. Take heed thou com'st not in that Lion's way:
I prophecy thou wilt thy Soul convey
Into a Lamb, and be again my Prey.
Hence with that dreaming Priest.

Nour. ——— Let me prepare
The pois'nous Draught: His Death shall be my Care.
Near my Apartment let him Pris'ner be:
That I his hourly Ebbs of Life may see.

Aur. My Life I would not Ransome with a Pray'r:
'Tis vile, since 'tis not worth my Father's Care.
I go not, Sir, indebted to my Grave:

You paid your self, and took the Life you gave. *[Exit.]*

Emp. O that I had more Sense of Virtue left, *[Aside.]*
Or were of that, which yet remains, bereft.

I've just enough to know how I offend,
And, to my Shame, have not enough to mend.

Lead to the Moique ———

Mor. Love's Pleasures why should dull Devotion stay?
Hew'n to my *Melejudin*'s but the way.

[Exeunt Emperor, Morat, and Train.]

Zayd. Sure *Aureng-Zebe* has somewhat of Divine,
Whole Virtue through so dark a Cloud can shine.
Fortune has from *Morat* this Day remov'd
The greatest Rival, and the best belov'd.

Nour. He is not yet remov'd.

Zayd. ——— He lives, 'tis true;
But soon must die, and, what I mourn, by you.

Nour. My *Zayda*, may thy Words prophetic be:

[Embracing her eagerly.]

I take the Omen, let him die by me.
He stiff'd in my Arms shall lose his Breath:
And Life it self shall envious be of Death.

Zayd. Bless me, you Pow'rs above!

Nour. Why dost thou start?

Is Love so strange? or have not I a Heart?
Could *Aureng-Zebe* so lovely seem to thee,
And I want Eyes that noble Worth to see?

Thy little Soul was but to Wonder mov'd:
 My Sense of it was higher, and I lov'd.
 That Man, that God-like Man, so brave, so great;
 But these are thy small Praises I repeat.
 I'm carry'd by a Tide of Love away:
 He's somewhat more than I my self can say.

Zayd. Though all th' Ideas you can form be true,
 He must not, cannot be possess'd by you.
 If contradicting Int'rests could be mixt,
 Nature her self has cast a Bar betwixt.
 And, ere you reach to this incestuous Love,
 You must divine and human Rights remove.

Nour. Count this among the Wonders Love has done
 I had forgot he was my Husband's Son!

Zayd. Nay, more; you have forgot who is your own
 For whom your Care so long design'd the Throne.
Morat must fall, if *Aureng-Zebe* should rise.

Nour. 'Tis true; but who was e'er in Love, and wife
 Why was that fatal Knot of Marriage ty'd,
 Which did, by making us too near, divide?
 Divides me from my Sex! for Heav'n, I find,
 Excludes but me alone of Woman-kind.
 I stand with Guilt confounded, lost with Shame,
 And yet made wretched only by a Name.
 If Names have such command on human Life,
 Love sure's a Name that's more Divine than Wife.
 That Sovereign Power all Guilt from Action takes,
 At least the Stains are beautiful it makes.

Zayd. Th'incroaching Ill you early should oppose:
 Flatter'd 'tis worse, and by Indulgence grows.

Nour. Alas! and what have I not said or done?
 I fought it to the last: And Love has won.
 A bloody Conquest; which Destruction brought,
 And ruin'd all the Country where he fought.
 Whether this Passion from above was sent
 The Fate of him Heav'n favours to prevent,
 Or as the Curse of Fortune in excess;
 That, stretching, would beyond its reach possess:
 And, with a Taste which Plenty does deprave,
 Loaths lawful Good, and lawless Ill does crave?

Zayd. But yet consider——

Nour. —— No, 'tis loss of time:

Think how to farther, not divert my Crime.

My artful Engines instantly I'll move:

And chuse the soft and gentlest Hour of Love.

The Under-Provost of the Fort is mine.

But see, *Morat*! I'll whisper my Design.

Enter Morat with Arimant, as talking: Attendants:

Arim. And for that Cause was not in publick seen:

But stays in Prison with the captive Queen.

Mor. Let my Attendants wait; I'll be alone:

Where least of State, there most of Love is shown.

Nour. My Son, your Bus'ness is not hard to guess;

[*To Morat.*]

Long Absence makes you eager to possess:

I will not importune you by my Stay;

She merits all the Love which you can pay.

[*Exit with Zayda.*]

Re-enter Arimant, with Melesinda; then Exit. Morat runs to Melesinda, and embraces her.

Mor. Should I not chide you, that you chose to stay

In gloomy Shades, and lost a glorious Day?

Lost the first Fruits of Joy you should possess

In my Return, and made my Triumph less?

Mel. Should I not chide, that you could stay and see

Those Joys, preferring publick Pomp to me?

Through my dark Cell your Shouts of Triumph rung:

I heard with Pleasure; but I thought 'em long.

Mor. The Publick will in Triumphs rudely share,

And Kings the Rudeness of their Joys must bear:

But I made haste to set my Captive free:

And thought that work was only worthy me.

The Fame of antient Matrons you pursue;

And stand a blameless Pattern to the New.

I have not words to praise such Acts as these:

But take my Heart, and mold it as you please.

Mel. A Tryal of your Kindness I must make,

Though not for mine so much as Virtue's sake.

The Queen of *Cassmeer*——

Mor. ——— No more, my Love;
That only Suit I beg you not to move.
That she's in Bonds for *Aureng-Zebe* I know,
And should, by my Consent, continue so.
The good old Man, I fear, will Pity show.
My Father dotes, and let him still dote on;
He buys his Mistress dearly with his Throne.

Mel. See her; and then be cruel if you can.

Mor. 'Tis not with me as with a private Man.
Such may be sway'd by Honour, or by Love;
But Monarchs, only by their Int'rest move.

Mel. Heav'n does a Tribute for your Pow'r demand.
He leaves th' Opprest and Poor upon your Hand.
And those who Stewards of his Pity prove,
He Blesses, in return, with publick Love.
In his Distress, some Miracle is shown:
If exil'd, Heav'n restores him to his Throne.
He needs no Guard while any Subject's near:
Nor, like his Tyrant Neighbours, lives in Fear:
No Plots th' Alarm to his Retirements give:
'Tis all Mankind's Concern that he should live.

Mor. You promis'd Friendship in your low Estate;
And should forget it in your better Fate;
Such Maxims are more plausible than true;
But somewhat must be given to Love and you.
I'll view this Captive Queen; to let her see,
Pray'rs and Complaints are lost on such as me. [*pleas'd*]

Mel. I'll bear the News: Heav'n knows how much I
That, by my Care, th'afflicted may be eas'd.

As she is going off, enter Indamora.

Ind. I'll spare your Pains, and venture out alone,
Since you, fair Princess, my Protection own.
But you, brave Prince, a harder Task must find;

[*To Morat kneeling, who takes her up*]

In saving me, you would but half be kind.
An humble Suppliant at your Feet I lye;
You have condemn'd my better Part to die.
Without my *Aureng-Zebe* I cannot live;
Revoke his Doom, or else my Sentence give.

Mel. If *Melesinda* in your Love have part,
Which, to suspect, would break my tender Heart:
If Love, like mine, may for a Lover plead,
By the chaste Pleasures of our Nuptial Bed,
By all the Int'rest my past Suff'rings make,
And all I yet would suffer for your sake;
By you your self, the last and dearest tie——

Mor. You move in vain; for *Aureng-Zebe* must die.

Ind. Could that Decree from any Brother come?
Nature her self is sentenc'd in your Doom.
Piety is no more, she sees her Place
Usurp'd by Monsters, and a savage Race.
From her soft Eastern Climes you drive her forth,
To the cold Mansions of the utmost North.
How can our Prophet suffer you to Reign,
When he looks down, and sees your Brother slain?
Avenging Furies will your Life pursue:
Think there's a Heav'n, *Morat*, though not for you.

Mel. Her words imprint a Terror on my Mind.
What if this Death, which is for him design'd,
Had been your Doom, (far be that Augury!)
And you, not *Aureng-Zebe*, condemn'd to die?
Weigh well the various turns of human Fate,
And seek, by Mercy, to secure your State.

Ind. Had Heav'n the Crown for *Aureng-Zebe* design'd,
Pity, for you, had pierc'd his generous Mind.
Pity does with a noble Nature suit:
A Brother's Life had suffer'd no dispute.
All things have right in Life, our Prophet's Care
Commands the Beings ev'n of Brutes to spare.
Though Int'rest his Restraint has justify'd,
Can Life, and to a Brother, be deny'd?

Mor. All Reasons for his Safety urg'd, are weak:
And yet, methinks, 'tis Heav'n to hear you speak.

Mel. 'Tis part of your own Being to invade——

Mor. Nay, if she fail to move, would you perswade?
[Turning to *Inda*.]

My Brother does a glorious Fate pursue.
I envy him, that he must fall for you.
He had been Base, had he releas'd his Right:
For such an Empire none but Kings should fight.

If with a Father he disputes this Prize,
My Wonder ceases when I see these Eyes.

Mel. And can you then deny those Eyes you praise!
Can Beauty Wonder, and not Pity raise?

Mor. Your Intercession now is needless grown:
Retire, and let me speak with her alone.

[*Melesinda retires, weeping, to the side of the Theatre.*
Queen, that you may not fruitless Tears employ,

[*Taking Indamora's Hand.*

I bring you News to fill your Heart with Joy:
Your Lover King of all the East shall reign:
For *Aureng-Zebe* to morrow shall be slain.

Ind. The Hopes you rais'd, you've blasted with a Breath.

[*Starting back.*

With Triumphs you began, but end with Death.
Did you not say, my Lover should be King?

Mor. I, in *Morat*, the best of Lovers bring.
For one forsaken both of Earth and Heav'n,
Your kinder Stars a nobler Choice have given:
My Father, while I please, a King appears;
His Pow'r is more declining than his Years.

An Emperor and Lover, but in show;
But you, in me, have Youth and Fortune too.
As Heav'n did to your Eyes, and Form Divine,
Submit the Fate of all th' Imperial Line;
So was it order'd by its wise Decree,
That you should find 'em all compris'd in me.

Ind. If, Sir, I seem not discompos'd with Rage,
Feed not your Fancy with a false Presage.

Farther to press your Courtship is but vain:

A cold Refusal carries more Disdain.

Unsettled Virtue stormy may appear;

Honour, like mine, serenely is severe.

To scorn your Person, and reject your Crown,

Disorder not my Face into a Frown. [*Turns from him.*

Mor. Your Fortune you should rev'rently have us'd:
Such Offers are not twice to be refus'd.

I go to *Aureng-Zebe*, and am in haste.

For your Commands, they're like to be the last.

Ind. Tell him,

With

With my own Death I would his Life redeem;
But less than Honour, both our Lives esteem.

Mor. Have you no more?

Ind. ——— What shall I do or say?

[*Aside.*]

He must not in this Fury go away.

Tell him, I did in vain his Brother move;

And yet he falsely said, he was in Love.

Falsly; for had he truly lov'd, at least,

He would have giv'n one Day to my Request.

Mor. A little yielding may my Love advance:

She darted from her Eyes a fide-long Glance,

Just as she spoke; and, like her Words, it flew:

Seem'd not to beg, what yet she bid me do.

A Brother, Madam, cannot give a Day;

[*To her.*]

A Servant, and who Hopes to Merit, may.

Mel. If, Sir ———

[*Coming to him.*]

Mor. No more — set Speeches, and a formal Tale,

With none but Statesmen and grave Fools prevail.

Dry up your Tears, and practise every Grace,

That fits the Pageant of your Royal Place.

[*Exit.*]

Mel. Madam, the strange Reverse of Fate you see:

[*To Indamora.*]

Pity'd you, now you may pity me.

[*Exit after him.*]

Ind. Poor Princess! thy hard Fate I could bemoan,

Had I not nearer Sorrows of my own.

Beauty is seldom Fortunate, when great:

A vast Estate, but overcharg'd with Debt.

Like those whom Want to Baseness does betray:

I'm forc'd to flatter him I cannot pay.

O would he be content to seize the Throne:

I beg the Life of *Aureng-Zebe* alone.

Whom Heav'n would bless, from Pomp it will remove,

And make their Wealth in Privacy and Love.

[*Exit.*]

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Aureng-Zebe *solus*.

Distrust, and Darkness, of a future State,
Make poor Mankind so fearful of their Fate.
Death, in it self, is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.

[*Soft Music*]

This is the Ceremony of my Fate:
A parting Treat; and I'm to die in State.
They lodge me, as I were the *Persian King*:
And with luxurious Pomp my Death they bring.

To him, Nourmahal.

Nour. I thought, before you drew your latest Breath,
To smooch your Passage, and to soften Death;
For I would have you, when you upward move,
Speak kindly of me, to our Friends above:
Nor name me there th' Occasion of your Fate;
Or what my Interest does, impute to Hate.

Aur. I ask not for what End your Pomp's design'd;
Whether t'insult, or to compose my Mind:
I mark'd it not;

But, knowing Death would soon th' Assault begin,
Stood firm collected in my Strength within:
To guard that Breach did all my Forces guide,
And left unmann'd the quiet Senses side.

Nour. Because *Morat* from me his Being took,
All I can say will much suspected look:

'Tis little to confess your Fate I grieve;
Yet more than you would easily believe.

Aur. Since my inevitable Death you know,
You safely unavailing Pity show:

'Tis Popular to mourn a dying Foe.

Nour. You made my Liberty your late Request:
Is no Return due from a grateful Breast?

grow impatient, 'till I find some way
Great Offices, with greater, to repay.

Aur. When I consider Life, 'tis all a Cheat;
Yet, fool'd with hope, Men favour the Deceit;
Trust on, and think to Morrow will repay:
To Morrow's falser than the former Day;
Lies worse; and while it says, We shall be blest
With some new Joys, cuts off what we possess.
Strange cozenage! none would live past Years again;
Yet all hope Pleasure in what yet remain;
And, from the Dregs of Life, think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chimick Gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

Nour. 'Tis not for nothing that we Life pursue;
It pays our Hopes with something still that's new:
Each Day's a Mistress, unenjoy'd before;
Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with seeing more.
Did you but know what Joys your way attend,
You would not hurry to your Journey's end.

Aur. I need not haste the end of Life to meet;
The Precipice is just beneath my Feet.

Aur. Think not my Sense of Virtue is so small:
I'll rather leap down first, and break your Fall.
My *Aureng-Zebe* (may I not call you so?)

[*Taking him by the Hand.*]

Behold me now no longer for your Foe;

I am not, cannot be your Enemy:

Look, is there any Malice in my Eye?

Pray sit—

[*Both sit.*]

That distance shews too much Respect, or Fear.

You'll find no Danger in approaching near.

Aur. Forgive th' Amazement of my doubtful State:

This Kindness from the Mother of *Morat*!

Or is't some Angel, pitying what I bore,

Who takes that Shape, to make my Wonder more?

Nour. Think me your better *Genius* in Disguise;

Or any thing that more may charm your Eyes.

Your Guardian Angel never could excel

In care, nor could he love his Charge so well.

Aur.

Aur. Whence can proceed so wonderful a Change?

Nour. Can Kindness to Desert, like yours, be strange?
Kindness by secret Sympathy is ty'd;
For noble Souls in Nature are ally'd.

I saw with what a Brow you brav'd your Fate;
Yet with what Mildness bore your Father's Hate.
My Virtue, like a String wound up by Art,
To the same Sound, when yours was touch'd, took part,
At distance shook, and trembled at my Heart.

Aur. I'll not complain my Father is unkind,
Since so much Pity from a Foe I find.
Just Heav'n reward this Act.

Nour. 'Tis well the Debt no Payment does demand,
You turn me over to another Hand.
But happy, happy she,

And with the Bless'd above to be compar'd,
Whom you your self would, with your self, reward:
The greatest, nay, the fairest of her Kind,
Would envy her that Bliss which you design'd.

Aur. Great Princes thus, when Favourites they raise,
To justify their Grace, their Creatures praise.

Nour. As Love the noblest Passion we account,
So to the highest Object it should mount.
It shows you brave when mean Desires you shun.
An Eagle only can behold the Sun:
And so must you; if yet, Presage Divine
There be in Dreams, or was't a Vision mine?

Aur. Of me?

Nour. — And who could else employ my Thought?
I dream'd, your Love was by Love's Goddeſs sought;
Officious Cupids, hov'ring o'er your Head,
Held Myrtle Wreaths; Beneath your Feet were spread
What Sweets so'er *Sabeen* Springs disclose,
Our *Indian* Jasmine, or the *Syrian* Rose;
The wanton Ministers around you strove
For Service, and inspir'd their Mother's Love:
Close by your Side, and languishing, she lies,
With blushing Cheeks, short Breath, and wishing Eyes;
Upon your Breast supinely lay her Head,
While, on your Face, her famish'd fight she fed.

Then,

then, with a Sigh, into these Words she broke,
 And gather'd humid Kisses as she spoke.)
 Oull, and ingrateful! must I offer Love?
 Desir'd of Gods, and envy'd ev'n by *Jove*:
 And dost thou Ignorance or Fear pretend?
 Mean Soul! and dar'st not gloriously offend?
 Then, pressing thus his Hand——

Aur. —— I'll hear no more.

[*Rising up.*]

'Twas impious to have understood before;
 And I, 'till now, endeavour'd to mistake
 Th' incestuous Meaning which too plain you make.

Nour. And why this Niceness to that Pleasure shown,
 Where Nature sums up all her Joys in one;
 Gives all she can, and labouring still to give,
 Makes it so great, we can but taste and live:
 So fills the Senses, that the Soul seems fled,
 And Thought it self does, for the time, lie dead;
 Till, like a String scru'd up with eager haste,
 It breaks, and is too exquisite to last?

Aur. Heav'ns! can you this, without just Vengeance,
 When will you thunder, if it now be clear? [hear?]
 Yet her alone let not your Thunder seize:
 I too, deserve to die, because I please.

Nour. Custom our Native Royalty does awe;
 Promiscuous Love is Nature's general Law:
 For whosoever the first Lovers were,
 Brother and Sister made the second Pair,
 And doubled, by their Love, their Piety.

Aur. Hence, hence, and to some barbarous Climate fly,
 Which only Brutes in human Form does yield,
 And Man grows wild in Nature's common Field.
 Who eat their Parents, Piety pretend;
 Yet there no Sons their sacred Bed ascend.
 To vail great Sins, a greater Crime you chuse;
 And, in your Incest, your Adult'ry lose.

Nour. In vain this haughty Fury you have shown.
 How I adore a Soul so like my own!
 You must be mine, that you may learn to live:
 Know Joys, which only she who loves can give.

Nor

Nor think that Action you upbraid, so ill:
 I am not chang'd; I love my Husband still;
 But love him as he was, when youthful Grace,
 And the first Down began to shade his Face:
 That Image does my Virgin-flames renew,
 And all your Father shines more bright in you.

Aur. In me a Horror of my self you raise;
 Curs'd by your Love, and blasted by your Praise.
 You find new ways to prosecute my Fate;
 And your least-guilty Passion was your Hate.

Nour. I beg my Death, if you can Love deny.

[Offering him a Dagger]

Aur. I'll grant you nothing; no, not ev'n to die.

Nour. Know then, you are not half so kind as I.

[Stamps with her Foot]

Enter Mutes, some with Swords drawn, one with a Cup.

You've chosen, and may now repent too late.
 Behold th' effect of what you wish'd, my Hate.

[Taking the Cup to present him]

This Cup, a cure for both our Ills has brought:
 You need not fear a Philtre in the Draught.

Aur. All must be Poison which can come from thee.

[Receiving it from her]

But this the least. T' immortal Liberty

This first I pour——like dying Socrates;

[Spilling a little of it]

Grim though he be, Death pleases when he frees.

As he is going to drink, Enter Morat attended.

Mor. Make not such haste, you must my leisure stay:
 Your Fate's deferr'd, you shall not die to Day.

[Taking the Cup from him]

Nour. What foolish Pity has possess'd your Mind,
 To alter what your Prudence once design'd?

Mor. What if I please to lengthen out his date
 A Day, and take a Pride to cozen Fate?

Nour. 'Twill not be safe to let him live an Hour.

Mor. I'll do't, to show my Arbitrary Pow'r.

Nour. Fortune may take him from your Hands again
 And you repent th' occasion lost in vain.

Mor. I smile at what your Female Fear foresees:

In Fate's Place, and dictate her Decrees.

Let *Arimant* be call'd. [Exit one of his Attendants.]

Aur. Give me the Poison, and I'll end your Strife:

I hate to keep a poor precarious Life.

Would I my Safety on base Terms receive,

Know, Sir, I could have liv'd without your leave.

But those I could accuse, I can forgive:

By my disdainful Silence, let 'em live.

Nour. What am I, that you dare to bind my Hand?

[To *Morat*.]

So low, I've not a Murder at command!

Can you not one poor Life to her afford,

Her who gave up whole Nations to your Sword?

And from th' Abundance of whose Soul and Heat,

Wh' o'erflowing serv'd to make your Mind so great.

Mor. What did that Greatness in a Woman's Mind?

It lodg'd, and weak to act what it design'd.

Reason's your Portion, and your slothful Ease:

When Man's at leisure, study how to please.

Softens his angry Hours with servile Care,

And when he calls, the ready Feast prepare.

From Wars, and from Affairs of State abstain:

Women emasculate a Monarch's Reign;

And murmuring Crouds, who see 'em shine with Gold,

That pomp, as their own ravish'd Spoils behold.

Nour. Rage choaks my Words: 'Tis Womanly to weep: [Aside.]

In my swoll'n Breast my close Revenge I'll keep;

I'll watch his tender'st Part, and there strike deep. [Exit.]

Aur. Your strange Proceeding does my Wonder move;

Yet seems not to express a Brother's Love.

Say to what Cause my rescu'd Life I owe.

Mor. If what you ask would please, you should not know.

But since that Knowledge, more than Death, will grieve,

Know, *Indamora* gain'd you this Reprieve. [Change?]

Aur. And whence had she the Pow'r to work your

Mor. The Pow'r of Beauty is not new or strange.

Should she command me more, I could obey;

But her Request was bounded with a Day.

Take

Take that; and, if you'll spare my farther Crime,
Be kind, and grieve to Death against your Time.

Enter Arimant.

Remove this Pris'ner to some safer Place:
He has, for *Indamora's* sake, found Grace:
And from my Mother's Rage must guarded be,
Till you receive a new Command from me.

Arim. Thus Love, and Fortune, persecute me still,
And make me Slave to every Rival's Will. [4]

Aur. How I disdain a Life, which I must buy
With your Contempt, and her Inconstancy!
For a few Hours, my whole Content I pay:
You shall not force on me another Day.

[Exit with Arimant]

Enter Melefinda.

Mel. I have been seeking you this Hour's long space
And fear'd to find you in another Place;
But, since you're here, my Jealousie grows less:
You will be kind to my Unworthiness.
What shall I say? I love to that degree,
Each Glance another way is robb'd from me.
Absence, and Prisons, I could bear again;
But sink, and die, beneath your least Disdain.

Mor. Why do you give your Mind this needless Care
And for your self, and me, new Pains prepare?
I ne'er approv'd this Passion in Excess:
If you would show your Love, distrust me less.
I hate to be pursu'd from Place to Place:
Meet, at each turn, a stale domestick Face.

Th'approach of Jealousie, Love cannot bear,
He's wild, and soon on wing, if watchful Eyes come near.

Mel. From your lov'd Presence how can I depart?
My Eyes pursue the Object of my Heart.

Mor. You talk as if it were our Bridal Night:
Fondness is still th' Effect of new Delight;
And Marriage but the Pleasure of a Day:
The Metal's base, the Gilding worn away.

Mel. I fear I'm guilty of some great Offence,
And that has bred this cold Indifference.

Mor. The greatest in the World to Flesh and Blood:
You fondly love much longer than you should.

Mel. If that be all which makes your Discontent,
Of such a Crime I never can repent.

Mor. Would you force Love upon me, which I shun?
And bring course Fare, when Appetite is gone?

Mel. Why did I not, in Prison, die before
My fatal Freedom made me suffer more?
I had been pleas'd to think I dy'd for you,
And doubly pleas'd, because you then were true:
Then I had Hope; but now, alas, have none.

Mor. You say you love me; let that Love be shown:
Tis in your Power to make my Happiness.

Mel. Speak quickly: To command me is to bless.

Mor. To *Indamora* you my Suit must move:
You'll sure speak kindly of the Man you love.

Mel. Oh! rather let me perish by your Hand,
Than break my Heart, by this unkind Command:
Think 'tis the only one I could deny;
And that 'tis harder to refuse than die.

Try, if you please, my Rival's Heart to win:
I'll bear the Pain, but not promote the Sin.

You own what e'er Perfections Man can boast,
And if she view you with my Eyes, she's lost.

Mor. Here I renounce all Love, all Nuptial Ties:
Henceforward live a Stranger to my Eyes:
When I appear, see you avoid the Place,
And haunt me not with that unlucky Face.

Mel. Hard, as it is, I this Command obey,
And haste, while I have Life, to go away:
In pity stay some Hours, till I am dead,
That blameless you may court my Rival's Bed.
My hated Face I'll not presume to show;
Yet I may watch your Steps where-e'er you go.
Unseen, I'll gaze; and with my latest Breath,
Bless, while I die, the Author of my Death, [Weeping.

Enter Emperor.

Emp. When your Triumphant Fortune high appears,
What Cause can draw these unbecoming Tears?

Let

Let Cheerfulness on happy Fortune wait,
And give not thus the Counter-time to Fate.

Mel. Fortune long frown'd, and has but lately smil'd.
I doubt a Foe so newly reconcil'd.

You saw but Sorrow in its waning Form,
A working Sea remaining from a Storm;
When the now weary Waves roul o'er the Deep,
And faintly murmur e'er they fall asleep.

Emp. Your inward Griefs you smother in your Mind
But Fame's loud Voice proclaims your Lord unkind.

Mor. Let Fame be busie where she has to do:
Tell of fought Fields, and every pompous Show.
Those Tales are fit to fill the Peoples Ears;
Monarchs, unquestion'd, move in higher Spheres.

Mel. Believe not Rumor, but your self; and see
The Kindness 'twixt my plighted Lord and me.

[*Kissing Mor*]

This is our State; thus happily we live;
These are the Quarrels which we take and give.
I had no other way to force a Kiss. [*Aside to Mor*]
Forgive my last Farewel to you, and Bliss. [*Exit*]

Emp. Your haughty Carriage shows too much of Scorn
And Love, like hers, deserves not that Return.

Mor. You'll please to leave me judge of what I do,
And not examine by the outward show.
Your Usage of my Mother might be good:
I judg'd it not.

Emp. ——— Nor was it fit you should.

Mor. Then, in as equal Ballance weigh my Deeds.

Emp. My Right, and my Authority, exceeds.
Suppose (what I'll not grant) Injustice done;
Is judging me the Duty of a Son?

Mor. Not of a Son, but of an Emperor:
You cancell'd Duty when you gave me Pow'r.
If your own Actions on your Will you ground,
Mine shall hereafter know no other Bound.
What meant you when you call'd me to a Throne?
Was it to please me with a Name alone?

Emp. 'Twas that I thought your Gratitude would know
What to my partial Kindness you did owe:

Th

What your Birth did to your Claim deny,
 or Merit of Obedience might supply. [propose;

For. To your own Thoughts such Hopes you might
 I took Empire not on terms like those.

Business you complain'd; now take your Ease:
 by what e'er decrepid Age can please:

Sleep, and tell long Tales of what you were
 Flow'r of Youth, if any one will hear. [prize,

Emp. Pow'r, like new Wine, does your weak Brain sur-
 its mad Fumes, in hot Discourses, rise;

time these giddy Vapours will remove;

in while I'll taste the sober Joys of Love.

For. You cannot Love, nor Pleasures take, or give;

Life begin, when 'tis too late to live.

a tir'd Courser you pursue Delight,

slip your Morning, and set out at Night.

you have liv'd, take thankfully the past:

te, as you can, the sweet Remembrance last.

you have not enjoy'd what Youth could give,

Life sunk through you like a leaky Sieve,

use your self you liv'd not while you might;

in the Captive Queen resign your Right.

now resolv'd to fill your useless Place;

take that Post to cover your Disgrace,

love her, for the Honour of my Race.

Emp. Thou dost but try how far I can forbear,
 art that Monster which thou wouldst appear:

do not wantonly my Passion move;

ardon nothing that relates to Love.

Fury does, like jealous Forts, pursue

th Death, ev'n Strangers who but come to view.

For. I did not only view, but will invade:

ould you shed Venom from your reverend Shade,

ke Trees, beneath whose Arms 'tis Death to sleep;

rouling Thunder your fenc'd Fortrefs keep,

hence would I snatch my *Semele*, like *Jove*,

ad 'midst the dreadful Rack enjoy my Love.

Emp. Have I for this, ungrateful as thou art,

hen Right, when Nature, struggl'd in my Heart;

When

When Heav'n call'd on me for thy Brother's Claim;
 Broke all, and fully'd my unspotted Fame?
 Wert thou to Empire, by my Baseness, brought,
 And would'st thou ravish what so dear I bought?
 Dear! for my Conscience and its Peace I gave:
 Why was my Reason made my Passion's Slave?
 I see Heav'n's Justice; thus the Pow'rs Divine
 Pay Crimes with Crimes, and punish mine by thine.

Mor. Crimes let them pay, and punish as they please:
 What Pow'r makes mine, by Pow'r I mean to seize.
 Since 'tis to that they their own Greatness owe
 Above, why should they question mine below? [Exit]

Emp. Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art sought,
 And with Age purchas'd art too dearly bought:
 We're past the use of Wit, for which we Toil;
 Late Fruit, and planted in too cold a Soil.
 My Stock of Fame is lavish'd and decay'd;
 No profit of the vast Profusion made.
 Too late my Folly I repent; I know
 My *Aureng-Zebe* would ne'er have us'd me so.
 But, by his Ruin I prepar'd my own;
 And, like a naked Tree, my Shelter gone,
 To Winds and Winter-storms must stand expos'd a-
 lone. [Exit]

Enter Aureng-Zebe and Arimant.

Arim. Give me not Thanks, which I will ne'er deserve
 But know, 'tis for a nobler Price I serve.
 By *Indamora's* Will you're hither brought:
 All my Reward, in her Command I sought.
 The rest your Letter tells you. — See, like Light,
 She comes; and I must vanish, like the Night. [Exit]

Enter Indamora.

Ind. 'Tis now that I begin to live again:
 Heav'n's, I forgive you all my Fear and Pain:
 Since I behold my *Aureng-Zebe* appear,
 I could not buy him at a Price too dear.
 His Name alone afforded me Relief,
 Repeated as a Charm to cure my Grief.
 I that lov'd Name did, as some God, invoke,
 And printed Kisses on it while I spoke.

Aur. Short Ease; but long, long Pains from you I find:
 Health, to my Eyes; but Poison, to my Mind.

Why are you made so excellently fair?
 So much above what other Beauties are,

That, ev'n in cursing, you new form my Breath;
 And make me bless those Eyes which give me Death?

Ind. What Reason for your Curses can you find?

Those Eyes your Conquest, not your Death, design'd.

They offend, 'tis that they are too kind.

Aur. The Ruins they have wrought, you will not see:

So kind they are, indeed, but not to me,

Ind. Think you base Interest Souls, like mine, can sway?

That, for Greatness, I can Love betray?

No, *Aureng-Zebe*, you merit all my Heart,

And I'm too Noble but to give a Part.

Your Father, and an Empire! am I known

No more? Or have so weak a Judgment shown,

In chusing you, to change you for a Throne?

Aur. How, with a Truth, you would a Falshood blind!

This not my Father's Love you have design'd;

Your Choice is fix'd where Youth and Pow'r are join'd.

Ind. Where Youth and Pow'r are join'd! has he a
 Name?

Aur. You would be told; you glory in your Shame:

There's Musick in the Sound; and, to provoke

Your Pleasure more, by me it must be spoke.

When, then it ravishes, when your pleas'd Ear

The Sound does from a wretched Rival hear.

Morat's the Name your Heart leaps up to meet;

While *Aureng-Zebe* lies dying at your Feet.

Ind. Who told you this?

Aur. ——— Are you so lost to Shame?

Morat, Morat, Morat: You love the Name

So well, your ev'ry Question ends in that;

You force me still to answer you, *Morat*.

Morat, who best could tell what you reveal'd;

Morat, too proud to keep his Joy conceal'd.

Ind. Howe'er unjust your Jealousie appear,

It shows the Loss, of what you love, you fear;

And

And does my Pity, not my Anger move:
 I'll fond it, as the froward Child of Love.
 To show the Truth of my unalter'd Breast,
 Know, that your Life was given at my Request:
 At least Repriev'd. When Heav'n deny'd you Aid,
 She brought it; she, whose Falshood you upbraid.

Aur. And 'tis by that you would your Falshood hide.
 Had you not ask'd, how happy had I dy'd!
 Accurst Reprieve! not to prolong my Breath,
 It brought a ling'ring, and more painful Death:
 I have not liv'd since first I heard the News;
 The Gift the guilty Giver does accuse.

You knew the Price, and the Request did move,
 That you might pay the Ransom with your Love.

Ind. Your Accusation must, I see, take place;
 And am I guilty, infamous, and base!

Aur. If you are false, those Epithets are small;
 You're then the Things, the Abstract of 'em all.
 And you are false: You promis'd him your Love.
 No other Price a Heart so hard could move.
 Do not I know him! Could his brutal Mind
 Be wrought upon? Could he be just, or kind?
 Insultingly, he made your Love his Boast;
 Gave me my Life, and told me what it cost.
 Speak; answer. I would fain yet think you true:
 Lie; and I'll not believe my self, but you.
 Tell me you Love; I'll pardon the Deceit,
 And, to be fool'd, my self assist the Cheat.

Ind. No; 'tis too late: I have no more to say.
 If you'll believe I have been false, you may.

Aur. I would not; but your Crimes too plain appear.
 Nay, even that I should think you true, you fear.
 Did I not tell you, I would be deceiv'd?

Ind. I'm not concern'd to have my Truth believ'd.
 You would be cozen'd! would assist the Cheat!
 But I'm too plain to join in the Deceit:
 I'm pleas'd you think me false——
 And, whatsoe'er my Letter did pretend,
 I made this Meeting for no other end.

Aur. Kill me not quite, with this Indifference:

When you are Guiltless, boast not an Offence.

Know you better than your self you know:

Your Heart was true, but did some Frailty show:

You promis'd him your Love, that I might live;

But promis'd what you never meant to give.

Weak, was't not so? confess; I can forgive.

Ind. Forgive! what dull Excuses you prepare!

As if your Thoughts of me were worth my Care.

Aur. Ah Traitors! Ah ingrate! Ah faithless Mind!

A Sex, invented first to damn Mankind!

Nature took care to dress you up for Sin:

Corrupt'd, without; unfinish'd left, within.

Hence, by no Judgment you your Loves direct;

Talk much, ne'er think, and still the Wrong affect.

So much Self-love in your Composure's mix'd,

That Love to others still remains unfix'd:

Greatness, and Noise, and Show, are your Delight;

But wise Men love you, in their own despatch:

And, finding in their native Wit no Ease,

Are forc'd to put your Folly on, to please.

Ind. Now you shall know what Cause you have to Rage;

Not to increase your Fury, not assuage:

Round the Way your Brother's Heart to move,

But promis'd not the least Return of Love.

My Pride and brutal Fierceness I abhor;

But scorn your mean Suspensions of me more.

How'd my Honour and my Fame this Care:

Now what your Folly lost you, and despair.

[Turning from him.

Aur. Too cruelly your Innocence you tell;

Now Heav'n, and damn me to the Pit of Hell.

Now I believe you; 'tis not yet too late:

I may forgive, and put a Stop to Fate:

But me, just sinking, and no more to rise. [She frowns.

How can you look with such relentless Eyes?

Let your Mind by Penitence be mov'd,

I'm resolv'd to think you never lov'd.

These are not clear'd, unless you Mercy speak:

Think you took th' Occasion thus to break.

COL. IV.

G

Ind.

Ind. Small Jealousies, 'tis true, inflame Desire;
Too great, not fan, but quite blow out the Fire:
Yet I did love you, till such Pains I bore,
That I dare trust my self and you no more.
Let me not love you; but here end my Pain:
Distrust may make me wretched once again.
Now, with full Sails, into the Port I move,
And safely can unlade my Breast of Love;
Quiet, and calm: Why should I then go back,
To tempt the second Hazard of a Wrack?

Aur. Behold these dying Eyes, see their submissive Awe:
These Tears, which Fear of Death could never draw;
Heard you that Sigh? from my heav'd Heart it past,
And said, If you forgive not, 'tis my last.
Love mounts, and rolls about my stormy Mind,
Like Fire, that's born by a tempestuous Wind.
Oh, I could stifle you, with eager Haste!
Devour your Kisses with my hungry Taste!
Rush on you! eat you! wander o'er each Part,
Raving with Pleasure, snatch you to my Heart!
Then hold you off, and gaze! then, with new Rage,
Invade you, till my conscious Limbs presage
Torrents of Joy, which all their Banks o'erflow!
So lost, so blest, as I but then could know!

Ind. Be no more jealous. [Giving him her Hand]

Aur. — Give me Cause no more:
The Danger's greater after, than before,
If I relapse; to cure my Jealousie
Let me (for that's the easiest parting) die.

Ind. My Life!

Aur. — My Soul!

Ind. — My All that Heav'n can give!
Death's Life with you; without you, Death to live.
To them, Arimant, hastily.

Arim. Oh, we are lost, beyond all human Aid!
The Citadel is to Morat betray'd.
The Traytor, and the Treason, known too late;
The false *Abas* deliver'd up the Gate,
Ev'n, while I speak, we're compass'd round with Fate.

the Valiant cannot fight, or Coward fly;
 but both in undistinguish'd Crouds must die.

Aur. Then my Prophetick Fears are come to pass:
 that was always bloody; now, he's base:
 and has so far in Usurpation gone,
 he will by Parricide secure the Throne.

To them, the Emperor.

Emp. Am I forsaken, and betray'd, by all?
 Not one brave Man dare, with a Monarch, fall?
 Men, welcome Death, to cover my Disgrace;
 would not live to reign o'er such a Race.

Aureng-Zebe! [Seeing Aureng-Zebe.]

thou no more art mine; my Cruelty
 has quite destroy'd the Right I had in thee.
 I have been base,

even to him from whom I did receive
 that a Son could to a Parent give:
 would me punish'd in the self-same kind,
 Ungrateful does a more Ungrateful find.

Aur. Accuse your self no more; you could not be
 ungrateful: Could commit no Crime to me:
 only mourn my yet uncancell'd Score:

you put me past the Pow'r of Paying more:
 that, that's my Grief, that I can only grieve,
 and bring but Pity, where I would relieve;
 had I yet ten thousand Lives to pay,
 the mighty Sum should go no other way.

Emp. Can you forgive me? 'tis not fit you should.
 why will you be so excellently good?

I will stick too black a Brand upon my Name:
 the Sword is needless; I shall die with shame.
 that had my Age to do with Love's Delight,
 cut out from all Enjoyments but the Sight?

Arim. Sir, you forget the Danger's imminent:
 this Minute is not for Excuses lent.

Emp. Disturb me not——

how can my latest Hour be better spent?
 to reconcile my self to him is more,
 than to regain all I possess'd before.

Empire, and Life are now not worth a Pray'r:
His Love, alone, deserves my dying Care.

Aur. Fighting for you, my Death will glorious be.

Ind. Seek to preserve your self, and live for me.

Arim. Lose then no farther time.

Heav'n has inspir'd me with a sudden Thought,
Whence your unhop'd-for Safety may be wrought,
Though with the Hazard of my Blood 'tis bought.
But, since my Life can ne'er be fortunate,
'Tis so much Sorrow well redeem'd from Fate.
You, Madam, must retire;
Your Beauty is its own Security,
And leave the Conduct of the rest to me.
Glory will crown my Life, if I succeed;
If not, she may afford to love me dead.

Aur. My Father's kind; and, Madam you forgive:
Were Heav'n so pleas'd, I now could wish to live.
And, I shall live.

With Glory, and with Love, at once I burn:
I feel th'inspiring Heat, and absent God return. [Exit



ACT V. SCENE I

Indamora alone.

THE Night seems doubled with the Fear she brings
And, o'er the Cittadel, new spreads her Wings.
The Morning, as mistaken, turns about,
And all her early Fires again go out.
Shouts, Cries and Groans, first pierce my Ears, and then
A flash of Lightning draws the guilty Scene,
And shows me Arms, and Wounds, and dying Men.
Ah, should my *Aureng-Zebe* be fighting there,
And envious Winds distinguish'd to my Ear,
His dying Groans, and his last Accents bear!

To her, Morat, attended.

Mor. The bloody Bus'ness of the Night is done,
And, in the Cittadel, an Empire won.

our Swords so wholly did the Fates employ,
 That they, at length, grew weary to destroy:
 Refus'd the Work we brought; and, out of breath,
 Made Sorrow and Despair attend for Death.
 But what of all my Conquest can I boast?
 My haughty Pride, before your Eyes, is lost:
 And Victory but gains me to present
 That Homage, which our Eastern World has sent.

Ind. Your Victory, alas, begets my Fears:
 Can you not then triumph without my Tears?
 Resolve me; (for you know my Destiny
 In *Aureng-Zebe's*) say, do I live, or die?

Mor. Urg'd by my Love, by Hope of Empire fir'd;
 'Tis true, I have perform'd what both requir'd:
 What Fate decreed; for when great Souls are giv'n,
 They bear the Marks of Sov'reignty from Heav'n.
 My elder Brothers my Fore-runners came;
 Rough-draughts of Nature, ill design'd, and lame:
 Shown off, like Blossoms, never made to bear;
 Till I came, finish'd; her last labour'd Care.

Ind. This Prologue leads to your succeeding Sin:
 Blood ended what Ambition did begin.

Mor. 'Twas rumor'd, but by whom I cannot tell,
 My Father scap'd from out the Cittadel:
 My Brother too may live.

Ind. ———He may.

Mor. ———He must:

kill'd him not: And a less Fate's unjust.
 Heav'n owes it me, that I may fill his Room;
 A Phoenix-Lover, rising from his Tomb.

In whom you'll lose your Sorrows for the Dead;
 More warm, more fierce, and fitter for your Bed.

Ind. Should I from *Aureng-Zebe* my Heart divide,
 To love a Monster, and a Parricide?

These Names your swelling Titles cannot hide.
 Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe,
 But to our Thoughts, what Edict can give Law?

Ev'n you your self, to your own Breast, shall tell
 Your Crimes; and your own Conscience be your Hell.

Mor. What Bus'ness has my Conscience with a Crown
She sinks in Pleasures, and in Bowls will drown.
If Mirth should fail, I'll busie her with Cares;
Silence her clamorous Voice with louder Wars:
Trumpets and Drums shall fright her from the Throne,
As sounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon.

Ind. Repell'd by these, more eager she will grow;
Spring-back more strongly than a *Scythian* Bow:
Amidst your Train, this unseen Judge will wait;
Examin how you came by all your State;
Upbraid your impious Pomp; and, in your Ear,
Will hollow, *Rebel, Tyrant, Murderer.*
Your ill-got Pow'r wan Looks and Care shall bring:
Known but by Discontent to be a King.
Of Crouds afraid, yet anxious when alone;
You'll sit and brood your Sorrows on a Throne.

Mor. Birth-right's a vulgar Road to Kingly Sway;
'Tis ev'ry dull-got elder Brother's way.
Dropt from above, he lights into a Throne;
Grows of a Piece with that he sits upon,
Heav'n's Choice, a low, inglorious, rightful Drone.
But who by force a Scepter does obtain,
Shows he can govern that which he could gain.
Right comes of course, what e'er he was before;
Murder and Usurpation are no more.

Ind. By your own Laws you such Dominion make,
As ev'ry stronger Pow'r has right to take:
And Parricide will so deform your Name,
That dispossessing you will give a Claim.
Who next Usurps, will a just Prince appear;
So much your Ruin will his Reign endear.

Mor. I without Guilt, would mount the Royal Seat;
But yet 'tis necessary to be Great.

Ind. All Greatness is in Virtue understood:
'Tis only necessary to be Good.
Tell me, what is't at which great Spirits aim,
What most your self desire?

Mor. ——— Renown and Fame,
And Pow'r, as uncontrol'd as is my Will.

Ind. How you confound Desires of Good and Ill!

For true Renown is still with Virtue join'd;
 But Lust of Pow'r lets loose th' unbridl'd Mind.
 Yours is a Soul irregularly Great,
 Which wanting Temper, yet abounds with Heat:
 So strong, yet so unequal Pulses beat.
 A Sun which does, through Vapours, dimly shine:
 What Pity 'tis you are not all Divine!
 New molded, thorough light'ned, and a Breast
 So pure, to bear the last severest Test;
 Fit to Command an Empire you should gain
 By Virtue, and without a Blush to reign.

}

Mor. You show me somewhat I ne'er learnt before;
 But 'tis the distant Prospect of a Shore,
 Doubtful in Mists; which, like enchanted Ground,
 Flies from my Sight, before 'tis fully found.

Ind. Dare to be Great, without a guilty Crown;
 View it, and lay the bright Temptation down:
 'Tis base to seize on all, because you may;
 That's Empire, that which I can give away:
 There's Joy when to wild Will you Laws prescribe,
 When you bid Fortune carry back her Bribe:
 A Joy, which none but greatest Minds can taste;
 A Fame, which will to endless Ages last.

Mor. Renown, and Fame, in vain, I courted long;
 And still pursu'd 'em, though directed wrong.
 In Hazard, and in Toils, I heard they lay;
 Sail'd farther than the Coast, but miss'd my Way:
 Now you have giv'n me Virtue for my Guide;
 And, with true Honour, ballasted my Pride.
 Unjust Dominion I no more pursue;
 I quit all other Claims but those to you.

Ind. Oh be not just to halves! pay all you owe:
 Think there's a Debt to *Melesinda* too.
 To leave no Blemish on your After-Life;
 Reward the Virtue of a suffering Wife.

Mor. To Love, once past, I cannot backward move;
 Call Yesterday again, and I may love.
 'Twas not for nothing I the Crown resign'd;
 I still must own a Mercenary Mind:

I, in this venture, double Gains pursue;
And laid out all my Stock to purchase you.

To them, Asaph Chan.

Now, what Success? does *Aureng-Zebe* yet live?

Asaph. Fortune has giv'n you all that she can give.
Your Brother——

Mor. —— Hold; thou show'st an impious Joy,
And think'st I still take Pleasure to Destroy:
Know, I am chang'd, and would not have him slain.

Asaph. 'Tis past; and you desire his Life in vain.
He prodigal of Soul, rush'd on the Stroke
Of lifted Weapons, and did Wounds provoke;
In scorn of Night, he would not be conceal'd;
His Soldiers, where he fought, his Name reveal'd:
In thickest Crouds, still *Aureng-Zebe* did sound:
The vaulted Roofs did *Aureng-Zebe* rebound,
Till late, and in his Fall, the Name was drown'd.

Ind. Wither that Hand which brought him to his Fate
And blasted be the Tongue which did relate.

Asaph. His Body——

Mor. —— Cease to inhanse her Misery:
Pity the Queen, and show Respect to me.

'Tis ev'ry Painter's Art to hide from sight,
And cast in Shades, what seen would not delight.
Your Grief, in me such sympathy has bred, [To her]
I mourn; and wish I could recal the Dead.

Love softens me; and blows up Fires, which pass
Through my tough Heart, and melt the stubborn Mass.

Ind. Break, Heart; or choak, with sobs, my hated Breath
Do thy own Work: Admit no foreign Death.

Alas! why do I make this useless Moan?
I'm dead already, for my Soul is gone.

To them, Mir Baba.

Mir. What Tongue the Terror of this Night can tell,
Within, without, and round the Citadel!

A new-form'd Faction does your Pow'r oppose;
The Fight's confus'd, and all who meet are Foes:
A second Clamour, from the Town, we hear;
And the far Noise so loud, it drowns the near.

Abas, who seem'd our Friend, is either fled;
Or, what we fear, our Enemies does head:
Your frightened Soldiers scarce their Ground maintain.

Mor. I thank their Fury; we shall fight again:
They rouse my Rage; I'm eager to subdue:
Tis fatal to with-hold my Eyes from you.

[Exit with the two Omrahs:

Enter Melefinda.

Mel. Can Misery no place of Safety know?
The Noise pursues me wheresoe'er I go,
As Fate sought only me, and where I fled,
Him'd all its Darts at my devoted Head.
And let it; I am now past Care of Life;
The last of Women; an abandon'd Wife.

Ind. Whether Design or Chance has brought you here,
Stand oblig'd to Fortune, or to Fear:

Weak Women should, in danger, herd like Deer.
But say, from whence this new Combustion springs?
Are there yet more *Morats*? more fighting Kings?

Mel. Him from his Mother's Love your Eyes divide,
And now her Arms the cruel Strife decide.

Ind. What strange Misfortunes my next Life attend?
Death will be kind, and all my Sorrows end.

Nourmahal prevail, I know my Fate.

Mel. I pity, as my own, your hard Estate;
But what can my weak Charity afford?

I have no longer Int'rest in my Lord:
For in his Mother, he: She owns her Hate
And would her self usurp the State.

Ind. I'm stupify'd with Sorrow, past Relief
Of Tears: Parch'd up, and wither'd with my Grief.

Mel. Dry Mourning will decays more deadly bring,
As a North Wind burns a too forward Spring.
Give Sorrow vent, and let the Sluices go.

Ind. My Tears are all congeal'd, and will not flow.

Mel. Have Comfort; yield not to the Blows of Fate;

Ind. Comfort, like Cordials after Death, comes late.
Same not so vain a Word; my Hopes are fled:
Think your *Morats* were kind, and think him dead.

Mel. I can no more——
Can no more Arguments, for Comfort, find:
Your boding Words have quite o'erwhelm'd my Mind.

[Clattering of Weapons within]

Ind. The Noise increases, as the Billows rore,
When rowling from afar they threat the Shore.
She comes; and feeble Nature now I find
Shrinks back in Danger, and forsakes my Mind.
I wish to die, yet dare not Death endure;
Detest the Med'cine, yet desire the Cure.
I would have Death; but mild, and at Command:
I dare not trust him in another's Hand.
In *Nourmahal's* he would not mine appear;
But arm'd with Terror, and disguis'd with Fear.

Mel. Beyond this Place you can have no Retreat:
Stay here, and I the Danger will repeat.
I fear not Death, because my Life I hate:
And envious Death will shun th' Unfortunate.

Ind. You must not venture.

Mel. —— Let me: I may do
My self a Kindness, in obliging you.
In your lov'd Name, I'll seek my angry Lord;
And beg your Safety from his conqu'ring Sword:
So his Protection all your Fears will ease,
And I shall see him once, and not displease.

[Exit]

Ind. Oh wretched Queen! what Pow'r thy Life can save!
A Stranger, and Unfriend'd, and a Slave!

Enter Nourmahal, Zayda, and Abas, with Soldiers.
Alas, she's here!

[*Indamora withdraws to the inner part of the Scene*]

Nour. Heartless they fought, and quitted soon their
While ours with easie Victory were crown'd. [Ground]
To you, *Abas*, my Life and Empire too,
And, what's yet dearer, my Revenge, I owe.

Abas. The vain *Moras*, by his own Rashness wrought
Too soon discover'd his ambitious Thought;
Believ'd me his, because I spoke him fair,
And pitch'd his Head into the ready Snare:
Hence 'twas I did his Troops at first admit;
But such, whose Numbers could no Fears beget;

By them th' Emperor's Party first I slew,
Then turn'd my Arms the Victors to subdue.

Nour. Now let the head-strong Boy my Will controul:
Virtue's no Slave of Man; no Sex confines the Soul:

For my self, th' Imperial Seat will gain,
And he shall wait my Leisure for his Reign.

But *Aureng-Zebe* is no where to be found.

And now perhaps in Death's cold Arms he lyes:

Fought, and conquer'd, yet have lost the Prize.

Zayd. The Chance of War determin'd well the Strife,

That rack'd you, 'twixt the Lover and the Wife.

He's dead, whose Love had fully'd all your Reign,

And made you Empre's of the World in vain.

Nour. No; I my Pow'r and Pleasure would divide:

The Drudge had quench'd my Flames, and then had dy'd.

Rage, to think without that Bliss I live;

That I could wish what Fortune would not give:

But, what Love cannot, Vengeance must supply;

He, who bereav'd me of his Heart, shall die.

Zayd. I'll search: Far distant hence she cannot be.

[Goes in.]

Nour. This wondrous Master-piece I fain would see;

This fatal *Helen*, who can Wars inspire,

Make Kings her Slaves, and set the World on fire.

My Husband lock'd his Jewel from my View;

Or durst not set the False one by the True.

Re-enter Zayda, leading Indamora.

Zayd. Your frighted Captive, e'er she dies, receive;

Her Soul's just going else, without your leave.

Nour. A fairer Creature did my Eyes ne'er see!

Sure she was form'd by Heav'n in spite to me!

Some Angel copy'd, while I slept, each Grace,

And mold'd ev'ry Feature from my Face.

Such Majesty does from her Forehead rise,

Her Cheeks such Blushes cast, such Rays her Eyes,

Nor I, nor Envy, can a Blemish find;

The Palace is, without, too well design'd:

Conduct me in, for I will view thy Mind.

[To her.]

Speak, if thou hast a Soul, that I may see,

If Heav'n can make throughout another Me.

Ind.

Ind. My Tears and Miseries must plead my Cause;

[*Kneeling.*]

My Words, the Terror of your Presence awes:
Mortals, in sight of Angels, mute become;
The nobler Nature strikes th' Inferiour dumb.

Nour. The Palm is, by the Foe's Confession, mine;
But I disdain what basely you resign.

Heav'n did, by me, the outward Model build:
Its inward Work, the Soul, with Rubbish fill'd.
Yet, oh! th' imperfect Piece moves more Delight;
'Tis gilded o'er with Youth, to catch the Sight.
The Gods have poorly robb'd my Virgin Bloom,
And what I am, by what I was, o'ercome.

Traitress, restore my Beauty and my Charms,
Nor steal my Conquest with my proper Arms.

Ind. What have I done, thus to inflame your Hate?
I am not Guilty, but Unfortunate.

Nour. Not Guilty, when thy Looks my Pow'r betray,
Seduce Mankind, my Subject, from my Sway,
Take all my Hearts, and all my Eyes away?
My Husband first; but that I could forgive:
He only mov'd, and talk'd, but did not live.
My *Aureng-Zebe*, for I dare own the Name,
The glorious Sin, and the more glorious Flame;
Him, from my Beauty, have thy Eyes mis-led,
And starv'd the Joys of my expected Bed.

Ind. His Love so fought, he's happy that he's dead.
O had I Courage but to meet my Fate;
That short dark Passage to a future State;
That melancholy Riddle of a Breath.

Nour. That something, or that nothing, after Death:
Take this, and teach thy self. [*Giving a Dagger.*]

Ind. Alas!

Nour. ——— Why dost thou shake?
Dishonour not the Vengeance I design'd:
A Queen, and own a base Plebeian Mind!
Let it drink deep in thy most vital Part:
Strike home, and do me reason in thy Heart.

Ind. I dare not.

Nour.

Nour. ——— Do't, while I stand by and see;

at my full Gust, without the Drudgery.

Love a Foe, who dares my Stroke prevent,

who gives me the full Scene of my Content,

shows me the flying Soul's Convulsive strife,

and all the Anguish of departing Life:

disdain my Mercy, and my Rage despise;

curse me with thy last Breath; and make me see

Spirit worthy to have Rival'd me.

Ind. Oh, I desire to die; but dare not yet:

give me some respite, I'll discharge the Debt.

Without my *Aureng-Zebe* I would not live. [thy Fate,

Nour. Thine, Traitors! thine! that word has wing'd

and put me past the tedious Forms of Hate.

I'll kill thee with such Eagerness and Haste,

as Fiends, let loose, would lay all Nature waste.

[*Indamora runs back: As Nourmahal is running to her,*

Clashing of Swords is heard within.

Sold. Yield, y'are o'erpow'r'd: Resistance is in vain.

[*Within.*

Mor. Then Death's my Choice: Submission I disdain:

[*Within.*

Nour. Retire, you Slaves: Ah whither does he run

[*At the Door.*

on pointed Swords? Disarm, but save my Son.

Enter Morat staggering, and upheld by Soldiers.

Mor. She lives! and I shall see her once again!

I have not thrown away my Life in vain.

[*Catches hold of Indamora's Gown, and falls by her:*

She sits.

I can no more; yet, ev'n in Death, I find

my fainting Body byass'd by my Mind:

I fall toward you; still my contending Soul

points to your Breast, and trembles to its Pole.

And them, *Melesinda*, hastily, casting her self on the other side
of *Morat*.

Mel. Ah wo, wo, wo! the worst of Woes I find!

I live still: Oh live; live ev'n to be unkind.

With half-shut Eyes he seeks the doubtful Day;

but, Ah! he bends his Sight another way.

He

He faints! and in that Sigh his Soul is gone;
Yet Heav'n's unmov'd, yet Heav'n looks careless on.

Nour. Where are those Pow'rs which Monarchs shoud
Or do they vain Authority pretend [defens
O'er human Fates, and their weak Empire show,
Which cannot guard their Images below?
If, as their Image, he was not Divine,
They ought to have respected him as mine.
I'll waken them with my Revenge; and she
Their *Indamora* shall my Victim be,
And helpless Heav'n shall mourn in vain, like me.

[*As she is going to stab Indamora, Morat raises him
self, and holds her Hand.*

Mor. Ah, what are we,
Who dare maintain with Heav'n this wretched Strife,
Pust with the Pride of Heav'n's own Gift, frail Life!
That blast which my ambitious Spirit swell'd,
See by how weak a Tenure it was held!
I only stay to save the Innocent:
Oh envy not my Soul its last Content.

Ind. No, let me die; I'm doubly summon'd now;
First, by my *Aureng-Zebe*; and, since, by you.
My Soul grows hardy, and can Death endure:
Your Convoy makes the dang'rous Way secure.

Mel. Let me, at least, a Funeral Marriage crave;
Nor grudge my cold Embraces in the Grave.
I have too just a Title in the Strife:
By me, unhappy me, he lost his Life:
I call'd him hither; 'twas my fatal Breath;
And I the Screech-Owl that proclaim'd his Death.

Abas. What new Alarms are these? I'll haste and see. [Shout within

Nour. Look up, and live. An Empire shall be thine. [Exit

Mor. That I condemn'd, ev'n when I thought it mine
Oh, I must yield to my hard Destinies, [To Ind
And must for ever cease to see your Eyes.

Mel. Ah turn your Sight to me, my dearest Lord!
Can you not one, one parting Look afford?

so unkind in Death? but 'tis in vain;
 Give my Breath, and to the Winds complain:
 'Tis as much in vain your cruel Scorn;
 I can love, without this last Return.

My Fate, nor you, can my vow'd Faith controul;
 I'll follow your disdainful Soul:
 My Ghost, I'll haunt your Ghost; and, where you go,
 My mournful Murmurs fill the Plains below.

Mor. Be happy, *Melesinda*, cease to grieve,
 And, for a more deserving Husband, live:
 Can you forgive me?

Mel. ——— Can I! Oh my Heart!
 Have I heard one kind Word before I part?
 Can, I can forgive: Is that a Task
 To love, like mine? Are you so good to ask?
 Give me kifs——Oh 'tis too great a Blessing this; [*Kisses him.*]
 I would not live to violate the Blifs.

Re-enter Abas.

Abas. Some envious Devil has ruin'd us yet more:
 The Fort's revolted to the Emperor;
 The Gates are open'd, the Portcullis drawn;
 And deluges of Armies, from the Town,
 Come pow'ring in: I heard the mighty flaw,
 When first it broke; the crowding Ensigns saw,
 Which choak'd the Passage; and, (what least I fear'd.)
 The waving Arms of *Aureng-Zebe* appear'd,
 Display'd with your *Morai's*:

On either's Flag the golden Serpents bear,
 Erected Crests alike, like Volumes rear,
 And mingle friendly hissings in the Air.

Their Troops are join'd, and our Destruction nigh.

Nour. 'Tis vain to fight, and I disdain to fly.
 I'll mock the Triumphs which our Foes intend;
 And, spite of Fortune, make a glorious End.

A poisonous Draughts my Liberty I'll find:
 And from the nauseous World set free my Mind. [*Exit.*
At the other end of the Stage, enter Aureng-Zebe, Dianer,
and Attendants. Aureng-Zebe turns back, and speaks,
entering.

Aur. The Lives of all, who cease from Combat, spare;
 My Brother's be your most peculiar Care:

Our

Our impious Use no longer shall obtain;
 Brothers no more, by Brothers, shall be slain.

[Seeing Indamora and Morat]

Ha! do I dream? is this my hop'd Success?
 I grow a Statue, stiff, and motionless.
 Look, *Dianet*: for I dare not trust these Eyes;
 They dance in Mists, and dazle with Surprise.

Dia. Sir, 'tis *Morat*; dying he seems, or dead:
 And *Indamora's* Hand——

Aur. —— Supports his Head.

[Sighs]

Thou shalt not break yet Heart, nor shall she know
 My inward Torments, by my outward Show;
 To let her see my Weakness, were too base;
 Dissembled Quiet sit upon my Face:
 My Sorrow to my Eyes no Passage find,
 But let it inward sink, and drown my Mind.
 Falshood shall want its Triumph: I begin
 To stagger; but I'll prop my self within.
 The specious Tow'r no Ruin shall disclose,
 Till down, at once, the mighty Fabrick goes.

Mor. In sign that I die yours, reward my Love. [To Indamora]
 And Seal my Passport to the bless'd above. [Kissing her Hand]

Ind. Oh stay; or take me with you when you go:
 There's nothing now worth living for below.

Mor. I leave you not; for my expanded Mind
 Grows up to Heav'n, while it to you is join'd:
 Not quitting, but enlarg'd! A blazing Fire,
 Fed from the Brand.

[Dies]

Mel. Ah me! he's gone! I die!

[Swoons]

Ind. —— Oh dismal Day!
 Fate, thou hast ravish'd my last Hope away.

[She turns, and sees Aureng-Zebe standing by her
 and starts.

O Heav'n! my *Aureng-Zebe*—What strange Surprise!
 Or does my willing Mind delude my Eyes,
 And shows the Figure always present there?
 Or liv'st thou? am I bless'd, and see thee here?

Aur. My Brother's Body see convey'd with Care,

[Turning from her, to his Attendants]

Where we may Royal Sepulture prepare.

With

With speed to *Melesinda* bring Relief;
 Calm her Spirits, and moderate her Grief —

[*Half turning to Indamora.*

Go, to take for ever from your View
 The lov'd Object, and the hated too.

[*Going away after the Bodies, which are carried off.*

Ind. Hear me; yet think not that I beg your Stay:

[*Laying hold of him.*

Will be heard, and after take your Way.

Go; but your late Repentance shall be vain:

[*He struggles still: She lets him go.*

Never, never see your Face again.

[*Turning away.*

Aur. Madam, I know what ever you can say:

You might be pleas'd not to command my Stay.

All things are yet disorder'd in the Fort;

I must crave leave your Audience may be short.

Ind. You need not fear I shall detain you long;

Let you may tell me your pretended Wrong.

Aur. Is that the Bus'ness? then my Stay is vain.

Ind. How are you injur'd?

Aur. — When did I complain?

Ind. Leave off your forc'd Respect —

And show your Rage in its most furious Form:

An arm'd with Innocence to brave the Storm.

You heard, perhaps, your Brother's last Desire;

And after saw him in my Arms expire:

Now me, with Tears, so great a Loss bemoan:

Heard me complaining my last Hopes were gone.

Aur. Oh stay, and take me with you when you go.

There's nothing now worth living for below.

Unhappy Sex! whose Beauty is your Snare;

Expos'd to Tryals; made too frail to bear.

Grow a Fool, and show my Rage again:

Is Nature's Fault; and why should I complain?

Ind. Will you yet hear me?

Aur. — Yes, till you relate

What pow'rful Motives did your Change create.

You thought me dead, and prudently did weigh

My tears were but vain, and brought but Youth's decay.

Then

Then, in *Morat*, your Hopes a Crown design'd;
And all the Woman work'd within your Mind.
I rave again, and to my Rage return,
To be again subjected to your Scorn.

Ind. I wait till this long Storm be over-blown.

Aur. I'm conscious of my Folly: I have done.
I cannot rail; but silently I'll grieve.
How did I trust! and how did you deceive!
Oh, *Arimant*, would I had dy'd for thee!
I dearly buy thy Generosity.

Ind. Alas, is he then dead?

Aur. ——— Unknown to me,
He took my Arms; and while I forc'd my Way,
Through Troops of Foes, which did our Passage stay,
My Buckler o'er my aged Father cast,
Still fighting, still defending as I past,
The noble *Arimant* usurp'd my Name;
Fought, and took from me, while he gave me, Fame.
To *Aureng-Zebe*, he made his Soldiers cry,
And seeing not, where he heard Danger nigh,
Shot, like a Star, through the benighted Sky.
A short, but mighty Aid: At length he fell.
My own Adventures 'twere lost time to tell;
Or how my Army, entering in the Night,
Surpris'd our Foes: The dark disorder'd fight:
How my Appearance, and my Father shown,
Made Peace; and all the rightful Monarch own.
I've sum'd it briefly, since it did relate
Th' unwelcome Safety of the Man you hate.

Ind. As briefly will I clear my Innocence:
Your alter'd Brother dy'd in my Defence.
Those Tears you saw, that Tenderness I show'd,
Were just Effects of Grief and Gratitude.
He dy'd my Convert.

Aur. ——— But your Lover too:
I heard his Words, and did your Actions view;
You seem'd to mourn another Lover dead:
My Sighs you gave him, and my Tears you shed.
But worst of all,

ur Gratitude for his Defence was shown:
 prov'd you valu'd Life when I was gone.

Ind. Not that I valu'd Life; but fear'd to die:
 I think that my Weakness, not Inconstancy.

Aur. Fear show'd you doubted of your own Intent:
 and she who doubts, becomes less Innocent.

Will me not you could fear;

For's a large Promiser; who subject live

to that base Passion, know not what they give,

in Circumstance of Grief you did deny;

and what could she give more who durst not die?

Ind. My Love, my Faith.

Aur. — Both so adult'rate grown,

when mix'd with Fear, they never could be known.

I wish no Ill might her I love befall;

but she ne'er lov'd, who durst not venture all,

For Life and Fame should my Concernment be;

but she should only be afraid for me.

Ind. My Heart was yours; but, Oh! you left it here;

and on'd to those Tyrants, Hope and Fear:

they forc'd from me one kind Look, or Word,

could you not that, nor that small Part afford?

Aur. If you had lov'd, you nothing yours could call;

giving the least of mine, you gave him all.

True Love's a Miser; so tenacious grown,

it weighs to the least Grain of what's his own.

More delicate than Honour's nicest Sense:

either to give nor take the least Offence.

With, or without you, I can have no rest:

What shall I do? you're lodg'd within my Breast:

your Image never will be thence displac'd;

but there it lyes, stabb'd, mangled, and defac'd.

Ind. Yet, to restore the Quiet of your Heart,

there's one way left.

Aur. — — — Oh name it.

Ind. — — — 'Tis to part.

For perfect Bliss with me you cannot prove;

For corn to bless by halves the Man I love.

Aur. Now you distract me more: Shall then the Day,

which views my Triumph, see our Loves decay?

Must

Must I new Bars to my own Joy create?
 Refuse, my self, what I had forc'd from Fate?
 What though I am not lov'd?
 Reason's nice Taste does our Delights destroy:
 Brutes are more blest'd, who grossly feed on Joy.

Ind. Such endless Jealousies your Love pursue,
 I can no more be fully blest'd than you.
 I therefore go, to free us both from Pain:
 I pris'd your Person, but your Crown disdain.
 Nay, ev'n my own——

I give it you; for since I cannot call
 Your Heart my Subject, I'll not reign at all.

Aur. Go: Though thou leav'st me tortur'd on the Rack
 'Twixt Shame and Pride, I cannot call thee back.
 She's Guiltless, and I should submit; but Oh!
 When she Exacts it, can I stoop so low?
 Yes; for she's Guiltless; — but she's Haughty too.
 Great Souls long struggle e'er they own a Crime:
 She's gone; and leaves me no repenting Time.
 I'll call her now; sure, if she loves, she'll stay;
 Linger at least, or not go far away,

[Looks to the Door, and returns]

For ever lost, and I repent too late.
 My foolish Pride, would set my whole Estate,
 Till, at one throw, I lost all back to Fate.

To him the Emperor, drawing in Indamora: Attendants

Emp. It must not be, that he, by whom we live,
 Should no Advantage of his Gift receive.
 Should he be wholly wretched? he alone,
 In this blest'd Day, a Day so much his own? [To her]
 I have not quitted yet a Victor's Right:
 I'll make you happy in your own despight.
 I love you still; and if I struggle hard
 To give, it shows the Worth of the Reward.

Ind. Suppose he has o'ercome; must I find Place
 Among his conquer'd Foes, and sue for Grace?
 Be pardon'd, and confess I lov'd not well?
 What though none live my Innocence to tell?
 I know it: Truth may own a generous Pride:
 I clear my self, and care for none beside.

Aur. Oh, *Indamora*, you would break my Heart!
 Could you resolve, on any terms, to part?
 I thought your Love eternal: Was it ty'd
 loosely, that a Quarrel could divide?
 Grant that my Suspitions were unjust;
 Would you leave me for a small Distrust?
 Forgive those foolish Words—— [*Kneeling to her.*
 They were the Froth my raging Folly mov'd,
 When it boil'd up: I knew not then I lov'd;
 But then lov'd most.

Ind. [*To Aur.*] You would but half be blest!
 [*Giving her Hand, smiling.*

Aur. —— Oh do but try
 My eager Love: I'll give my self the lye.
 The very hope is a full Happiness;
 Yet scantily measures what I shall possess.
 Hence it self, ev'n in Enjoyment, is
 But a dumb Judge, and cannot tell its Bliss.

Emp. Her Eyes a secret yielding do confess,
 And promise to partake your Happiness.
 May all the Joys I did my self pursue,
 Be rais'd by her, and multiply'd on you.

*Procession of Priests, Slaves following, and last Melesinda
 in White.*

Ind. Alas! what means this Pomp?

Aur. 'Tis the Procession of a Funeral Vow,
 Which cruel Laws to *Indian* Wives allow,
 When fatally their Virtue they approve;
 Cheerful in Flames, and Martyrs of their Love.

Ind. Oh my foreboding Heart! th' Event I fear;
 And see! sad *Melesinda* does appear.

Mel. You wrong my Love; what Grief do I betray?
 This is the Triumph of my Nuptial Day.
 My better Nuptials; which, in spite of Fate,
 For ever join me to my dear *Morat*.

Now I am pleas'd; my Jealousies are o'er:
 He's mine; and I can lose him now no more.

Emp. Let no false show of Fame your Reason blind.

Ind. You have no Right to die; he was not kind.

Mel.

Mel. Had he been kind, I could no Love have shown
 Each vulgar Virtue would as much have done.
 My Love was such, it needed no return;
 But could, though he supply'd no Fuel, burn.
 Rich in it self, like Elemental Fire,
 Whose pureness does no Aliment require.
 In vain you would bereave me of my Lord;
 For I will die: Die is too base a Word,
 I'll seek his Breast, and kindling by his Side,
 Adorn'd with Flames, I'll mount a glorious Bride. [Exit]

Enter Nourmahal distracted, with Zayda.

Zayd. She's lost, she's lost! but why do I complain
 For her, who generously did Life disdain!
 Poison'd, she raves——

Th'invenom'd Body does the Soul attack;
 Th'invenom'd Soul works its own Poison back.

Nour. I burn, I more than burn; I am all fire:
 See how my Mouth and Nostrils Flame expire.
 I'll not come near my self——

Now I'm a burning Lake, it rows and flows;
 I'll rush, and pour it all upon my Foes.

Pull, pull that reverend Piece of Timber near:
 Throw't on——'tis dry——'twill burn——

Ha, ha! how my old Husband crackles there!
 Keep him down, keep him down, turn him about:
 I know him; he'll but whiz, and strait go out.

Fan me, you Winds: what, not one Breath of Air?
 I burn 'em all; and yet have Flames to spare.

Quench me: Pour on whole Rivers. 'Tis in vain:
Morat stands there to drive 'em back again:

With those huge Bellows in his Hands, he blows
 New Fire into my Head: My Brain-pan glows.

See, see, there's *Aureng-Zebe* too takes his Part;
 But he blows all his Fire into my Heart.

Aur. Alas, what Fury's this?

Nour. —— That's he, that's he!

[*Staring upon him, and catching at him*]

I know the dear Man's Voice:

And this my Rival, this the cursed She.

They

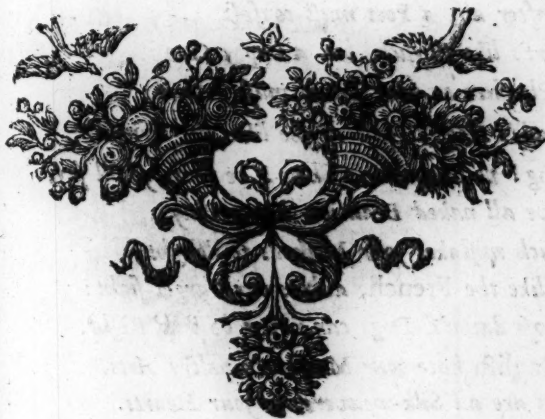
y kifs; into each others Arms they run:
 e, close, close! must I see, and must have none?
 u art not hers: Give me that eager Kifs.
 eateful! have I lost *Morat* for this?
 you? — before my Face? — poor helpless I
 all, and have my Hell before I die! [*Sinks down.*
 mp. With thy last Breath thou hast thy Crimes con-
 fess:

wel; and take, what thou ne'er gav'st me, Rest.

you, my Son, receive it better here:

[*Giving him Indamora's Hand.*

e just Rewards of Love and Honour wear.
 eive the Mistress you so long have serv'd;
 eive the Crown your Loyalty preserv'd.
 e you the Reins, while I from Cares remove,
 sleep within the Chariot which I drove.





EPILOGUE

A Pretty Task! and so I told the Fool,
Who needs would undertake to please by Rule:
He thought that, if his Characters were good,
The Scenes entire, and freed from Noise and Blood;
The Action great, yet circumscrib'd by Time,
The Words not forc'd, but sliding into Rhime,
The Passions rais'd, and calm'd by just Degrees,
As Tides are swell'd, and then retire to Seas;
He thought, in hitting these, his Bus'ness done,
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one:
But, after all, a Poet must confess,
His Art's like Physick, but a happy Guess.
Your Pleasure on your Fancy must depend:
The Lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her Friend.
No Song! no Dance! no Show! he fears you'll say,
You love all naked Beauties, but a Play.
He much mistakes your Methods to delight;
And, like the French, abhors our Target-fight:
But those damn'd Dogs can never be i' th' Right.
True English hate your Monsieur's paltry Arts.
For you are all Silk-weavers, in your Hearts.
Bold Britons, at a brave Bear-garden Fray,
Are rouz'd: And, clatt'ring Sticks, cry, Play, play, play.
Mean time, your filthy Foreigner will stare,
And mutter to himself, Ha gens Barbare!

EPILOGUE.

Gad, 'tis well he mutters; well for him;
Butchers else would tear him Limb from Limb.
True, the time may come, your Sons may be
Ed with this French Civility;
This in After-ages will be done:
Poet writes a hundred Years too soon.
Age comes on too slow, or he too fast:
Early Springs are subject to a Blast!
Would excel, when few can make a Test
Next indiff'rent Writing and the best?
Favours cheap and common, who wou'd strive,
O, like abandon'd Prostitutes, you give?
Matter'd here and there I some behold,
Can discern the Tinsel from the Gold:
Else he writes; and, if by them allow'd,
Their Prerogative to rule the Crowd.
More fears (like a presuming Man)
Votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.



APPENDIX

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE FIRST VOLUME

CONTAINING THE HISTORY
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT

TO THE YEAR 1700

AND THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE HISTORY
FROM THE YEAR 1700

TO THE PRESENT TIME

AND THE HISTORY OF THE

WAR OF 1755

AND THE HISTORY OF THE

WAR OF 1775

AND THE HISTORY OF THE

WAR OF 1780

AND THE HISTORY OF THE

WAR OF 1790

AND THE HISTORY OF THE

WAR OF 1795

AND THE HISTORY OF THE

WAR OF 1800

AND THE HISTORY OF THE

WAR OF 1805

AND THE HISTORY OF THE

WAR OF 1810

AND THE HISTORY OF THE

WAR OF 1815

AND THE HISTORY OF THE

WAR OF 1820

AND THE HISTORY OF THE

WAR OF 1825

AND THE HISTORY OF THE

WAR OF 1830

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ALL for LOVE:

OR, THE

World well Lost.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is acted at the

THEATER-ROYAL,

BY

His MAJESTY'S Servants;

And Written in Imitation of *Shakespear's* Style.

*Facile est verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam)
notare: idque restinctis animorum incendiis ir-
ridere.* Cicero.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

ALL for LOVE:

OR, THE

World well Lost.

A TRAGEDY.

As it is acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

BY

His Majesty's Servants;

and Written in Imitation of Seneca's Style.

With a variety of other ancient and modern
Remarks: and a new and accurate
Cicero.

Printed in the Year MDCCLVII.



To the Right Honourable

T H O M A S,

*Earl of Danby, Viscount Latimer,
and Baron Osborne of Kiveton in
Yorkshire, Lord High Treasurer
of England, one of his Majesty's
most Honourable Privy-Council, and
Knight of the most Noble Order of
the Garter, &c.*

MY LORD,



THE Gratitude of Poets is so trouble-
some a Virtue to great Men, that
you are often in Danger of your own
Benefits : For you are threaten'd with
some Epistle, and not suffer'd to do
good in quiet, or to compound for
their Silence whom you have oblig'd. Yet, I
confess, I neither am nor ought to be surpriz'd at
your Indulgence ; For your Lordship has the same

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Right to favour Poetry, which the Great and Noble have ever had.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

There is somewhat of a tie in Nature betwixt those who are Born for worthy Actions, and those who can transmit them to Posterity: And though ours be much the inferior Part, it comes at least within the Verge of Alliance; nor are we unprofitable Members of the Commonwealth, when we animate others to those Virtues, which we copy and describe from you.

'Tis indeed their Interest, who endeavour the Subversion of Governments, to discourage Poets and Historians, for the best which can happen to them, is, to be forgotten: But such who, under Kings, are the Fathers of their Country, and by a just and prudent ordering of Affairs preserve it, have the same Reason to cherish the Chroniclers of their Actions, as they have to lay up in Safety the Deeds and Evidences of their Estates: For such Records are their undoubted Titles to the Love and Reverence of After-ages. Your Lordship's Administration has already taken up a considerable Part of the *English Annals*; and many of its most happy Years are owing to it. His Majesty, the most knowing Judge of Men, and the best Master, has acknowledg'd the Ease and Benefit he receives in the Incomes of his Treasury, which you found not only disorder'd, but exhausted. All things were in the confusion of a *Chaos*, without Form or Method, if not reduced beyond it, even to Annihilation: So that you had not only to separate the jarring Elements, but (if that boldness of Expression might be allow'd

The Epistle Dedicatory.

'd me) to create them. Your Enemies
so embroyl'd the Management of your Office,
they look'd on your Advancement as the
Instrument of your Ruin. And as if the clog-
of the Revenue, and the confusion of Ac-
counts, which you found in your entrance, were
sufficient, they added their own weight of
Calamity to the publick Calamity, by forestalling
Credit which shou'd cure it: Your Friends
the other side were only capable of pitying,
not of aiding you: No farther Help or Coun-
was remaining to you, but what was founded
your self: And that indeed was your Securi-
For your Diligence, your Constancy, and
Prudence, wrought more surely within,
when they were not disturb'd by any outward
oppression. The highest Virtue is best to be trusted
with it self, for Assistance only can be given by
Genius Superior to that which it assists. And
the noblest kind of Debt, when we are only
oblig'd to God and Nature. This then, my
Lord, is your just Commendation, that you have
brought out your self a way to Glory, by those
very Means that were design'd for your Destru-
ction. You have not only restor'd, but advanc'd
the Revenues of your Master, without Grievance
to the Subject: And as if that were little yet, the
Debts of the *Exchequer*, which lay heaviest both
on the Crown, and on private Persons, have by
your Conduct been establish'd in a certainty of
satisfaction. An Action so much the more Great
and Honourable, because the Case was without
the ordinary Relief of Laws; above the Hopes
of the Afflicted, and beyond the narrowness of the
Treasury to redress, had it been manag'd by a
less able Hand. 'Tis certainly the happiest, and
most

The Epistle Dedicatory.

most unenvy'd part of all your Fortune, to do good to many, while you do Injury to none: To receive at once the Prayers of the Subject, and the Praises of the Prince: And by the Care of your Conduct, to give him Means of exerting the chiefest, (if any be the chiefest) of his Royal Virtues, his distributive Justice to the Deserving, and his Bounty and Compassion to the Wanting. The Disposition of Princes towards their People cannot better be discover'd than in the Choice of their Ministers: Who, like the Animal Spirit betwixt the Soul and Body, participate somewhat of both Natures, and make the Communication which is betwixt them. A King, who is just and moderate in his Nature, who rules according to the Laws, whom God made happy by forming the Temper of his Soul to the Constitution of his Government, and who makes us happy, by assuming over us no other Sovereignty than that wherein our Welfare and Liberty consists; a Prince, I say, of so excellent a Character, and so suitable to the Wishes of all good Men, could not better have convey'd himself into his Peoples Apprehensions, than in your Lordship's Person; who so lively expresses the same Virtues, that you seem not so much a Copy, as an Emanation of him. Moderation is doubtless an Establishment of Greatness; but there is a steadiness of Temper which is likewise requisite in a Minister of State: So equal a Mixture of both Virtues, that he may stand like an *Isthmus* betwixt the two encroaching Seas of arbitrary Power, and lawless Anarchy. The Undertaking would be difficult to any but an extraordinary Genius, to stand at the Line, and to divide the Limits; to pay what is due to the great Representative of the Nation, and nei-

ther

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to inhance, nor to yield up the undoubted
rogatives of the Crown. These, my Lord,
the proper Virtues of a Noble *Englishman*, as
ed they are properly *English* Virtues: No
ple in the World being capable of using them,
we who have the Happiness to be born under
equal, and so well-pois'd a Government. A
overnment which has all the Advantages of Li-
y beyond a Commonwealth, and all the Marks
Kingly Sovereignty without the danger of a
ranny. Both my Nature, as I am an *English-*
e, and my Reason, as I am a Man, have bred
me a loathing to that specious Name of a Re-
publick: That Mock-appearance of a Liberty,
ere all who have not part in the Government,
Slaves: And Slaves they are of a viler Note
n such as are Subjects to an absolute Domini-

For no Christian Monarchy is so absolute,
'tis circumscrib'd with Laws: But when the
ecutive Power is in the Law-makers, there is
farther Check upon them; and the People must
ffer without a Remedy, because they are op-
ess'd by their Representatives. If I must seve,
e number of my Masters, who were born my
uals, would but add to the ignominy of my
ndage. The Nature of our Government a-
ve all others, is exactly suited both to the Si-
ation of our Country, and the Temper of the
atives: An Island being more proper for Com-
erce and for Defence, than for extending its
ominions on the Continent: For what the Va-
ur of its Inhabitants might gain, by reason of
remoteness, and the casualties of the Seas, it
ould not so easily preserve: And therefore, nei-
er the arbitrary Power of one in a Monarchy,
or of many in a Commonwealth, could make

The Epistle Dedicatory.

us greater than we are. 'Tis true, that vaster and more frequent Taxes might be gather'd, when the Consent of the People was not ask'd or need'd; but this were only by conquering abroad to be poor at home: And the Examples of our Neighbours teach us, that they are not always the happiest Subjects, whose Kings extend their Dominions farthest. Since therefore we cannot win by an offensive War, at least a Land War, the Model of our Government seems naturally contriv'd for the Defensive part: And the consent of the People is easily obtain'd to contribute to the Power which must protect it. *Felices nimis bona si sua norint, Angligenæ!* And yet there are not wanting Malecontents amongst us, who feigning themselves on too much Happiness, would persuade the People that they might be happier by a Change. 'Twas indeed the Policy of the old Forefather, when himself was fallen from his Station of Glory, to seduce Mankind into the same Rebellion with him, by telling him he might yet be freer than he was: That is, more free than his Nature would allow, or (if I may so say) than God cou'd make him. We have already all the Liberty which Free-born Subjects can enjoy, and all beyond it is but Licence. But if it be the Liberty of Conscience which they pretend, the Moderation of our Church is such, that its Prudence extends not to the Severity of Persecution, and its Discipline is withal so easie, that it allows more Freedom to Dissenters than any of the Sects would allow to it. In the mean time, what Right can be pretended by these Men to attempt Innovations in Church or State? Who make them the Trustees, or (to speak a little nearer their own Language) the Keepers of the Liberty

The Epistle Dedicatory.

England? If their Call be extraordinary, let
men convince us by working Miracles; for or-
ary Vocation they can have none to disturb
Government under which they were born,
which protects them. He who has often
ang'd his Party, and always has made his Inte-
the Rule of it, gives little Evidence of his Sin-
ity for the Publick Good: 'Tis manifest he
anges but for himself, and takes the People
Tools to work his Fortune. Yet the Expe-
nce of all Ages might let him know, that they
o trouble the Waters first, have seldom the be-
fit of the Fishing: As they who began the late
bellion, enjoy'd not the Fruit of their Under-
ing, but were crush'd themselves by the Usur-
ation of their own Instrument. Neither is it e-
ough for them to answer, that they only intend
Reformation of the Government, but not the
bversion of it: On such Pretences all Insurre-
ions have been founded: 'Tis striking at the
oot of Power, which is Obedience. Every Re-
onstrance of Private Men, has the Seed of Trea-
on in it; and Discourses which are couch'd in
mbiguous Terms, are therefore the more dange-
ous, because they do all the Mischief of open
edition, yet are safe from the Punishment of the
aws. These, my Lord, are Considerations which
should not pass so lightly over, had I room to
manage them as they deserve: For no Man can
e so inconsiderable in a Nation, as not to have
Share in the Welfare of it; and if he be a true
Englishman, he must at the same time be fir'd
with Indignation, and revenge himself as he can
on the Disturbers of his Country. And to whom
ould I more fitly apply my self, than to your
Lordship, who have not only an inborn, but an
here-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

hereditary Loyalty? The memorable Constancy and Sufferings of your Father, almost to the Ruin of his Estate for the Royal Cause, were an earnest of that, which such a Parent and such an Institution would produce in the Person of a Son. But so unhappy an Occasion of manifesting your own Zeal in suffering for his present Majesty, the Providence of God, and the Prudence of your Administration, will, I hope, prevent. That as your Father's Fortune waited on the Unhappiness of his Sovereign, so your own may participate of the better Fate which attends his Son. The Relation which you have by Alliance to the Noble Family of your Lady, serves to confirm to you both this happy Augury. For what can deserve a greater Place in the *English* Chronicle, than the Loyalty and Courage, the Actions and Death of the General of an Army fighting for his Prince and Country? The Honour and Gallantry of the Earl of *Lindsey* is so illustrious a Subject, that 'tis fit to adorn an Heroick Poem; for he was the Proto-Martyr of the Cause, and the Type of his unfortunate Royal Master.

Yet, after all, my Lord, if I may speak my Thoughts, you are happy rather to us than to your self: For the Multiplicity, the Cares, and the Vexations of your Employment, have betrayed you from your self, and given you up into the Possession of the Publick. You are robb'd of your Privacy and Friends, and scarce any Hour of your Life you can call your own. Those who envy your Fortune, if they wanted not good Nature, might more justly pity it; and when they see you watch'd by a croud of Suitors, whose importunity 'tis impossible to avoid, would conclude with Reason, that you have lost much more

in

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true Content, than you have gain'd by Dignity; and that a private Gentleman is better attended by a single Servant, than your Lordship with clamorous a Train. Pardon me, my Lord, if I speak like a Philosopher on this Subject; the Fortune which makes a Man uneasie, cannot make him happy: And a wise Man must think himself uneasie, when few of his Actions are in Choice.

This last Consideration has brought me to another, and a very seasonable one for your Relief; which is, That while I pity your want of Leisure, I have impertinently detain'd you so long a time. I have put off my own Business, which was my Dedication, 'till 'tis so late, that I am now sham'd to begin it: And therefore I will say nothing of the Poem, which I present to you, because I know not if you are like to have an Hour, which, with a good Conscience, you may throw away in perusing it: And for the Author, I have only to beg the continuance of your Protection from him, who is,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Oblig'd,

most Humble, and most

Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



P R E F A C E.



THE Death of *Antony* and *Cleopatra* is a Subject which has been treated by the greatest Wits of our Nation, after *Shakespeare*; and by all so variously, that their Example has given me the Confidence to try my self in this Bow of *Ulysses* amongst the Croud of Shooters; and, withal, to take my own Measures, in aiming at the Mark. I doubt not but the same Motive has prevailed with all of us in this Attempt; I mean the Excellency of the Moral: For the chief Persons represented, were famous Patterns of unlawful Love; and their End accordingly was unfortunate. All reasonable Men have long since concluded That the Heroe of the Poem ought not to be a Character of perfect Virtue, for then he could not, without Injustice, be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, because he could not then be pitied. I have therefore steer'd the middle Course; and have drawn the Character of *Antony* as favourably as *Plutarch*, *Appian*, and *Dion Cassius* would give me leave: The like I have observ'd in *Cleopatra*. That which is wanting to work up the Poem to a greater height, was not afforded me by the Story. For the Crimes of Love which they both committed were not occasion'd by any Necessity, or fatal Ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; since our Passions are, or ought to be, within our Power. The Fabrick of the Play is regular enough, as to the inferior Parts of it; and

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the Unities of Time, Place and Action, more exactly observ'd, than, perhaps, the *English* Theater requires. Particularly, the Action is so much one, that it is the only kind without Episode, or Underplot; every Scene the Tragedy conducing to the main Design, and every Act concluding with a turn of it. The greatest Error in the Contrivance seems to be in the Person of *Octavia*: For, though I might use the privilege of a Poet, to introduce her into *Alexandria*, yet I had not enough consider'd, that the Compassion she mov'd to her self and Children, was destructive to that which I reserv'd for *Antony* and *Cleopatra*; whose mutual Love being founded upon Vice, must lessen the Favour of the Audience to them, when Virtue and Innocence were oppress'd by her. And, though I justified *Antony* in some measure, by making *Octavia's* departure to proceed wholly from her self; yet the force of the first Machine still remain'd; and the dividing of Pity, like the cutting of a River into many Channels, abated the strength of the natural stream. But this is an Objection which none of my Criticks have urg'd against me; and therefore I might have let it pass, if I could have resolv'd to have been impartial to my self. The Faults my Enemies have found, are rather Cavils concerning little, and not essential Dependencies; which a Master of the Ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The *French* Poets, I confess, are strict Observers of these Punctilio's: They would not, for Example, have suffer'd *Cleopatra* and *Octavia* to have met; or if they had met, there must only have pass'd betwixt them some cold Civilities, but no eagerness of repartee, for fear of offending against the Greatness of their Characters, and the Modesty of their Sex. This Objection I fore-saw, and at the same time contemn'd: For I judg'd it both natural and probable, that *Octavia*, proud of her new-gain'd Conquest, would search out *Cleopatra* to triumph over her; and that *Cleopatra* thus attack'd, was not of a Spirit to shun the Encounter: And 'tis not unlikely, that two exasperated Rivals should use such Satyr as I have put into their Mouths; for after all, though the one were a *Roman*, and the other a Queen, they were both Women.

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Women. 'Tis true, some Actions, though Natural, are not fit to be represented; and broad Obscenities in Words, ought in good Manners to be avoided: Expressions therefore are a modest Cloathing of our Thoughts, as Breeches and Petticoats are of our Bodies. If I have kept my self within the Bounds of Modesty, all beyond it is but Nicety and Affectation; which is no more but Modesty deprav'd into a Vice: They betray themselves who are too quick of Apprehension in such Cases, and leave all reasonable Men to imagine worse of them, than of the Poet.

Honest Montaigne goes yet farther: *Nous ne sommes que ceremonie; la ceremonie nous emporte, & laissons la substance des choses: Nous nous tenons aux branches, & abandonnons le tronc & le corps. Nous avons appris aux Dames de rougir oyans seulement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement à faire: Nous n'osons appeller à droit nos membres, & nous craignons pas de les employer à toute sorte de debauché. La ceremonie nous defend d'exprimer par paroles les choses licites & naturelles, & nous l'en croyons; la raison nous defend de n'en faire point d'illicites & mauvaises, & personne ne le'n croit.* My Comfort is, that by this Opinion my Enemies are but sucking Criticks, who would fain be nibbling at their Teeth are come.

Yet, in this Nicety of Manners does the Excellency of French Poetry consist: Their Heroes are the most civil People breathing; but their good Breeding seldom extends to a Word of Sense: All their Wit is in their Ceremony; they want the Genius which animates our Stage; and therefore 'tis but necessary when they cannot please, that they should take care not to offend. But, as the civilest Man in the Company is commonly the Dullest, so these Authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good Manners, make you sleep. They are so careful not to exasperate a Critick, that they never leave him any Work; so busy with the Broom, and make so clean a Riddance, that there is little left either for Censure or for Praise: For no Part of a Poem is worth our Discommending, where the whole is insipid; as when we have once tasted of

pallid

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and Wine, we stay not to examine it Glass by Glass. While they affect to shine in Trifles, they are often useless in Essentials. Thus their *Hippolytus* is so scrupulous in Point of Decency, that he will rather expose himself to Death, than accuse his Step-mother to his Father; my Criticks I am sure will commend him for it: we of grosser Apprehensions, are apt to think that Excess of Generosity is not practicable but with Fools and Madmen. This was good Manners with a vengeance; and the Audience is like to be much concerned at the Misfortunes of this admirable Heroe: But to draw *Hippolytus* out of his Poetick Fit, and I suppose he would think it a wiser Part, to set the Saddle on the other Horse, and chuse rather to live with the Reputation of a plain-spoken honest Man, than to die with the Infamy of an incestuous Villain. In the mean time you may take notice, that where the Poet ought to have serv'd the Character as it was deliver'd to us by Antiquity, when he should have given us the Picture of a young Man, of the *Amazonian* strain, a jolly Huntsman, and both by his Profession and his early rising a mortal Enemy to Love, he has chosen to give him the Air of Gallantry, sent him to Travel from *Athens* to *Paris*, taught him to make Love, and transform'd the *Hippolytus* of *Euripides* into Monsieur *Hippolite*. I should not be troubled my self thus far with *French* Poets, but that our *Chedreux* Criticks wholly form their Judgments by them. But for my Part, I desire to be try'd by the Laws of my own Country; for it seems unjust to me, that the French should prescribe here, 'till they have conquer'd. Our *Sonneteriers* who follow them, have too narrow Souls to judge of Poetry. Poets themselves are the most proper, though I conclude not the only Criticks. But 'till some one as Universal as *Aristotle*, shall arise, one who can penetrate into all Arts and Sciences, without the Practice of them, I shall think it reasonable, that the Judgment of an Artificer in his own Art should be preterable to the Opinion of another Man; at least where he is not led by Interest, or prejudic'd by Malice; and this, I think, is manifest by plain Induction. For, first, the Crowd

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Crowd cannot be presum'd to have more than a gross Instinct, of what pleases or displeases them: Every Man will grant me this; but then, by a particular Kindness to himself, he draws his own Stake first, and will be distinguish'd from the Multitude, of which other Men may think him one. But, if I come closer to those who are allow'd for witty Men, either by the Advantage of their Quality, or by common Fame, and affirm that neither are they qualified to decide Sovereignly concerning Poetry, I shall yet have a strong Party on my Opinion; for most of them severally will exclude the Rest, either from the Number of witty Men, or at least of able Judges. But here again they are all indolgent to themselves: And every one who believes himself a Wit, that is every Man, will pretend at the same time to a Right of Judging. But to press it yet farther, there are many witty Men, but few Poets; neither have all Poets a Taste of Tragedy. And this is the Rock on which they are daily splitting. Poetry, which is a Picture of Nature, must generally please: But 'tis not to be understood that all Parts of it must please every Man. Therefore is not Tragedy to be judg'd by a witty Man whose Taste is only confin'd to Comedy. Nor is every Man who loves Tragedy, a sufficient Judge of it: He must understand the Excellencies of it too, or he will only prove a blind Admirer, not a Critick. From hence it comes that so many Satyrs on Poets, and Censures of their Writings, fly abroad. Men of Pleasing Conversation, (at least esteem'd so) and indu'd with a trifling Kind of Fancy, perhaps help'd out with some smattering of *Latin*, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the Herd of Gentlemen, by their Poetry;

*Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ
Fortunâ.*

And is not this a wretched Affectation, not to be contented with what Fortune has done for them, and to sit down quietly with their Estates, but they must call their Wits in question, and needlessly expose their Nakedness

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publick View? Not considering that they are not to
 at the same Approbation from sober Men, which
 have found from their Flatterers after the third Bot-
 If a little glittering in Discourse has pass'd them on
 or witty Men, where was the Necessity of unde-
 ing the World? Would a Man who has an ill Title
 Estate, but yet is in Possession of it, would he
 it of his own accord, to be try'd at *Westminster*?
 who write, if we want the Talent, yet have the
 use that we do it for a poor Subsistence: but what
 be urg'd in their Defence, who not having the Vo-
 of Poverty to scribble, out of meer Wantonness
 Pains to make themselves ridiculous? *Horace* was
 inly in the Right, where he said, That *no Man is*
sed with his own Condition. A Poet is not pleas'd be-
 he is not rich; and the Rich are discontented, be-
 the Poets will not admit them of their Number.
 the Case is hard with Writers: If they succeed
 they must starve; and if they do, some malicious
 is prepar'd to level them for daring to please with-
 their Leave. But while they are so eager to destroy
 Fame of others, their Ambition is manifest in their
 concernment: Some Poem of their own is to be pro-
 d, and the Slaves are to be laid flat with their Faces
 the Ground, that the Monarch may appear in the
 er Majesty.

Dionysius and *Nero* had the same Longings, but with all
 r Power they could never bring their Business well
 ut. 'Tis true, they proclaim'd themselves Poets by
 nd of Trumpet; and Poets they were upon Pain of
 th to any Man who durst call them otherwise. The
 lience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they
 in a bodily fear, and look'd as demurely as they
 ld: For 'twas a hanging Matter to laugh unseasona-
 ; and the Tyrants were suspicious, as they had rea-
 , that their Subjects had 'em in the Wind: So, every
 n in his own Defence set as good a Face upon the
 iness as he could: 'Twas known before-hand that the
 narchs were to be crown'd Laureats; but when the
 ow was over, and an honest Man was suffer'd to depart
 quietly;

P R E F A C E.

quietly, he took out his Laughter which he had stifled with a firm Resolution never more to see an Emperor Play, though he had been ten Years a making it. In the mean time the true Poets were they who made the best Markets, for they had Wit enough to yield the Patron with a good Grace, and not contend with him who had thirty Legions: They were sure to be rewarded if they confess'd themselves bad Writers, and that was somewhat better than to be Martyrs for their Reputation. Lucan's Example was enough to teach them Manners; and after he was put to Death, for overcoming Nero, the Emperor carried it without Dispute for the best Poet in his Dominions: No Man was ambitious of that grinning Honour for if he heard the malicious Trumpeter proclaiming his Name before his Betters, he knew there was but one way with him. *Mecenas* took another Course, and we know he was more than a great Man, for he was wise too: But finding himself far gone in Poetry, which *Scaevola* assures us was not his Talent, he thought it his best way to be well with *Virgil* and with *Horace*; that at least he might be a Poet at the second hand; and we see how happily it has succeeded with him; for his own bad Poetry is forgotten, and their Panegyricks of him still remain. But they who should be our Patrons, are by no such expensive ways to Fame: They have much of the Poetry of *Mecenas*, but little of his Liberality. They are for persecuting *Horace* and *Virgil*, in the Persons of their Successors, (for such is every Man, who has a part of their Soul and Fire, though in a less degree.) Some of their little *Zanies* yet go farther; for they are Persecutors even of *Horace* himself, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile Imitations of him; by making an unjust use of his Authority, and turning his Artillery against his Friends. But how would he chide to be copy'd by such Hands! I dare answer for him, he would be more uneasy in their Company, than he was with *Crispinus* their Forefather in the Holy Way; and would no more have allow'd them a place amongst the Criticks, than would *Demetrius* the Mimick, and *Gollins* the Buffoon;

— Demetrius

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Demetri, teque Tigelli.

Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare Cathedras.

what Scorn would he look down on such misera-
ranslators, who make Doggrel of his *Latin*, mistake
eaning, misapply his Censures, and often contra-
their own? He is fix'd as a Land-Mark to set out
ounds of Poetry,

Saxum antiquum, ingens

Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis :

other Arms than theirs, and other Sinews are re-
d, to raise the weight of such an Author; and when
would toss him against their Enemies,

*Genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis,
Tum lapis ipse, viri vacuum per inane volutus
Nec spatium evasit totum, nec pertulit ictum.*

or my part, I would wish no other Revenge, either
my self or the rest of the Poets, from this Rhyming
e of the Twelve-Penny Gallery, this Legitimate Son
ernhold, than that he would subscribe his Name to
Censure, or (not to tax him beyond his Learning)
his Mark: For should he own himself publickly and
e from behind the Lion's Skin, they whom he con-
s would be thankful to him, they whom he praises
ld chuse to be condemn'd; and the Magistrates
om he has elected, would modestly withdraw from
Employment, to avoid the Scandal of his Nomina-
The Sharpness of his Satyr, next to himself, falls
t heavily on his Friends, and they ought never to
ive him for commending them perpetually the
ong Way, and sometimes by contraries. If he have
riend whose hastiness in writing is his greatest Fault,
ace would have taught him to have minc'd the Mat-
and to have call'd it readiness of Thought, and a
flowing

P R E F A C E.

Flowing Fancy: for Friendship will allow a Man
Christen an Imperfection by the Name of some ne-
bour Virtue:

*Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus; & isti
Errori, nomen virtus posuisset honestum.*

But he would never have allow'd him to have call'd
slow Man hasty, or a hasty Writer a slow Drudge;
Juvenal explains it:

——— *Canibus pigris, scabieque vetusta
Levibus, & sicca lambentibus ora lucerna
Nomen erit, Pardus, Tygris, Leo; si quid adhuc
Quod fremit in terris violentius.*

Yet *Lucretius* laughs at a foolish Lover, even for
cusing the Imperfections of his Mistrefs:

*Nigra μιλιχες & est, immunda & foetida ἀνοσμία
Balba loqui non quit, τραυλίζεις; muta pudens est.*

But to drive it *ad Æthiopem Cygnum* is not to be
dur'd. I leave him to interpret this by the Benefit
his *French* Version on the other side, and without farther
considering him, than I have the Rest of my illiterate
Censors, whom I have disdain'd to answer, because they
are not qualified for Judges. It remains that I acquaint
the Reader, that I have endeavour'd in this Play to fol-
low the Practice of the Ancients, who, as Mr. *Rymer*
has judiciously observ'd, are and ought to be our Ma-
sters. *Horace* likewise gives it for a Rule in his *Art of*
Poetry.

——— *Vos exemplaria Græcæ
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*

Yet, though their Models are regular, they are but
little for *English* Tragedy; which requires to be built

P R E F A C E.

larger Compass. I could give an Instance in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, which was the Master-piece of *Sophocles*; but I reserve it for a more fit Occasion, which I hope I shall have hereafter. In my Stile I have profess'd to imitate the Divine *Shakespeare*; which that I might perform more freely, I have disincumber'd my self from Rhyme. Not that I condemn my former Way, but that this is more proper to my present Purpose. I hope I need not to explain my self, that I have not copy'd my Author servilely: Words and Phrases must of Necessity receive a Change in succeeding Ages: But 'tis almost a Miracle that much of his Language remains so pure; and that he who began Dramatick Poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and, as *Ben Johnson* tells us, without Learning, should by the force of his own Genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no Praise for any who come after him. The Occasion is fair, and the Subject would be pleasant to handle the Difference of Stiles betwixt him and *Fletcher*, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over-confident of my own Performance after him, it will be Prudence in me to be Silent. Yet, I hope, I may affirm, and without Vanity, that by imitating him, I have excell'd my self throughout the Play; and particularly, that I prefer the Scene betwixt *Antony* and *Clentidius* in the first Act, to any thing which I have written in this kind.



P R O.



P R O L O G U E

WHAT Flocks of Criticks hover here to Day,
As Vultures wait on Armies for their Prey,
All gaping for the Carcass of a Play!
With croaking Notes they bode some dire Event,
And follow dying Poets by the Scent.
Ours gives himself for gone; you've watch'd your Time!
He fights this Day unarm'd; without his Rhyme.
And brings a Tale which often has been told;
As sad as Dido's; and almost as old.
His Heroe, whom you Wits his Bully call,
Bates of his Mettle; and scarce Rants at all:
He's somewhat lewd; but a well meaning Mind;
Weeps much; fights little; but is wond'rous kind.
In short, a Pattern, and Companion fit,
For all the keeping Tonies of the Pit.
I could name more; a Wife, and Mistress too;
Both (to be plain) too good for most of you:
The Wife well-natur'd, and the Mistress true.
Now, Poets, if your Fame has been his Care;
Allow him all the Candour you can spare.
A brave Man scorns to Quarrel once a Day;
Like Hector, in at every petty Fray.
Let those find Fault whose Wit's so very small,
They've need to show that they can think at all:

PROLOGUE.

like *Straws upon the Surface flow*;
who would search for *Pearls, must dive below*.
may have leave to level all they can;
Wigmies would be glad to lop a *Man*.
Wits are *Fleas*; so little and so light,
scarce could know they live, but that they bite,
as the *Rich*, when tir'd with dailly Feasts,
change, become their next poor *Tenant's Guests*;
hearty Draughts of *Ale*, from plain brown *Bowls*,
snatch the homely *Rasher* from the *Coals*:
retiring from much better *Cheer*,
once, may venture to do *Penance here*.
since that plenteous *Autumn* now is past,
Grapes and *Peaches* have indulg'd your *Taste*,
in good Part, from our poor *Poet's Board*,
privell'd *Fruits* as *Winter* can afford.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Marc Antony.</i>	<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
<i>Ventidius, his General.</i>	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Dolabella, his Friend.</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Alexas, the Queen's Eunuch.</i>	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Serapion, Priest of Isis.</i>	<i>Mr. Thurmond.</i>
<i>Another Priest.</i>	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Servants to Anthony.</i>	

W O M E N.

<i>Cleopatra Queen of Ægypt.</i>	<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
<i>Octavia, Antony's Wife.</i>	<i>Mrs. Porter.</i>
<i>Charmion, } Cleopatra's Maids.</i>	<i>Mrs. Garnet.</i>
<i>Iras, }</i>	<i>Mrs. Robins.</i>
<i>Antony's two little Daughters.</i>	

SCENE ALEXANDRIA



ALL for LOVE:

OR, THE

World well Lost.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Temple of Isis.*

Enter Serapion, Myris, Priests of Isis.

SERAPION.

Portents, and Prodigies, are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their Name. Our
fruitful Nile [Torrent
Flow'd e're the wonted Season, with a
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce.
That the wild Deluge overtook the haste
of the Hinds that watch'd it: Men and Beasts
born above the Tops of Trees, that grew
'utmost Margin of the Water-Mark.
with so swift an Ebb, the Flood drove backward,
from underneath the Scaly Herd:

I 2

Here

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Here monstrous *Phoca* panted on the Shore;
Forsaken *Dolphins* there, with their broad Tails,
Lay lashing the departing Waves: Hard by 'em,
Sea-Horses floundring in the slimy Mud,
Toss'd up their Heads, and dash'd the Ooze about 'em.

Enter Alexas behind them.

Myr. Avert these Omens, Heav'n.

Serap. Last Night, between the Hours of twelve and one
In a lone Isle o'th' Temple while I walk'd,
A Whirlwind rose, that, with a violent Blast,
Shook all the Dome: The Doors around me clapt;
The Iron Wicket, that defends the Vault,
Where the long Race of *Ptolemies* is laid,
Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty Dead.
From out each Monument, in order plac'd,
An armed Ghost starts up: The Boy-King last
Rear'd his inglorious Head. A Peal of Groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable Voice
Cry'd, *Ægypt* is no more. My Blood ran back,
My shaking Knees against each other knock'd;
On the cold Pavement down I fell intranc'd,
And so unfinish'd left the horrid Scene.

Alex. And, dream'd you this? or, did invent the Story
[*Showing himself*]

To frighten our *Ægyptian* Boys withal,
And train 'em up betimes in fear of Priesthood?

Serap. My Lord, I saw you not,
Nor meant my Words should reach your Ears; but what
I utter'd was most true.

Alex. A foolish Dream,
Bred from the Fumes of indigested Feasts,
And holy Luxury.

Serap. I know my Duty:
This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should.
Nor would the Times now bear it, were it true.
All Southern, from yon Hills, the *Roman* Camp
Hangs o'er us black and threatning, like a Storm
Just breaking on our Heads.

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Serap. Our faint *Ægyptians* pray for *Antony*;
in their servile Hearts they own *Octavius*.

Myr. Why then does *Antony* dream out his Hours,
and tempts not Fortune for a noble Day,
which might redeem what *Actium* lost?

Alex. He thinks 'tis past Recovery.

Serap. Yet the Foe
seems not to press the Siege.

Alex. O, there's the Wonder.

Canas and *Agrippa*, who can most
with *Cæsar*, are his Foes. His Wife *Octavia*,
liv'n from his House, solicits her Revenge;
and *Dolabella*, who was once his Friend,
upon some private Grudge, now seeks his Ruin:
Yet still War seems on either side to sleep.

Serap. 'Tis strange that *Antony*, for some Days past,
is not beld the Face of *Cleopatra*;

yet here, in *Isis*' Temple, lives retir'd,
and makes his Heart a Prey to black Despair.

Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by Absence
to cure his Mind of Love.

Serap. If he be vanquish'd,

make his Peace, *Ægypt* is doom'd to be
Roman Province; and our plenteous Harvests
must then redeem the Scarceness of their Soil.

While *Antony* stood firm, our *Alexandria*
wou'd proud *Rome* (Dominion's other Seat)
and Fortune striding, like a vast *Colossus*,
wou'd fix an equal Foot of Empire here.

Alex. Had I my Wish, these Tyrants of all Nature
no Lord it o'er Mankind, should perish, perish,
each by the other's Sword; but, since our Will
must follow'd by our Pow'r, we must
depend on one; with him to rise or fall.

Serap. How stands the Queen affected?

Alex. O, she dotes,

she dotes, *Serapion*, on this vanquish'd Man;
and winds her self about his mighty Ruins;
from whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
his hunted Prey, to his Pursuers Hands,

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She might preserve us all: but 'tis in vain—
This changes my Designs, this blasts my Counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wish divided from her Arms
Far as the Earth's deep Center. Well, you know
The State of Things; no more of your ill Omens,
And black Prognosticks; labour to confirm
The Peoples Hearts.

Enter Ventidius, talking aside with a Gentleman of Antony's.

Serap. These Romans will o'er-hear us.
But, who's that Stranger? By his Warlike Port,
His fierce Demeanor, and erected Look,
He's of no vulgar Note.

Alex. O 'tis Ventidius.

Our Emp'r's great Lieutenant in the East,
Who first show'd Rome that Parthia could be conquer'd,
When Antony return'd from Syria last,
He left this Man to guard the Roman Frontiers.

Serap. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in Cilicia first,
When Cleopatra there met Antony:

A mortal Foe he was to us, and Egypt.

But let me Witness to the Worth I hate,

A braver Roman never drew a Sword.

Firm to his Prince; but, as a Friend, not Slave.

He ne'er was of his Pleasures; but presides

O'er all his cooler Hours, and Morning Counsels:

In short, the Plainness, Fierceness, rugged Virtue

Of an old true-stamp'd Roman lives in him.

His coming bodes I know not what of Ill

To our Affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better;

And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,

And what's our present Work.

[They withdraw to a Corner of the Stage; and Ventidius, with the other, comes forwards to the Front.]

Vent. Not see him, say you?

I say, I must, and will.

Gent. He has commanded,

On Pain of Death, none should approach his Presence.

Vent.

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Ant. I bring him News will raise his drooping Spirits,
Give him new Life.

Ant. He sees not *Cleopatra*.

Ant. Would he had never seen her.

Ant. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
of any thing, but Thought; or, if he talks,
only to himself, and then 'tis perfect Raving:
When he defies the World, and bids it pass;
Sometimes he gnaws his Lip, and curses loud
the Boy *Octavius*; then he draws his Mouth
to a scornful Smile, and cries, Take all,
The World's not worth my Care.

Ant. Just, just his Nature.

True's his Path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow
for his vast Soul; and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a Vice that bears him far
from his first Course, and plunges him in Ills:
When his Danger makes him find his Fault,
Sick to observe, and full of sharp Remorse,
He censures eagerly his own Misdeeds,
Punishing himself with Malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as Man he did,
Because his other Parts are more than Man.
Must not thus be lost.

[*Alexas and the Priests come forward.*]

Alex. You have your full Instructions; now advance;
Proclaim your Orders loudly.

Serap. Romans, Egyptians, hear the Queen's Command.
As *Cleopatra* bids, Let Labour cease,
No Pomp and Triumphs give this happy Day,
That gave the World a Lord: 'Tis *Antony's*.
We, *Antony*; and *Cleopatra* live.

Let this the general Voice sent up to Heav'n,
And every publick Place repeat this Eccho.

Ant. Fine Pageantry!

[*Aside.*]

Serap. Set out before your Doors
The Images of all your sleeping Fathers,
With Laurels crown'd; with Laurels wreath your Posts,
And strow with Flow'rs the Pavement; let the Priests
Present Sacrifice; pour out the Wine,

200 ALL for LOVE; Or,

And call the Gods to join with you in gladness.

Vent. Curse on the Tongue that bids this general Joy
Can they be Friends of *Antony*, who revel
When *Antony's* in Danger? hide, for shame,
You *Romans*, your Great Grandfires Images,
For fear their Souls should animate their Marbles,
To blush at their degenerate Progeny.

Alex. A Love which knows no bounds to *Antony*,
Would mark the Day with Honours; when all Heav'n
Labour'd for him, when each propitious Star
Stood wakeful in his Orb, to watch that Hour,
And shed his better Influence. Her own Birth-day
Our Queen neglected, like a vulgar Fate,
That pass'd obscurely by.

Vent. Would it, had slept,
Divided far from his; till some remote
And future Age had call'd it out, to ruin
Some other Prince, not him.

Alex. Your Emperor,
Tho' grown unkind, would be more gentle, than
T'upbraid my Queen, for loving him too well.

Vent. Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest?
He knows him not his Executioner.

O, she has deck'd his Ruin with her Love,
Led him in golden Bands to gaudy Slaughter,
And made Perdition pleasing: She has left him
The Blank of what he was;
I tell thee, Eunuch, she has quite unman'd him:
Can any *Roman* see, and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind,
Unbent, unfinew'd, made a Woman's Toy,
Shrunk from the vast Extent of all his Honours,
And cramp'd within a Corner of the World?

O, *Antony*,

Thou bravest Soldier, and thou best of Friends!
Bounteous as Nature; next to Nature's God!
Could'st thou but make new Worlds, so wouldst thou give
As Bounty were thy Being. Rough in Battel,
As the first *Romans*, when they went to War;
Yet, after Victory, more pitiful,

Tha

all their praying Virgins left at home!

Alex. Would you could add to those more shining Vir-
gins, Truth to her who loves him. [tues,

Ven. Would I could not.

wherefore waste I precious Hours with thee?

you art her darling Mischief, her chief Engin,

Antony's other Fate. Go, tell the Queen,

that Claudius is arriv'd, to end her Charms.

your *Egyptian* Timbrels play alone;

nor mix effeminate Sounds with *Roman* Trumpets.

you dare not fight for *Antony*; go pray,

and keep your Cowards-holy day in Temples.

[Exeunt Alex. Serap.]

Re-enter the Gentleman of M. Antony.

Gent. The Emperor approaches, and commands,
in pain of Death, that none presume to stay.

Gent. I dare not disobey him. [Going out with the other,

Vent. Well, I dare.

I'll observe him first unseen, and find

which way his Humour drives: The rest I'll venture.

[Withdraws.]

Enter Antony, walking with a disturb'd Motion, before
he speaks.

Ant. They tell me, 'tis my Birth-day, and I'll keep it
with double Pomp of Sadness.

as what the Day deserves, which gave me Breath.

Why was I rais'd the Meteor of the World,

flaming in the Skies, and blazing as I travel'd,

until all my Fires were spent; and then cast downward
to be trod out by *Cæsar*?

Ven. [Aside.] On my Soul,

how mournful, wondrous mournful!

Ant. Count thy Gains.

Now, *Antony*, wouldst thou be born for this?

Out of Fortune, thy devouring Youth

has starv'd thy wanting Age.

Ven. How Sorrow shakes him!

[Aside,

now the Tempest tears him up by th' Roots,

and on the Ground extends the noble Ruin.

Ant. [*Having thrown himself down.*] Lye there,
Shadow of an Emperor;

The Place thou preffest on thy Mother Earth
Is all thy Empire now: Now it contains thee;
Some few Days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow Urn,
Shrunk to a few cold Ashes; then *Ostavia*,
(For *Cleopatra* will not live to see it)
Ostavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd Hand to *Cesar*;
Cesar will weep, the Crocodile will weep,
To see his Rival of the Universe

Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Give me some Musick; look that it be sad:

I'll sooth my Melancholy, 'till I swell,

And burst my self with sighing——

[*Soft Musick*]

'Tis somewhat to my Humour: Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature;

Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;

Live in a shady Forest's Sylvan Scene,

Stretch'd at my Length beneath some blasted Oak,

I lean my Head upon the mossy Bark,

And look just of a Piece, as I grew from it:

My uncomb'd Locks, matted like Mistleto,

Hang o'er my hoary Face; a murm'ring Brook

Runs at my Foot.

Ven. Methinks I fancy

My self there too.

Ant. The Herd come jumping by me,

And fearless, quench their Thirst, while I look on,

And take me for their Fellow-Citizen.

More of this Image, more; it lulls my Thoughts.

[*Soft Musick again*]

Ven. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.

[*Stands before him*]

Ant. *Starting up.* Art thou *Ventidius*?

Ven. Are you *Antony*?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him

I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Ven. So am I.

Ant. I would be private: Leave me.

Ant. Sir, I love you.

Ant. therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me?

Ant. have you learnt that Answer? Who am I?

Ant. My Emperor; the Man I love next Heav'n:

Ant. said more, I think 'twere scarce a Sin:

Ant. are all that's good, and god-like.

Ant. All that's wretched.

Ant. will not leave me then?

Ant. 'Twas too presuming

Ant. I would not; but I dare not leave you:

Ant. 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence

Ant. soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfy'd?

Ant. if a Friend, thou hast beheld enough;

Ant. if a Foe, too much.

Ant. Look, Emperor, this is no common Dew;

[Weeping.

Ant. we not wept these forty Years; but now

Ant. Morher comes afresh into my Eyes;

Ant. cannot help her Softness.

[weeps!

Ant. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old Man, he

Ant. big round Drops course one another down

Ant. Furrows of his Cheek. Stop 'em, Ventidius,

Ant. I shall blush to Death: They set my Shame,

Ant. it caus'd 'em, tell before me.

Ant. I'll do my best,

Ant. Sure there's Contagion in the Tears of Friends:

Ant. I have caught it too, believe me, 'tis not

Ant. my own Griefs, but thine——Nay, Father.

Ant. Emperor,

Ant. Emperor! Why, that's the Stile of Victory,

Ant. the conqu'ring Soldier, red with unfelt Wounds,

Ant. rates his General so: but never more

Ant. I that Sound reach my Ears.

Ant. I warrant you.

Ant. *Alium, Alium!* Oh——

Ant. It fits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lyes; a Lump of Lead by Day,

Ant. in my short, distracted, nightly Slumbers,

The

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The Hag that rides my Dreams——

Vent. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my Shame.

I lost a Battel.

Vent. So has *Julius* done.

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half those [think]
For *Julius* fought it out, and lost it fairly:

But *Antony*——

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. *Antony*,

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a Coward, fled,
Fled while his Soldiers fought; fled first, *Ventidius*.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou can'st prepar'd to rail.

Vent. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee—— I have been a Man, *Ventidius*.

Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but——

Ant. I know thy Meaning.

But, I have lost my Reason, have disgrac'd
The Name of Soldier, with inglorious Ease.
In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,
Sate still, and saw it prest by other Hands.
Fortune came smiling to my Youth, and woo'd it,
And purple Greatness met my ripen'd Years.
When first I came to Empire, I was born
On Tides of People, crouding to my Triumphs;
The Wish of Nations, and the willing World
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future Peace;
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took Pains
And work'd against my Fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose; yet still she came again.
My careless Days, and my luxurious Nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, Soldier,
To curse this Mad-man, this industrious Fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched: Pr'ythee curse me.

Vent. No.

Ans. Why?

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Vent. You are too sensible already
what you've done, too conscious of your Failings,
and like a Scorpion, whipt by others first
Fury, sting your self in mad Revenge.
Would bring Balm, and pour it in your Wounds,
to cure your distemper'd Mind, and heal your Fortunes.

Ant. I know thou would'st.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Vent. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious Love
Give Cordials to the Dead.

Vent. You would be lost then?

Ant. I am.

Vent. I say, you are not. Try your Fortune.

Ant. I have to th'utmost. Dost thou think me desperate.
Without just Cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the World,
and learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
Heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Vent. *Cesar* thinks not so:

I'll thank you for the Gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like *Tully*, would you? do,
Hold out your Throat to *Cesar*, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill my self; and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But Fortune calls upon us now to live,
To Fight, to Conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, *Ventidius*.

Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your Hours
in desperate Sloth, miscall'd *Philosophy*.

Up, up, for Honour's sake; twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief: By painful Journeys,
Tired 'em, patient, both of Heat and Hunger,
Down from the *Parthian* Marches, to the *Nile*.

I will do you good to see their Sun-burnt Faces, [em]
Their skarr'd Cheeks, and chopt Hands; there's Virtue in
They'll sell those mangled Limbs at dearer Rates
Than yon trim Bands can buy.

Ant.

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Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I said, in lower *Syrin*.

Ant. Bring 'em hither;

There may be Life in these.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why did'st thou mock my Hopes with promise
To double my Despair? They're Mutinous.

Vent. Most Firm and Loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me. Oh Trifler!

Vent. They petition

You would make haste to head 'em.

Ant. I'm besieg'd.

Vent. There's but one way shut up: How came I hither?

Ant. I will not stir.

Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better Reason.

Ant. I have never us'd

My Soldiers to demand a Reason of

My Actions. Why did they refuse to March?

Vent. They said they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.

Ant. What was't they said?

Vent. They said, they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.
Why should they fight indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a Slave? to gain you Kingdoms,
Which, for a Kiss, at your next midnight Feast,
You'll sell to her? then she new-names her Jewels,
And calls this Diamond such or such a Tax,
Each Pendant in her Ear shall be a Province.

Ant. *Ventidius*, I allow your Tongue free License
On all my other Faults; but on your Life,
No word of *Cleopatra*: She deserves
More Worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you Pow'rs,
To whom you have intrusted Humankind?
See *Europe*, *Africk*, *Asia* put in Ballance,
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless Woman!
I think the Gods are *Antonies*, and give,
Like Prodigals, this neather World away
To none but wasteful Hands.

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Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the Priviledge of plain Love to speak.

Ant. Plain Love ! plain Arrogance, plain Insolence :

My Men are Cowards ; thou, an envious Traitor ;

So, under seeming Honesty, hast vented

The Burden of thy rank o'erflowing Gall.

That thou wert my Equal ; great in Arms

As the first *Cæsar* was, that I might kill thee

Without a Stain to Honour !

Vent. You may kill me ;

You have done more already, call'd me Traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one ?

Vent. For showing you your self,

Which none else durst have done ; but had I been

That Name, which I disdain to speak again,

I need not have sought your abject Fortunes,

Come to partake your Fate, to die with you.

What hindred me to've led my conqu'ring Eagles

To fill *Octavius's* Bands ? I could have been

A Traitor then, a glorious happy Traitor,

And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, Soldier :

I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false ;

Thought my old Age betray'd you ; Kill me, Sir ;

My kill me ; yet you need not, your Unkindness

Has left your Sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so ;

And it in my Rage : Pr'ythee forgive me :

Why did'st thou tempt my Anger, by Discovery

Of what I would not hear ?

Vent. No Prince but you

Could merit that Sincerity I us'd,

Or durst another Man have ventur'd it ;

But you, e're Love mis-led your wandring Eyes,

Were sure the Chief and Best of human Race,

And in the very Pride and Boast of Nature,

Perfect, that the Gods who form'd you wonder'd

At their own Skill, and cry'd, A lucky Hit

Had mended our Design. Their Envy hindred,

Else

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Else you had been Immortal, and a Pattern,
When Heav'n would work for Ostentation sake,
To Copy out again.

Ant. But *Cleopatra*——

Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my Passion; [may be but thou]
Thou only lov'st; the rest have flatter'd me. [Words]

Vent. Heaven's Blessing on your Heart, for that kind
May I believe you Love me? speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.

[Hugging her]

Thy Praises were unjust; but, I'll deserve 'em.
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to Victory, thou know'st the way.

Vent. And will you leave this——

Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows, I love
Beyond Life, Conquest, Empire; all, but Honour:
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my Royal Master.
And, shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old Soldier,
Thou shalt behold me once again in Iron,
And at the Head of our old Troops, that beat
The *Parthians*, cry aloud, Come follow me.

Vent. O now I hear my Emperor! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that Day,
And, if I have ten Years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' Exchange.

Ant. Oh *Cleopatra*!

Vent. Again?

Ant. I've done: in that last Sigh, she went:
Caesar shall know what 'tis to force a Lover,
From all he holds most dear.

Vent. Methinks you breath
Another Soul: Your Looks are more Divine;
You speak a Heroe, and you move a God.

Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me; my Soul's up in Arms;
And Man's each Part about me: Once again,

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at noble Eagerness of Fight has seiz'd me ;
at Eagerness, with which I darted upward
Cassius' Camp : In vain the steepy Hill
pos'd my way ; in vain a War of Spears
round my Head, and planted all my Shield ;
on the Trenches, while my foremost Men
d on the Plain below.

mt. Ye Gods, ye Gods,
such another Hour.

mt. Come on, my Soldier !

Hearts and Arms are still the same : I long
e more to meet our Foes ; that Thou and I,
Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
taste Fate to 'em ; Mow 'em out a Passage,
entring where the foremost Squadrons yield,
in the noble Harvest of the Field. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Cleopatra, Iras and Alexas.

WHAT shall I do, or whither shall I turn ?
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

ex. He goes to fight for you.

so. Then he would see me, e're he went to fight :

er me not : If once he goes, he's lost ;

all my Hopes destroy'd.

ex. Does this weak Passion

me a mighty Queen ?

so. I am no Queen ;

as to be a Queen, to be besieg'd

on insulting *Roman* ; and to wait

Hour the Victor's Chain ? These Ills are small ;

Antony is lost, and I can mourn

othing else but him. Now come, *Octavius*,

e no more to lose ; prepare thy Bands ;

it to be a Captive : *Antony*

Has

Has taught my Mind the Fortune of a Slave.

Iras. Call Reason to assist you.

Cleo. I have none.

And none would have: My Love's a noble Madness,
Which shows the Cause deserv'd it. Moderate Sorrow
Fits vulgar Love; and for a vulgar Man:

But I have lov'd with such transcendent Passion,
I soar'd, at first, quite out of Reasons view,
And now am lost above it——No, I'm proud
'Tis thus: Would *Antony* could see me now;
Think you he would not sigh? though he must leave me
Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natur'd,
And bears a tender Heart: I know him well.
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But now 'tis past.

Iras. Let it be past with you:
Forget him, Madam.

Cleo. Never, never, *Iras.*

He once was mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint Image of Possession still.

Alex. Think him Unconstant, Cruel, and Ungrateful.

Cleo. I cannot: If I could, those Thoughts were vain
Faithless, Ungrateful, Cruel, though he be,
I still must love him.

Enter Charmion.

Now, what News my *Charmion*?
Will he be kind? and, will he not forsake me?
Am I to live or die? nay, do I live?
Or, am I dead? for, when he gave his Answer,
Fate took the Word, and then I liv'd or dy'd.

Char. I found him, Madam——

Cleo. A long Speech preparing?
If thou bring'st Comfort, haste, and give it me;
For never was more need.

Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleo. Had he been kind, her Eyes had told me so,
Before her Tongue could speak it: Now she studies
To soften what he said: but give me Death,
Just as he sent it, *Charmion*, undisguis'd,
And in the Words he spoke.

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Mar. I found him then
compass'd round, I think, with Iron Statues,
mute, so motionless his Soldiers stood
awfully he cast his Eyes about,
ev'ry Leader's Hopes and Fears survey'd:
thought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not pleas'd.
When he beheld me struggling in the Croud,
blush'd, and bade, make way.

Alex. There's Comfort yet.

Mar. *Ventidius* fixt his Eyes upon my Passage,
sorely, as he meant to frown me back.
Sullenly gave place: I told my Message,
as you gave it, broken and disorder'd;
embr'd in it all your Sighs and Tears,
while I mov'd your pitiful Request,
and you but only beg'd a last Farewel,
ferch'd an inward Groan, and ev'ry time
w'd you, sigh'd as if his Heart were breaking,
shunn'd my Eyes, and guiltily look'd down;
seem'd not now that awful *Antony*
shook an arm'd Assembly with his Nod,
making show as he would rub his Eyes,
wip'd and blotted out a falling Tear.

Leo. Did he then weep? and was I worth a Tear?
What thou hast to say be not as pleasing,
me no more, but let me die contented.

Mar. He bid me say, He knew himself so well,
could deny you nothing, if he saw you;
therefore——

Leo. Thou would'st say, he would not see me?

Mar. And therefore beg'd you not to use a Power,
which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
respect you as he ought.

Leo. Is that a Word

Antony to use to *Cleopatra*?

That faint Word, Respect! how I disdain it!

Gain my self, for loving after it!

Should have kept that word for cold *Octavia*.

Respect is for a Wife: Am I that thing,

A dull insipid Lump, without Desires,

And

And without Pow'r to give 'em?

Alex. You misjudge;

You see through Love, and that deludes your Sight:
As, what is strait, seems crooked through the Water;
But I, who bear my Reason undisturb'd,
Can see this *Antony*, this dreaded Man,
A fearful Slave, who fain would run away,
And shuns his Master's Eyes: If you pursue him,
My Life on't, he still drags a Chain along,
That needs must clog his Flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee! —————

Alex. By ev'ry Circumstance I know he loves:
True, he's hard prest, by Int'rest and by Honour;
Yet he but doubts, and parlies, and casts out
Many a long Look for Succour.

Cleo. He sends word
He fears to see my Face.

Alex. And would you more?
He shows his Weakness who declines the Combat;
And you must urge your Fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? To my Ears, the Message sounds
Come to my Rescue, *Cleopatra*, come;
Come, free me from *Ventidius*; from my Tyrant:
See me, and give me a Pretence to leave him.
I hear his Trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easie.

Cleo. You shall rule me;

But all, I fear, in vain.

[Exit with Char. and

Alex. I fear so too;

Though I conceal'd my Thoughts to make her bold:
But, 'tis our utmost Means, and Fate befriend it.

[Withdraw

Enter Lictors with Fasces; one bearing the Eagle: Then
Enter *Antony* and *Ventidius*, follow'd by other Commis-
sioners.

Ant. *Octavius* is the Minion of blind Chance,
But holds from Virtue nothing.

Vent. Has he Courage?

Ant. But just enough to season him from Coward:
O, 'tis the coldest Youth upon a Charge,

most deliberate Fighter! if he ventures
in *Illyria* once they say he did
(form a Town) 'tis when he cannot chuse,
when all the World have fixt their Eyes upon him;
then he lives on that for seven Years after.
at a close Revenge he never fails.

m. I heard, you challeng'd him.

nt. I did, *Ventidius*.

think 'st thou was his Answer? 'Twas so tame,--

aid he had more ways than one to die ;

and not.

m. Poor!

nt. He has more ways than one ;

he would chuse 'em all before that one.

m. He first would chuse an Ague, or a Fever.

Int. No: It must be an Ague, not a Fever :

has not warmth enough to die by that.

en. Or old Age, and a Bed.

Int. Ay, there's his Choice.

would live, like a Lamp, to the last wink,

crawl upon the utmost verge of Life :

Hercules ! Why should a Man like this,

dares not trust his Fate for one great Action.

All the Care of Heav'n? Why should he Lord it

four score thousand Men, of whom each one

braver than himself?

em. You conquer'd for him:

ppi knows it; there you shar'd with him

Empire, which your Sword made all your own.

ent. Fool that I was, upon my Eagle's Wings

ere this Wren, 'till I was tir'd with soaring,

now he mounts above me.

and Heav'ns, is this, is this the Man who braves me?

Who bids my Age make way? Drives me before him,

the World's Ridge, and sweeps me off like Rubbish?

men. Sir, we lose time, the Troops are mounted all.

Int. Then give the word to March:

ing to leave this Prison of a Town,

Join thy Legions; and, in open Field,

Let more to show my Face. Lead, my Deliverer.

Enter

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Great Emperor,
In mighty Arms renown'd above Mankind,
But, in soft Pity to th' oppress'd, a God :
This Message sends the mournful *Cleopatra*
To her departing Lord.

Ven. Smooth Sycophant !

Alex. A thousand Wishes, and ten thousand Prayers,
Millions of Blessings wait you to the Wars,
Millions of Sighs and Tears she sends you too,
And would have sent

As many dear Embraces to your Arms,
As many parting Kisses to your Lips;
But those, she fears, have weary'd you already.

Ven. [*Aside.*] False Crocodile !

Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would not leave her
That were a Wish too mighty for her Hopes, [*Love*]
Too presuming for her Low Fortune, and your cbbing
That were a Wish for her more prosp'rous Days,
Her blooming Beauty, and your growing Kindness.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Well, I must Man it out ; What would
the Queen ?

Alex. First, to these noble Warriors, who attend
Your daring Courage in the Chase of Fame,
(Too daring and too dang'rous for her Quiet)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own Cares and Fears, the Care of you.

Ven. Yes, witness *Ægium*.

Ant. Let him speak, *Ventidius*.

Alex. You, when his matchless Valour bears him far
With Ardor too Heroick, on his Foes [*ward*]
Fall down, as she would do, before his Foot ;
Lye in his way, and stop the Paths of Death ;
Tell him, this God is not invulnerable,
That absent *Cleopatra* bleeds in him ;
And, that you may remember her Petition,
She begs you wear these Trifles, as a Pawn,
Which, at your wish'd Return, she will redeem

[*Gives Jewels to the Commanders*]
With all the Wealth of *Ægypt* :

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to the great *Ventidius* she presents,
 from she can never count her Enemy,
 cause he loves her Lord.

Ven. Tell her I'll none on't ;

not asham'd of honest Poverty :

at all the Diamonds of the East can bribe

Ventidius from his Faith. I hope to see

these, and the rest of all her sparkling Store,

where they shall more deservingly be plac'd.

Ant. And who must wear 'em then ?

Ven. The wrong'd *Octavia*.

Ant. You might have spar'd that Word,

Ven. And he that Bribe.

Ant. But have I no remembrance ?

Alex. Yes, a dear one :

our Slave, the Queen——

Ant. My Mistress.

Alex. Then your Mistrrfs,

our Mistress would, she says, have sent her Soul,

that you had long since ; she humbly begs

this Ruby Bracelet, set with bleeding Hearts,

the Emblems of her own) may bind your Arm.

[Presenting a Bracelet.

Ven. Now, my best Lord, in Honour's Name, I ask you,

for Manhood's sake, and for your own dear Safety,

touch not these poison'd Gifts,

affected by the Sender, touch 'em not,

triads of bluest Plagues lie underneath 'em,

and more than Aconite has dipt the Silk.

Ant. Nay, now you grow too Cynical, *Ventidius*,

Lady's Favours may be worn with Honour.

that, to refuse her Bracelet ! On my Soul,

when I lye pensive in my Tent alone,

will pass the wakeful Hours of Winter Nights,

to tell those pretty Beads upon my Arm,

to count for every one a soft Embrace,

melting Kifs at such and such a time ;

and now and then the Fury of her Love,

her.—— And what Harm's in this ?

Alex.

Alex. None, none, my Lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

Ant. [*Going to tie it.*] We Soldiers are so awkward—
help me to tie it.

Alex. In faith, my Lord, we Courtiers too are awkward
In these Affairs : So are all Men, indeed ;
Ev'n I, who am not one. But shall I speak ?

Ant. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my Lord, fair Hands alone
Are fit to tie it ; she, who sent it, can.

Ven. Hell, Death ; this Eunuch Pander ruins you.
You will not see her ?

[*Alexis whispers an Attendant, who goes*

Ant. But to take my Leave.

Ven. Then I have wash'd an *Æthiops* : Y'are undone ;
Y'are in the Toils ; y'are taken ; y'are destroy'd :
Her Eyes do *Cæsar's* work.

Ant. You fear too soon.

I'm constant to my self : I know my Strength ;
And yet she shall not think me barbarous neither ;
Born in the Depths of *Africk* : I'm a *Roman*,
Bred to the Rules of soft Humanity.
A Guest, and kindly us'd, should bid Farewel.

Ven. You do not know

How weak you are to her, how much an Infant ;
You are not proof against a Smile, or Glance ;
A Sigh will quite disarm you.

Ant. See, she comes !

Now you shall find your Error. Gods, I thank you :
I form'd the Danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near, 'tis lessen'd.

Ven. Mark the end yet.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion and Iras.

Ant. Well, Madam, we are met.

Cleo. Is this a Meeting ?

Then, we must part ?

Ant. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must ?

Ant. Our own hard Fates.

Cleo. We make those Fates our selves.

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Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each o-
ur mutual Ruin. [ther

Cleo. The Gods have seen my Joys with envious Eyes;
ave no Friends in Heav'n; and all the World
'twere the Bus'ness of Mankind to part us)
arm'd against my Love: Ev'n you your self
n with the rest; you, you are arm'd against me.

Ant. I will be justify'd in all I do
late Posterity, and therefore hear me.

I mix a Lie
th any Truth, reproach me freely with it;
e, favour me with Silence.

Cleo. You command me,
d I am dumb.

Ant. I like this well: He shows Authority,

Ant. That I derive my Ruin
om you alone —

Cleo. O Heav'ns! I ruin you!

Ant. You promis'd me your Silence, and you break it
I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in *Ægypt*,
r *Cæsar* saw your Eyes; you gave me Love,
d were too young to know it; that I settled
ur Father in his Throne, was for your sake.
it th' Acknowledgment for time to ripen.

ur step in, and with a greedy Hand
ck'd the green Fruit, e'er the first Blush of red,
cleaving to the Bough. He was my Lord,
d was, beside, too great for me to rival,
I deserv'd you first, tho' he enjoy'd you.

en, after, I beheld you in *Cilicia*,
Enemy to *Rome*, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd my self —

Ant. Again you break your Promise.
y'd you still, and took your weak Excuses,
k you into my Bosom, stain'd by *Cæsar*,
not half mine: I went to *Ægypt* with you,
hid me from the Bus'ness of the World,
out enquiring Nations from my sight,

218 ALL for LOVE: Or,

To give whole Years to you.

Ven. Yes, to your Shame be't spoken.

Ant. How I lov'd

Witness ye Days and Nights, and all ye Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your Bus'ness were to count my Passion.
One Day past by, and nothing saw but Love;
Another came, and still 'twas only Love:
The Suns were weary'd out without looking on.
And I untir'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day;
And ev'ry Day was still but as the first:
So eager was I still to see you more.

Ven. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. *Fulvia*, my Wife, grew jealous,
As she indeed had reason; rais'd a War
In *Italy*, to call me back.

Ven. But yet

You went not.

Ant. While within your Arms I lay,
The World fell mouldring from my Hands each Hour,
And left me scarce a Graip (I thank your Love for't.)

Ven. Well push'd: That last was home.

Cleo. Yet may I speak?

Ant. If I have urg'd a Falshood, yes; else, not.
Your Silence says I have not. *Fulvia* dy'd;
(Pardon, you Gods, with my Unkindness dy'd.)
To set the World at Peace, I took *Octavia*,
This *Cesar's* Sister; in her Pride of Youth
And Flow'r of Beauty did I wed that Lady,
Whom blushing I must praise, because I left her.
You call'd; my Love obey'd the fatal Summons:
This rais'd the *Roman* Arms; the Cause was yours.
I would have fought by Land, where I was stronger;
You hinder'd it: Yet, when I fought at Sea,
Forsook me fighting; and (oh stain to Honour!
Oh lasting Shame!) I knew not that I fled;
But fled to follow you.

Ven. What haste she made to hoist her purple Sails!
And, to appear magnificent in Flight,

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Draw half our Strength away.

Ant. All this you caus'd.

And, would you multiply more Ruins on me?
This honest Man, my best, my only Friend,
Has gather'd up the Shipwrack of my Fortunes;
Twelve Legions I have left, my last Recruits,
And you have watch'd the News, and bring your Eyes
To seize them too. If you have ought to answer,
Now speak, you have free Leave.

Alex. [*Aside.*] She stands confounded:
Despair is in her Eyes.

Ven. Now lay a Sigh i'th' way, to stop his Passage:
Prepare a Tear, and bid it for his Legions;
'Tis like they shall be sold.

Cleo. How shall I plead my Cause, when you my Judge,
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The Love you bore me for my Advocate?
That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me;
For, Love once past, is, at the best, forgotten;
But oftner sours to Hate: 'twill please my Lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,
That you would pry, with narrow searching Eyes
Into my Faults, severe to my Destruction,
And watching all Advantages with Care,
That serve to make me wretched? Speak, my Lord,
Or I end here. Though I deserve this Usage,
Is it like you to give it?

Ant. O you wrong me,
To think I sought this Parting, or desir'd
To accuse you more than what will clear my self,
And justify this Breach.

Cleo. Thus low I thank you.
And, since my Innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Ven. After this
I think she'll blush at nothing.

Cleo. You seem griev'd,
And therein you are kind) that *Caesar* first
Stole my Love, though you deserv'd it better:

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I grieve for that, my Lord, much more than you;
For, had I first been yours, it would have sav'd
My second Choice: I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But *Cesar* first,
You say, possess'd my Love. Not so, my Lord:
He first possess'd my Person; you my Love:
Cesar lov'd me; but I lov'd *Antony*.
If I endur'd him after, 'twas because
I judg'd it due to the first Name of Men;
And, half constrain'd, I gave, as to a Tyrant,
What he would take by force.

Ven. O Syren! Syren!

Yet grant that all the Love she boasts were true,
Has she not ruin'd you? I still urge that,
The fatal Consequence.

Cleo. The Consequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greatest Foe,
To say it was design'd: 'Tis true, I lov'd you,
And kept you far from an uneasy Wife,
(Such *Fulvia* was.)

Yes, but he'll say, you left *Octavia* for me;——
And, can you blame me to receive that Love,
Which quitted such Desert, for worthless me?
How often have I wish'd some other *Cesar*,
Great as the first, and as the second Young,
Would court my Love, to be refus'd for you!

Ven. Words, words; but *Ælium*, Sir, remember *Ælium*.

Cleo. Ev'n there, I dare his Malice. True, I cou'd
To fight at Sea; but, I betray'd you not.
I fled; but not to th' Enemy. 'Twas Fear;
Would I had been a Man, not to have fear'd,
For none would then have envy'd me your Friendship
Who envy me your Love.

Ant. We're both unhappy:

If nothing else, yet our ill Fortune parts us.
Speak; Would you have me perish, by my Stay?

Cleo. If as a Friend you ask my Judgment, Go;
If as a Lover, Stay. If you must perish:
'Tis a hard Word; but stay.

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Vent. See now th' Effects of her so boasted Love !
She strives to drag you down to Ruin with her :
But, could she scape without you, oh how soon
Would she let go her hold, and haste to Shore,
And never look behind !

Cleo. Then judge my Love by this.

[*Giving Antony a Writing.*]

Could I have born

A Life or Death, a Happiness or Woe
From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.

Ant. By *Hercules*, the Writing of *Octavius* !

I know it well : 'tis that proscribing Hand,

Young as it was, that led the way to mine,

And left me but the second Place in Murder —————

See, see, *Ventidius* ! here he offers *Ægypt*,

And joins all *Syria* to it, as a Present,

So, in requital, she forsake my Fortunes,

And join her Arms with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me !

You leave me, *Antony* ; and, yet I love you,

Indeed I do : I have refus'd a Kingdom,

That's a Trifle :

For I could part with Life ; with any thing,

But only you. O let me die but with you !

Is that a hard Request ?

Ant. Next living with you,

Tis all that Heav'n can give.

Alex. He melts ; we conquer.

[*Aside.*]

Cleo. No : You shall go : Your Int'rest calls you hence ;

Yes ; your dear Int'rest pulls too strong, for these

Weak Arms to hold you here ———

[*Takes his Hand.*]

Go ; leave me, Soldier ;

(For you're no more a Lover :) leave me dying :

Push me all pale and panting from your Bosom,

And, when your March begins, let one run after

Breathless almost for Joy ; and cry, she's dead :

The Soldiers shout ; you then perhaps may sigh,

And muster all your *Roman* Gravity ;

Ventidius chides ; and strait your Brow clears up,

As I had never been.

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Ant. Gods, 'tis too much; too much for Man to bear!

Cleo. What is't for me then,

A weak forsaken Woman? and a Lover?——

Here let me breathe my last; Envy me not

This Minute in your Arms: I'll die apace:

As fast as e'er I can; and end your Trouble.

Ant. Die! Rather let me perish: Loosen'd Nature
Leap from its Hinges, sink the Props of Heav'n,
And fall the Skies to crush the neather World.

My Eyes, my Soul; my all!——

[*Embraces her*]

Vent. And what's this Toy

In Ballance with your Fortune, Honour, Fame?

Ant. What is't, *Ventidius*? it out-weighs 'em all;

Why, we have more than conquer'd *Caesar* now:

My Queen's not only Innocent, but Loves me.

This, this is she who drags me down to Ruin!

But, could she scape without me, with what haste

Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,

And never look behind!

Down on thy Knees, Blasphemer as thou art,

And ask Forgiveness of wrong'd Innocence.

Vent. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?

Ant. Go! Whither? Go from all that's Excellent!

Faith, Honour, Virtue, all good Things forbid,

That I should go from her, who sets my Love

Above the Price of Kingdoms. Give, you Gods,

Give to your Boy, your *Caesar*,

This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,

This Gu-gau World, and put him cheaply off:

I'll not be pleas'd with less than *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. She's wholly yours. My Heart's so full of Joy,

That I shall do some wild Extravagance

Of Love, in publick; and the foolish World,

Which knows not Tenderneſs, will think me Mad.

Vent. O Women! Women! Women! all the Gods

Have not such Pow'r of doing good to Man,

As you of doing harm.

[*Exit*]

Ant. Our Men are arm'd.

Unbar the Gate that looks to *Caesar's* Camp;

I would revenge the Treachery he meant me:

And

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long Security makes Conquest easie.
 I am eager to return before I go;
 I'll have all the Pleasures I have known, beat thick
 in my Remembrance: How I long for Night!
 That both the Sweetness of mutual Love may try,
 And Triumph o'er o'er *Caesar* e'er we die. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*One Door, enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Alexas,
 a Train of Egyptians: At the other, Antony and Ro-
 mans. The Entrance on both Sides is prepar'd by Musick;
 the Trumpets first sounding on Antony's Part: Then an-
 swer'd by Timbrels, &c. on Cleopatra's. Charmion and
 Iras hold a Laurel Wreath betwixt them. A Dance of
 Egyptians. After the Ceremony, Cleopatra Crowns
 Antony.*

[I] Thought how those white Arms would fold me in,
 And strain me close, and melt me into Love;
 pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,
 and added all my Strength to every Blow.

Cleo. Come to me, come, my Soldier, to my Arms,
 I've been too long away from my Embraces;
 when I have you fast, and all my own,
 with broken Murmurs, and with amorous Sighs,
 I say, you were unkind, and punish you,
 and mark you red with many an eager Kiss.

Ant. My brighter *Venus*!

Cleo. O my greater *Mars*!

Ant. Thou join'st us well, my Love!

I suppose me come from the *Phlegraean* Plains,
 where gasping Giants lay, cleft by my Sword:
 and Mountain Tops par'd off each other blow,
 to bury those I slew: Receive me, Goddess:
Caesar spread his subtle Nets, like *Vulcan*,
 thy Embraces I would be beheld

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By Heav'n and Earth at once;
 And make their Envy what they meant their Sport,
 Let those who took us blush; I would love on
 With awful State, regardless of their Frowns,
 As their superior God.
 There's no Satiety of Love, in thee;
 Enjoy'd, thou still art new; perpetual Spring
 Is in thy Arms; the ripen'd Fruit but falls,
 And Blossoms rise to fill its empty Place;
 And I grow rich by giving.

Enter Ventidius, and stands apart.

Alex. O, now the Danger's past, your General come
 He joins not in your Joys, nor minds your Triumphs
 But, with contracted Brows, looks frowning on,
 As Envyng your Success.

Ant. Now, on my Soul, he loves me; truly loves me
 He never flatter'd me in any Vice,
 But awes me with his Virtue: Ev'n this Minute
 Methinks he has a Right of chiding me.
 Lead to the Temple: I'll avoid his Presence;
 It checks too strong upon me.

[Exeunt the two]

[As Antony is going, Ventidius pulls him by the Robe]

Vent. Emperor.

Ant. 'Tis the old Argument; I pr'ythee spare me.

[Looking back]

Vent. But this one hearing, Emperor.

Ant. Let go

My Robe; or, by my Father *Hercules* —

Vent. By *Hercules's* Father, that's yet greater,
 I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou see'st we are observ'd; attend me here,
 And I'll return.

Vent. I'm waining in his Favour, yet I love him;
 I love this Man, who runs to meet his Ruin;
 And, sure the Gods, like me, are fond of him:
 His Virtues lie so mingled with his Crimes,
 As would confound their Choice to punish one,
 And not reward the other.

Enter Antony.

Ant. We can conquer,

You see, without your Aid,
 We have dislodg'd their Troops,
 They look on us at distance, and, like Curs
 Cap'd from the Lions paws, they bay far off,
 And lick their Wounds, and faintly threaten War.
 Five thousand *Romans* with their Faces upward
 Lie breathless on the Plain.

Vent. 'Tis well: And he
 Who lost 'em, could have spar'd ten thousand more.
 Yet if, by this Advantage, you could gain
 An easier Peace, while *Cesar* doubts the Chance
 Of Arms! —————

Ant. O think not on't, *Ventidius*;
 The Boy pursues my Ruin, he'll no Peace:
 His Malice is confederate in Advantage;
 He's the coolest Murderer, so staunch,
 He kills, and keeps his Temper.

Vent. Have you no Friend
 In all his Army, who has Power to move him?
Lucanias, or *Agrippa* might do much

Ant. They're both too deep in *Cesar's* Interests.
 He'll work it out by dint of Sword, or perish.

Vent. Fain I would find some other.

Ant. Thank thy Love.
 Some four or five such Victories as this
 Will save thy farther Pains.

Vent. Expect no more; *Cesar* is on his Guard:
 Know, Sir, you have conquer'd against odds;
 Yet still you draw Supplies from one poor Town,
 And of *Egyptians*: He has all the World,
 And, at his Beck, Nations come pouring in,
 To fill the Gaps you make. Pray think again.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from my self, to search
 For Foreign Aids? to hunt my Memory,
 And range all o'er a waste and barren Place
 To find a Friend? The Wretched have no Friends ———
 Yet I had one, the bravest Youth of *Rome*,
 Whom *Cesar* loves beyond the Love of Women;
 He could resolve his Mind, as Fire does Wax,
 From that hard rugged Image, melt him down,

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And mould him in what softer Form he pleas'd.

Vent. Him would I see; that Man of all the World;
Just such a one we want.

Ant. He lov'd me too,
I was his Soul; he liv'd not but in me:
We were so clos'd within each others Breasts,
The Rivers were not found that join'd us first,
That does not reach us yet: We were so mixt,
As meeting Streams, both to our selves were lost;
We were one mass; we could not give or take,
But from the same; for he was I, I he.

Vent. He moves as I would wish him.

Ant. After this,
I need not tell his Name: 'Twas *Dolabella*.

Vent. He's now in *Caesar's* Camp.

Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him *Cleopatra's* Sight;
Because I fear'd he lov'd her: He confess
He had a Warmth, which, for my sake, he stifled;
For 'twere impossible that two, so one,
Should not have lov'd the same. When he departed,
He took no leave; and that confirm'd my Thoughts.

Vent. It argues that he lov'd you more than her,
Else he had staid; but he perceiv'd you jealous,
And would not grieve his Friend: I know he loves you.

Ant. I should have seen him then e'er now.

Vent. Perhaps.

He has thus long been lab'ring for your Peace.

Ant. Would he were here.

Vent. Would you believe he lov'd you?

I read your Answer in your Eyes; you would.

Not to conceal it longer, he has sent

A Messenger from *Caesar's* Camp, with Letters.

Ant. Let him appear.

Vent. I'll bring him instantly.

[Exit *Ventidius*, and re-enters immediately with *Dolabella*.

Ant. 'Tis he himself, himself, by holy Friendship!

[Runs to embrace him]

Art thou return'd at last, my better half?

Com

Come, give me all my self.

Let me not live,

If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,
Was ever half so fond.

Dola. I must be silent; for my Soul is busie
About a nobler Work: She's new come home,
Like a long absent Man, and wanders o'er
Each Room, a Stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.

Ant. Thou hast what's left of me.
For I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my lowest Water-mark;
The Rivers that ran in, and rais'd my Fortunes,
Are all dry'd up, or take another course:
What I have left is from my native Spring;
I've still a Heart that swells, in Scorn of Fate,
And lifts me to my Banks.

Dola. Still you are Lord of all the World to me.

Ant. Why, then I yet am so; for thou art all.
If I had any Joy when thou wert Absent,
I grudg'd it to my self; methought I robb'd
Thee of thy Part. But, Oh my *Dolabella*!
Thou hast beheld me other than I am.
Hast thou not seen my Morning Chambers fill'd
With Scepter'd Slaves, who waited to salute me.
With Eastern Monarchs, who forgot the Sun,
To worship my Uprising? Menial Kings
Ran courting up and down my Palace-yard,
Stood silent in my Presence, watch'd my Eyes,
And, at my least Command, all started out
Like Racers to the Goal.

Dola. Slaves to your Fortune.

Ant. Fortune is *Caesar's* now; and what am I?

Vent. What you have made your self: I will not flatter.

Ant. Is this friendly done?

Dola. Yes, when his End is so, I must join with him;
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:
Why am I else your Friend?

Ant. Take heed, young Man,
How thou upbraid'st my Love: The Queen has Eyes,
And

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And thou too hast a Soul. Canst thou remember
When, swell'd with hatred, thou beheld'st her first
As necessary to thy Brother's Death?

Dola. Spare my Remembrance; 'twas a guilty Day,
And still the Blush hangs here.

Ant. To clear her self,

For sending him no Aid, she came from *Egypt*,
Her Gally down the Silver *Cydnos* row'd,
The tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold,
The Gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:
Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch were plac'd,
Where she, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.

Dola. No more: I would not hear it.

Ant. O, you must!

She lay, and leant her Cheek upon her Hand,
And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like *Cupids*,
Stood fanning, with their painted Wings, the Winds
That plaid about her Face: But if she smil'd,
A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad:
That Mens desiring Eyes were never weary'd;
But hung upon the Object: To soft Flutes
The Silver Oars kept time; and while they plaid,
The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight;
And both to Thought. 'Twas Heav'n, or somewhat more,
For she so charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crowds
Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
To give their Welcome Voice.

Then, *Dolabella*, where was then thy Soul?
Was not thy Fury quite disarm'd with Wonder?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those Eyes,
And whisper in my Ear, Oh tell her not
That I accus'd her of my Brother's Death?

Dola. And should my Weakness be a Plea for yours?
Mine was an Age when Love might be excus'd,
When kindly Warmth, and when my springing Youth
Made it a Debt to Nature. Yours——

Vent. Speak boldly.

Yours, he would say, in your declining Age,

When

When no more Heat was left but what you forc'd,
 When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk,
 When it went down, then you constrain'd the Course,
 And robb'd from Nature, to supply Desire;
 You (I would not use so harsh a Word)
 Was but plain Dotage.

Ant. Ha!

Dola. 'Twas urg'd too home;
 Yet the Loss was private that I made;
 Was but my self I lost: I lost no Legions;
 Had no World to lose, no People's Love.

Ant. This from a Friend?

Dola. Yes, *Antony*, a true one;
 Friend so tender, that each word I speak
 Hits my own Heart, before it reach your Ear.
 Judge me not less kind because I chide:

Caesar I excuse you.

Ant. O ye Gods!

Why then liv'd to be excus'd to *Caesar*?

Dola. As to your Equal.

Ant. Well, he's but my Equal:

While I wear this, he never shall be more.

Dola. I bring Conditions from him.

Ant. Are they Noble?

Thinks thou shouldst not bring 'em else; yet he
 Full of deep Dissembling; knows no Honour
 Divided from his Int'rest. Fate mistook him;
 Nature meant him for an Usurer,
 As fit indeed to buy, not conquer Kingdoms.

Vent. Then, granting this,
 That Pow'r was theirs who wrought so hard a Temper
 Honourable Terms?

Ant. It was my *Dolabella*, or some God.

Dola. Nor I; nor yet *Marc'us*, nor *Agrippa*:
 They were your Enemies; and I a Friend
 So weak alone; yet 'twas a Roman's Deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done: Show me that Man
 Who has preserv'd my Life, my Love, my Honour;
 Let me but see his Face.

Vent.

Vent. That task is mine,
And, Heav'n, thou know'st how pleasing. [Exit *Vent.*]

Dola. You'll remember
To whom you stand oblig'd?

Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest Curse.
My Queen shall thank him too.

Dola. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do't: the Queen, my *Dolabella*!
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy Fever?

Dola. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me, my better Stars; for she has Truth
Beyond her Beauty. *Cesar* tempted her,
At no less Price than Kingdoms, to betray me;
But she resisted all: And yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so?

Dola. Yes, there's my Reason.

Re-enter *Ventidius*, with *Octavia*, leading *Antony's* two
Daughters.

Ant. Where?——*Octavia* there! [Starting]

Vent. What, is the Poison to you! a Disease?
Look on her, view her well; and those she brings:
Are they all Strangers to your Eyes? has Nature
No secret Call, no Whisper they are yours?

Dola. For shame, my Lord, if not for Love, receive
With kinder Eyes. If you confess a Man,
Meet em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.
Your Arms should open, ev'n without your Knowledge
To clasp 'em in; your Feet should turn to Wings,
To bear you to 'em; and your Eyes dart out,
And aim a Kiss ere you could reach the Lips.

Ant. I stood amaz'd to think how they came hither.

Vent. I sent for 'em; I brought 'em in, unknown
To *Cleopatra's* Guards.

Dola. Yet are you cold?

Octav. Thus long I have attended for my welcome
Which, as a Stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?

Ant. *Cesar's* Sister.

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That's unkind!

been nothing more than *Cesar's* Sister,
I had still remain'd in *Cesar's* Camp;
your *Octavia*, your much injur'd Wife,
banish'd from your Bed, driv'n from your House,
right of *Cesar's* Sister, still is yours.

True, I have a Heart disdains your Coldness,
prompts me not to seek what you should offer;

Wife's Virtue still surmounts that Pride:

me to claim you as my own; to show

Duty first, to ask, nay beg, your Kindness:

Hand, my Lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

[Taking his Hand.

Do, take it, thou deserv'st it.

On my Soul,

so she does: She's neither too submissive,

yet too haughty; but so just a mean,

as, as it ought, a Wife and *Roman* too.

I fear, *Octavia*, you have begg'd my Life.

Begg'd it, my Lord?

Yes, begg'd it, my Ambassadress,

and basely begg'd it of your Brother.

Poorly and basely I could never beg;

could my Brother grant.

Shall I, who, to my kneeling Slave, could say,

up, and be a King; shall I fall down

and cry, Forgive me, *Cesar*? shall I set

an, my Equal, in the Place of *Jove*,

he could give me Being? No; that word,

would choke me up,

die upon my Tongue.

You shall not need it.

I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd me:

Friend too! To receive some vile Conditions,

Wife has bought me, with her Prayers and Tears;

now I must become her branded Slave,

every peevish Mood she will upbraid

the Life she gave: If I but look awry,

cries, I'll tell my Brother.

My hard Fortune

Subjects

Subjects me still to your unkind Mistakes.
 But the Conditions I have brought are such
 You need not blush to take: I love your Honour;
 Because 'tis mine; it never shall be said
Octavia's Husband was her Brother's Slave.
 Sir, you are free; free, ev'n from her you loath;
 For, tho' my Brother bargains for your Love,
 Makes me the Price and Cement of your Peace,
 I have a Soul like yours; I cannot take
 Your Love as Alms, nor beg what I deserve.
 I'll tell my Brother we are reconcil'd;
 He shall draw back his Troops, and you shall march
 To rule the East: I may be dropt at *Athens*;
 No matter where, I never will complain.
 But only keep the barren Name of Wife,
 And rid you of the Trouble.

Vent. Was ever such a Strife of sullen Honour!
 Both scorn to be oblig'd.

Dola. O, she has toucht him in the tender'st Part;
 See how he reddens with Despight and Shame
 To be out-done in Generosity:

Vent. See how he winks! how he dries up a Tear,
 That fain wou'd fall!

Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise
 The Greatness of your Soul;
 But cannot yield to what you have propos'd:
 For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by Love;
 And you do all for Duty. You would free me,
 And would be dropt at *Athens*; was't not so?

Octav. It was, my Lord.

Ant. Then I must be oblig'd
 To one who loves me not, who, to her self,
 May call me thankless and ungrateful Man:
 I'll not endure it, no.

Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.

Octav. Would you triumph o'er poor *Octavia's* Virtue
 That Pride was all I had to bear me up;
 That you might think you ow'd me for your Life,
 And ow'd it to my Duty, not my Love.
 I have been injur'd, and my haughty Soul

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old brook but ill the Man who slights my Bed.

Ant. Therefore you love me not.

Octav. Therefore, my Lord,

could not love you.

Ant. Therefore you would leave me?

Octav. And therefore I should leave you——if I could.

Dola. Her Soul's too great, after such Injuries,

say she loves; and yet she lets you see it.

Modesty and Silence plead her Cause.

Ant. O, *Dolabella*, which way shall I turn?

and a secret Yielding in my Soul;

Cleopatra, who would die with me,

if she be left? Pity pleads for *Octavia*;

does it not plead more for *Cleopatra*?

Ant. Justice and Pity both plead for *Octavia*;

Cleopatra, neither.

we would be ruin'd with you; but she first

ruin'd you: The other, you have ruin'd,

yet she would preserve you.

every thing their Merits are unequal.

Ant. O, my distracted Soul!

Octav. Sweet Heav'n compose it.

me, come, my Lord, if I can pardon you,

thinks you should accept it. Look on these;

are they not yours? Or stand they thus neglected

they are mine? Go to him, Children, go;

feel to him, take him by the Hand, speak to him;

you may speak, and he may own you too,

without a Blush; and so he cannot all

Children: Go, I say, and pull him to me,

and pull him to your selves, from that bad Woman.

you *Agrippina* hang upon his Arms,

and you, *Antonia*, clasp about his Waste:

he will shake you off, if he will dash you

ainst the Pavement, you must bear it, Children;

you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

[*Here the Children go to him, &c.*]

Ant. Was ever sight so moving! Emperor!

Dola. Friend!

Octav. Husband!

Both

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Both Child. Father!

Ant. I am vanquish'd: Take me,
Octavia, take me; Children; share me all. [*Embracing them*]
 I've been a thriftless Debtor to your Loves,
 And run out much, in Riot, from your Stock;
 But all shall be amended.

Octav. O blest Hour!

Dola. O happy Charge!

Vent. My Joy stops at my Tongue;
 But it has found two Channels here for one,
 And bubbles out above.

Ant. to Octav. This is thy Triumph; lead me whither
 Ev'n to thy Brother's Camp.

Octav. All there are yours.

Enter Alexas hastily.

Alex. The Queen, my Mistress, Sir, and yours—

Ant. 'Tis past, *Octavia*, you shall stay this Night;
 To morrow, *Cesar* and we are one,

[*Ex. leading Octavia, Dol. and the Children following*]

Vent. There's News for you; run, my officious Eunuch
 Be sure to be the first; haste forward:
 Haste, my dear Eunuch, haste.

Alex. This downright fighting Fool, this thick-skull'd
 This blunt unthinking Instrument of Death,
 With plain dull Virtue, has out-gone my Wit:
 Pleasure forsook my early't Infancy,
 The Luxury of others robb'd my Cradle,
 And ravish'd thence the Promise of a Man:
 Cast out from Nature, disinherited
 Of what her meanest Children claim by Kind;
 Yet, Greatness kept me from Contempt: That's gone.
 Had *Cleopatra* follow'd my Advice,
 Then he had been betray'd, who now forsakes.
 She dies for Love: but she has known its Joys:
 Gods, is this just, that I, who know no Joys,
 Must die, because she loves?

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Train.

Oh, Madam, I have seen what blasts my Eyes!
Octavia's here!

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Peace with that Raven's Note.

it too; and now am in

ings of Death.

You are no more a Queen;

lost

What tell'st thou me of Egypt?

My Soul is lost! Octavia has him!

Name to Cleopatra's Love!

Yes, my Embraces now are hers;

But thou hast seen my Rival; speak,

Does she deserve this Blessing? Is she fair,

As a Goddess? and is all Perfection

Given to her? It is. Poor I was made

Of coarse Matter which, when she was finish'd,

Gods threw by, for Rubbish.

She's indeed a very Miracle.

Death to my Hopes, a Miracle!

A Miracle;

[Bowing.

Of Goodness; for in Beauty, Madam,

Make all Wonders cease.

I was too rash:

This in Part of Recompence. But, Oh,

[Giving a Ring.

Thou flatter'st me.

She comes! she's here!

Fly, Madam, Caesar's Sister!

Were she the Sister of the Thund'rer Jove,

Her Brother's Lightning in her Eyes,

Would I face my Rival.

[Meets Octav. with Ventid. Octav. bears up to her.

Their Trains come up on either side.

I need not ask if you are Cleopatra,

Naughty Carriage—

Shows I am a Queen:

And I ask you who you are.

A Roman:

That makes, and can unmake a Queen.

Your Lord, the Man who serves me, is a Roman.

He was a Roman, till he lost that Name

Slave in Egypt; but I come

To

To free him thence.

Cleo. Peace, peace, my Lover's *Juno*.

When he grew weary of that Household-Clog,
He chose my easier Bonds.

Octav. I wonder not

Your Bonds are easie; you have long been practis'd
In that lascivious Art: He's not the first

For whom you spread your Snares: Let *Cesar* witness.

Cleo. I lov'd not *Cesar*; 'twas but Gratitude

I paid his Love: The worst your Malice can,
Is but to say the greatest of Mankind

Has been my Slave. The next, but far above him

In my Esteem, is he whom Law calls yours,

But whom his Love made mine.

Octav. I would view nearer [Coming up close to]

That Face, which has so long usurp'd my Right,

To find th'inevitable Charms, that catch

Mankind so sure, that ruin'd my dear Lord.

Cleo. O, you do well to search; for had you known

But half these Charms, you had not lost his Heart.

Octav. Far be their Knowledge from a *Roman Lady*.

Far from a modest Wife. Shame of our Sex.

Dost thou not blush, to own those black Endearments

That make Sin pleasing?

Cleo. You may blush, who want 'em.

If bounteous Nature, if indulgent Heav'n

Have given me Charms to please the bravest Man;

Should I not thank 'em? should I be ashamed,

And not be proud? I am, that he has lov'd me;

And, when I love not him, Heav'n change this Face

For one like that.

Octav. Thou lov'st him not so well.

Cleo. I love him better, and deserve him more.

Octav. You do not; cannot: You have been his *Rom*

Who made him cheap at *Rome*. but *Cleopatra*?

Who made him scorn'd abroad, but *Cleopatra*?

At *Actium*, who betray'd him? *Cleopatra*.

Who made his Children Orphans? and poor me

A wretched Widow? only *Cleopatra*.

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Cleo. Yet she who loves him best is *Cleopatra*.

You have suffer'd, I have suffer'd more.

You bear the specious Title of a Wife,

Gild your Cause, and draw the pitying World

Favour it: The World contemns poor me;

I have lost my Honour, lost my Fame,

And stain'd the Glory of my Royal House,

And all to bear the branded Name of Mistress.

There wants but Life, and that too I would lose

For him I love.

Octav. Be't so then; take thy Wish.

[*Exit cum suis.*]

Cleo. And 'tis my Wish,

Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.

My Sight grows dim, and every Object dances,

And swims before me, in the Maze of Death.

My Spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up:

They could not sink beneath a Rival's Scorn:

But now she's gone they faint.

Alex. Mine have had leisure

To recollect their Strength, and furnish Counsel,

To ruin her; who else must ruin you.

Cleo. Vain Promiser!

Lead me, my *Charmion*; nay, your Hand too, *Iras*:

My Grief has weight enough to sink you both,

Conduct me to some solitary Chamber,

And draw the Curtains round;

Then leave me to my self, to take alone

My Fill of Grief:

There I till Death will his Unkindness weep:

As harmless Infants moan themselves asleep. [*Exeunt.*]

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antony and Dolabella.

Dola. **W**HY would you shift it from your self, on
Can you not tell her you must part?

Ant. I cannot.

I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep. Oh, *Dolabella*,
How many Deaths are in this word *Depart*!
I dare not trust my Tongue to tell her so:
One Look of hers would thaw me into Tears,
And I should melt till I were lost again.

Dola. Then let *Ventidius*?

He's rough by Nature.

Ant. Oh, he'll speak too harshly;

He'll kill her with the News: Thou, only thou.

Dola. Nature has cast me in so soft a Mold,
That but to hear a Story feign'd for Pleasure
Of some sad Lover's Death, moistens my Eyes,
And robs me of my Manhood.——I should speak
So faintly; with such Fear to grieve her Heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.

Ant. Therefore, therefore

Thou only, thou art fit: Think thy self me,
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long)
Take off the Edge from every sharper Sound,
And let our Parting be as gently made
As other Loves begin: Wilt thou do this?

Dola. What you have said, so sinks into my Soul,
That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

Ant. I leave you then to your sad Task: Farewel.
I sent her word to meet you.

[*Goes to the Door, and comes back*

I forgot;

Let her be'told, I'll make her Peace with mine:

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er Crown and Dignity shall be preserv'd,
I have Pow'r with *Cesar*——O, be sure
think on that.

Dola. Fear not, I will remember,

[*Antony goes again to the Door, and comes back.*]

Ant. And tell her, too, how much I was constrain'd;
did not this, but with extreamest Force:

fire her not to hate my Memory,
I still cherish hers!——insist on that.

Dola. Trust me, I'll not forget it.

Ant. Then that's all.

[*Goes out, and returns again.*]

Will thou forgive my Fondness this once more?

Will her, tho' we shall never meet again,

I shou'd hear she took another Love,

the News would break my Heart——Now I must go;

every time I have return'd, I feel

my Soul more tender; and my next Command

would be to bid her stay, and ruin both.

[*Exit.*]

Dola. Men are but Children of a larger Growth,

or Appetites as apt to change as theirs,

and full as craving too, and full as vain;

and yet the Soul, shut up in her dark Room,

sewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;

it, like a Mole in Earth, busie and blind,

works all her Folly up, and casts it outward

to the World's open view: Thus I discover'd,

and blam'd the Love of ruin'd *Antony*;

it wish that I were he, to be so ruin'd.

Enter Ventidius above.

Vent. Alone? and talking to himself? concern'd too?

perhaps my Guess is right; he lov'd her once,

and may pursue it still.

Dola. O Friendship! Friendship!

canst thou answer this; and Reason, worse:

faithful in th'Attempt; hopeless to win;

and, if I win, undone: Meer Madness all.

and yet th'Occasion's fair. What Injury

to him, to wear the Robe which he throws by?

Vent. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,

to ruin her yet more with *Antony*.

En

Enter Cleopatra, talking with Alexas ; Charmion, Iras
the other side.

Dola. She comes ! What Charms have Sorrow on that Face
Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much Sweetness ;
Yet, now and then, a melancholy Smile
Breaks loose, like Lightning, in a Winter's Night,
And shows a moments Day.

Vent. If she shou'd love him too ! Her Eunuch there !
That *Porcupine* bodes ill Weather. Draw, draw nearer,
Sweet Devil, that I may hear.

Alex. Believe me ; try

[*Dolabella goes over to Charmion and Iras ; seems to talk with them*]

To make him jealous ; Jealousie is like
A polish'd Glass held to the Lips when Life's in doubt :
If there be Breath, 'twill catch the Damp and show it.

Cleo. I grant you Jealousie's a Proof of Love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing Med'cine ;
It puts out the Disease, and makes it show,
But has no Pow'r to cure.

Alex. 'Tis your last Remedy, and strongest too :
And then this *Dolabella*, who so fit
To practise on ? He's handsome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for Nature's Bait
To catch weak Womens Eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you : The least kind Word, or Glance,
You give this Youth, will kindle him with Love :
Then, like a burning Vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the Wind,
To fire the Heart of jealous *Antony*.

Cleo. Can I do this ? Ah no ; my Love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me
A Wife, a silly harmless household Dove ;
Fond without Art ; and kind without Deceit ;
But Fortune, that has made a Mistress of me,
Has thrust me out to the wide World, unfurnish'd
Of Falshood to be happy.

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Alex. Force your self.

'Tis Event will be, your Lover will return
Doubly desirous to possess the Good
Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleo. I must attempt it;
But oh with what Regret!

[Exit Alex. (She comes up to Dolabella.)

Vent. So now the Scene draws near; they're in my reach.

Cleo. to Dol. Discourfing with my Women! Might not I
Share in your Entertainment?

Char. You have been
The Subject of it, Madam.

Cleo. How; and how?

Iras. Such Praises of your Beauty!

Cleo. Meer Poetry.

Our Roman Wits, your Gallus and Tibullus
Have taught you this from Cithæris and Delia.

Dola. Those Roman Wits have never been in Egypt,
Cithæris and Delia else had been unsung:

Who have seen——had I been born a Poet,
Would chuse a nobler Name.

Cleo. You flatter me.

'Tis your Nation's Vice: All of your Country
Are Flatterers, and all false. Your Friend's like you,
Are sure he sent you not to speak these Words.

Dola. No, Madam; yet he sent me——

Cleo. Well, he sent you——

Dola. Of a less pleasing Errand.

Cleo. How less pleasing?

Is to your self, or me?

Dola. Madam, to both;

For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

Cleo. You, Charmion, and your Fellow, stand at distance
And up, my Spirits. [Aside.] —— Well, now your mourn-
ful Matter;

I'm prepar'd, perhaps can guess it too.

Dola. I wish you would; for 'tis a thankless Office
To tell ill News: And I, of all your Sex,

Am least fear displeasing you.

Cleo. Of all your Sex,

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I

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I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

Vent. Most delicate Advances! Woman! Woman!
Dear damn'd, inconstant Sex!

Cleo. In the first Place,
I am to be forsaken; is't not so?

Dola. I wish I could not answer to that Question.

Cleo. Then pass it o'er, because it troubles you:
I should have been more griev'd another time.

Next, I'm to lose my Kingdom——Farewel, Egypt.
Yet, is there any more?

Dola. Madam, I fear
Your too deep Sense of Grief has turn'd your Reason.

Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear Fortune:
And Love may be expell'd by other Love,
As Poisons are by Poisons.

Dola.——You o'erjoy me, Madam,
To find your Grievs so moderately born.
You've heard the worst; all are not false, like him.

Cleo. No; Heav'n forbid they should.

Dola. Some Men are constant.

Cleo. And Constancy deserves Reward, that's certain.

Dola. Deserves it not; but give it leave to hope.

Vent. I'll swear thou hast my Leave. I have enough:
But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider. [Exit]

Dola. I came prepar'd,
To tell you heavy News; News, which I thought
Would fright the Blood from your pale Cheeks to a r:
But you have met it with a Chearfulness
That makes my Task more easie; and my Tongue,
Which on another's Message was employ'd,
Would gladly speak its own.

Cleo. Hold, *Dolabella*.

First tell me, were you chosen by my Lord?
Or sought you this Employment?

Dola. He pick'd me out; and, as his Bosom-friend,
He charg'd me with his Words.

Cleo. The Message then
I know was tender, and each Accent smooth,
To mollifie that rugged Word *Depart*.

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Dola. Oh, you mistake: He chose the harshest Words,
With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,
He coin'd his Face in the severest Stamp:
And Fury shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake;
He heav'd for Vent, and burst like bellowing *Ætna*,
In Sounds scarce human, "Hence, away for ever:
Let her begone, the Blot of my Renown,
And Bane of all my Hopes:

[All the time of this Speech, Cleopatra seems more and more concern'd, till she sinks quite down.]

Let her be driven as far as Men can think
From Man's Commerce: She'll Poison to the Center.
Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more!

Dola. Help, help: Oh Wretch! Oh cursed, cursed
What have I done! [Wretch!]

Char. Help, chase her Temples, *Iras*.

Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.

Char. Heav'n be prais'd,

She comes again.

Cleo. Oh, let him not approach me.

Why have you brought me back to this loath'd Being,

Wh' Abode of Falshood, violated Vows,

And injur'd Love? For Pity, let me go;

Or, if there be a Place of long Repose,

I'm sure I want it. My disdainful Lord

Can never break that Quiet; nor awake

The sleeping Soul, with hollowing in my Tomb

Such Words as fright her hence, Unkind, unkind.

Dola. Believe me, 'tis against my self I speak, [Kneeling.]

That sure deserves Belief; I injur'd him:

My Friend ne'er spoke those Words. Oh, had you seen

How often he came back, and every time

With something more obliging and more kind,

To add to what he said; what dear Farewells;

How almost vanquisht by his Love he parted,

And lean'd to what unwillingly he left:

Traitor as I was, for Love of you,

But what can you not do, who made me false!

Forg'd that Lie; for whose Forgiveness kneels

This self-accus'd, self-punish'd Criminal.

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Cleo. With how much ease believe we what we wish!
Rise, *Dolabella*; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much Love
Has made me guilty too.

Th' Advance of Kindness which I made, was feign'd,
To call back fleeting Love by Jealousie;
But 'twould not last. Oh, rather let me lose,
Than so ignobly Trifle with his Heart.

Dola. I find your Breast fenc'd round from human reach,
Transparent as a Rock of solid Crystal;
Seen through, but never pierc'd. My Friend, my Friend!
What endless Treasure hast thou thrown away,
And scatter'd, like an Infant, in the Ocean,
Vain Sums of Wealth which none can gather thence.

Cleo. Could you not beg
An Hour's Admittance to his private Ear?
Like one who wanders through long barren Wilds,
And yet foreknows no hospitable Inn
Is near to succour Hunger,
Eats his Fill, before his painful March:
So would I feed a while my famish'd Eyes
Before we part; for I have far to go,
If Death be far, and never must return.

Ventidius, with Octavia, behind.

Vent. From hence you may discover—Oh, sweet, sweet!
Would you indeed? the pretty Hand in earnest?

Dola. I will, for this Reward. [Takes her Hand.

— Draw it not back,

'Tis all I e'er will beg.

Vent. They turn upon us

Octav. What quick Eyes has Guilt!

Vent. Seem not to have observ'd 'em, and go on.

They enter.

Dola. Saw you the Emperor, *Ventidius*?

Vent. No.

I sought him; but I heard that he was private,
None with him, but *Hipparchus* his Freedman.

Dola. Know you his Business?

Vent. Giving him Instructions,
And Letters, to his Brother *Caesar*.

Dola.

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Dola. Well,
He must be found.

[*Exeunt Dola. and Cleo.*]

Octav. Most glorious Impudence!

Vent. She look'd methought
As she would say, Take your old Man, *Octavia*;
Thank you, I'm better here.
Well, but what use
Make we of this Discovery?

Octav. Let it die.

Vent. I pity *Delabella*; but she's dangerous:
Her Eyes have Pow'r beyond *Thessalian* Charms
To draw the Moon from Heav'n; for Eloquence,
The Sea-green Syrens taught her Voice their Flatt'ry;
And, while she speaks, Night steals upon the Day,
Unmark'd of those that hear: Then she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to Youth:
The holy Priests gaze on her when she smiles;
And with heav'd Hands forgetting Gravity,
They bless her wanton Eyes: Even I who hate her,
With a malignant Joy behold such Beauty;
And, while I curse, desire it. *Antony*
Must needs have some Remains of Passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse Relapse,
If now not fully cur'd. I know, this Minute,
With *Cesar* he's endeavouring her Peace.

Octav. You have prevail'd:— but for a farther purpose
[*Walks off.*]

I'll prove how he will relish this Discovery.
What, make a *Strumpet's* Peace! it swells my Heart:
It must not, sha' not be.

Vent. His Guards appear.
Let me begin, and you shall second me.

Enter Antony.

Ant. *Octavia*, I was looking you, my Love:
What, are your Letters ready? I have giv'n
My last Instructions.

Octa. Mine, my Lord, are written.

Ant. *Ventidius!* [Drawing him aside.]

Vent. My Lord?

Ant. A word in private.

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When saw you *Dolabella*?

Vent. Now, my Lord,
He parted hence; and *Cleopatra* with him.

Ant. Speak softly. 'Twas by my Command he went,
To bear my last Farewel.

Vent. It look'd indeed [Aloud,
Like your Farewel.

Ant. More softly—— My Farewel?
What secret Meaning have you in those Words
Of my Farewel? He did it by my Order.

Vent. Then he obey'd your Order. I suppose [Aloud,
You bid him do it with all Gentleness,
All Kindness, and all—— Love.

Ant. How she mourn'd,
The poor forsaken Creature!

Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore your Parting
As she did *Cesar's*, as she would another's,
Were a new Love to come.

Ant. Thou dost belie her; [Aloud,
Most basely, and maliciously belie her.

Vent. I thought not to displease you; I have done.

Octav. You seem disturb'd, my Lord. [Coming up,

Ant. A very Trifle.

Retire my Love.

Vent. It was indeed a Trifle.

He sent——

Ant. No more. Look how thou disobey'st me; [Angrily,

Thy Life shall answer it.

Octav. Then 'tis no Trifle.

Vent. to Octav. 'Tisless; a very nothing: You too saw it,
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no Secret.

Ant. She saw it!

Vent. Yes: She saw young *Dolabella*——

Ant. Young *Dolabella*!

Vent. Young, I think him young,
And handsome too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your Command,
Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind Message;
For she receiv'd it graciously; she smil'd:

And

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And then he grew Familiar with her Hand,
Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with ravenous Kisses;
He blush'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and blush'd again;
At last she took Occasion to talk softly,
And brought her Cheek up close, and lean'd on his,
At which, he whisper'd Kisses back on hers;
And then she cry'd aloud, That Constancy
Should be rewarded.

Othav. This I saw and heard.

Ant. What Woman was it, whom you heard and saw
So playful with my Friend!

Not *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Ev'n she, my Lord!

Ant. My *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Your *Cleopatra*;

Polabella's Cleopatra:

Every Man's *Cleopatra*.

Ant. Thou ly'st.

Vent. I do not lie, my Lord.

Is this so strange? Should Mistresses be left,
And not provide against a Time of Change?
You know she's not much us'd to lonely Nights.

Ant. I'll think no more on't.

I know 'tis false, and see the Plot betwixt you,

You needed not have gone this way, *Othavia*.

What harms it you that *Cleopatra's* just?

He's mine no more. I see; and I forgive:

Charge it no farther, Love.

Othav. Are you concern'd

That she's found false?

Ant. I should be, were it so;

For, tho' 'tis past, I would not that the World

Should tax my former Choice: That I lov'd one

Of so light Note; but I forgive you both.

Vent. What has my Age deserv'd, that you should think

I would abuse your Ears with Perjury?

Heav'n be true, she's false.

Ant. Tho' Heav'n and Earth

Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

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Ven. I'll bring you then a Witness
From Hell to prove her so. Nay, go not back;
[Seeing Alexas just entering, and starting back.]
For stay you must and shall.

Alex. What means my Lord?

Ven. To make you do what you most hate; speak truth,
You are of *Cleopatra's* private Counsel,
Of her Bed-Counsel, her lascivious Hours;
Are conscious of each nightly Change she makes,
And watch her, as *Chaldeans* do the Moon,
Can tell what Signs she passes through, what Day.

Alex. My Noble Lord.

Ven. My most Illustrious Pandar,
No fine set Speech, no Cadence, no turn'd Periods,
But a plain home-spun Truth, is what I ask:
I did, my self, o'erhear your Queen make Love
To *Dolabella*. Speak; for I will know,
By your Confession, what more past betwixt 'em;
How near the Bus'ness draws to your Employment;
And when the happy Hour.

Ant. Speak truth, *Alexas*, whether it offend
Or please *Ventidius*, care not: Justifie
Thy injur'd Queen from Malice: Dare his worst.

Oct. [Aside.] See, how he gives him Courage, how he
To find her false! and shuts his Eyes to Truth, [fears]
Willing to be mis-led!

Alex. As far as Love may plead for Woman's Frailty,
Urg'd by Desert and Greatness of the Lover;
So far (*Divine Octavia!*) may my Queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you, for loving him,
Who is your Lord: So far from brave *Ventidius*,
May her past Actions hope a fair Report.

Ant. 'Tis well, and truly spoken: Mark, *Ventidius*.

Alex. To you, most Noble Emperor, her strong Passion
Stands not excus'd, but wholly justified.
Her Beauty's Charms alone, without her Crown,
From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the distant Vows
Of fighting Kings; and at her Feet were laid
The Scepters of the Earth, expos'd on Heaps,
To chuse where she wou'd Reign:

She

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She thought a *Roman* only could deserve her;
And, of all *Romans*, only *Antony*.
And, to be less than Wife to you, disdain'd
Their lawful Passion.

Ant. 'Tis but truth.

Alex. And yet, tho' Love, and your unmatch'd Desert,
Have drawn her from the due regard of Honour,
At last, Heav'n open'd her unwilling Eyes
To see the Wrongs she offer'd fair *Octavia*,
Whose holy Bed she lawlessly usurp'd,
The sad Effects of this improsperous War,
Confirm'd those pious Thoughts.

Ven. [*Aside.*] O, wheel you there?
Observe him now; the Man begins to mend,
And talk substantial Reason. Fear not Eunuch,
The Emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t' offend his Ears
With what the last Necessity has urg'd
On my forsaken Mistress; yet I must not
Presume to say her Heart is wholly alter'd.

Ant. No, dare not for thy Life, I charge thee dare not.
Pronounce that fatal Word.

Octav. Must I bear this? Good Heav'n, afford me Patience.
[*Aside.*]

Ven. On, sweet Eunuch; my dear half Man, proceed.

Alex. Yet *Dolabella*

Has lov'd her long, he, next my God-like Lord,
Deserves her best; and should she meet his Passion,
Rejected, as she is, by him she lov'd —

Ant. Hence, from my sight; for I can bear no more:
Let Furies drag thee quick to Hell; let all
The longer damn'd have rest; each torturing Hand
Do thou employ, 'till *Cleopatra* comes,
Then join thou too, and help to torture her.

[*Exit Alexas, thrust out by Antony.*]

Octav. 'Tis not well,
Indeed, my Lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To show this Passion, this extream Concernment
For an abandon'd, faithless Prostitute.

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Ant. *Othavia*, leave me: I am much disorder'd.
Leave me, I say.

Othav. My Lord?

Ant. I bid you leave me.

Ven. Obey him, Madam: Best withdraw a while,
And see how this will work.

Othav. Wherein have I offended you, my Lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,
Or infamous? Am I a *Cleopatra*?

Were I she,

Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my Neck, take slight Excuses,
And fawn upon my Falshood.

Ant. 'Tis too much,
Too much, *Othavia*; I am prest with Sorrows
Too heavy to be born; and you add more:
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of Man within, to aid me.

Othav. You would mourn
In private, for your Love, who has betray'd you;
You did but halfreturn to me: Your Kindness
Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my Lord,
You make Conditions for her.
And would include her Treaty. Wond'rous Proofs
Of Love to me!

Ant. Are you my Friend, *Ventidius*?
Or are you turn'd a *Dolabella* too,
And let this Fury loose?

Ven. Oh, be advis'd,
Sweet Madam, and retire.

Othav. Yes, I will go; but never to return.
You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.
My Lord, my Lord, Love will not always last,
When urg'd with long Unkindness, and Disdain:
Take her again whom you prefer to me;
She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd Man!
Let a feign'd Parting give her back your Heart,
Which a feign'd Love first got; for injur'd me,
Tho' my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
My Duty shall be yours.

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To the dear Pledges of our former Love,
My Tenderneſs and Care ſhall be transferr'd,
And they ſhall cheer, by turns, my widow'd Nights:
So take my laſt Farewel; for I deſpair
To have you whole, and ſcorn to take you half. [*Exit.*]

Ven. I combat Heav'n, which blaſts my beſt Deſigns:
My laſt Attempt muſt be to win her back;
But Oh, I fear, in vain. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Why was I fram'd with this plain honeſt Heart,
Which knows not to diſguiſe its Griets and Weakneſs,
But bears its Workings outward to the World?
I ſhould have kept the mighty Anguiſh in,
And forc'd a Smile at *Cleopatra's* Falſhood:
Oſtavia had believ'd it, and had ſtaid;
But I am made a ſhallow-forded Stream,
Seen to the bottom: All my Clearneſs ſcorn'd,
And all my Faults expos'd! — See where he comes

Enter Dolabella.

Who has prophan'd the Sacred Name of Friend,
And worn it into Vileness!
With how ſecure a Brow, and ſpecious Form
He gilds the ſecret Villain! Sure that Face
Was meant for Honeſty; but Heav'n miſ-match'd it,
And furniſh'd Treafon out with Nature's pomp,
To make its Work more eaſie.

Dola. O, my Friend!

Ant. Well, *Dolabella*, you perform'd my Meſſage?

Dola. I did, unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly?

Was it ſo hard for you to bear our parting?

You ſhould have wiſht it.

Dola. Why?

Ant. Becauſe you love me.

And ſhe receiv'd my Meſſage, with as true,
With as unfeign'd a Sorrow, as you brought it?

Dola. She loves you, ev'n to Madneſs.

Ant. Oh, I know it.

You, *Dolabella*, do not better know
How much ſhe loves me. And ſhould I
Forſake this Beauty? This all-perfect Creature?

Do

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Dola. I could not, were she mine.

Ant. And yet you first

Perswaded me: How come you alter'd since?

Dola. I said at first I was not fit to go;

I could not hear her Sighs, and see her Tears,
But Pity must prevail: And so, perhaps,
It may again with you; for I have promis'd
That she should take her last farewell: And, see,
She comes to claim my Word.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. False *Dolabella*!

Dola. What's false, my Lord?

Ant. Why, *Dolabella's* false,

And *Cleopatra's* false; both false and faithless.
Draw near, you well-join'd Wickedness, you Serpents,
Whom I have, in my kindly Bosom, warn'd
Till I am stung to Death.

Dola. My Lord, have I
Deserv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleo. Can Heav'n prepare

A newer Torment? Can it find a Curse
Beyond our Separation?

Ant. Yes, if Fate

Be just, much greater: Heav'n should be ingenious
In punishing such Crimes. The rowling Stone,
And gnawing Vulture, were slight Pains, invented
When *Jove* was young, and no Examples known
Of mighty Ills; but you have ripen'd Sin
To such a monstrous Growth, 'twill pose the Gods
To find an equal Torture. Two, two such,
Oh there's no farther Name, two such—to me,
To me, who lock'd my Soul within your Breasts,
Had no Desires, no Joys, no Life, but you;
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you
In Dowry with my Heart; I had no use,
No Fruit of all. but you: A Friend and Mistress
Was what the World could give. Oh, *Cleopatra*!
Oh, *Dolabella*! how could you betray
This tender Heart, which with an Infant-fondness
Lay lull'd betwixt your Bosoms, and there slept

Secure

Secure of injur'd Faith?

Dola. If she has wrong'd you,
Heav'n, Hell, and you revenge it.

Ant. If she has wrong'd me!
Thou would'st evade thy Part of Guilt; but swear
Thou lov'st not her.

Dola. Not so as I love you. [her.

Ant. Not so! Swear, swear, I say, thou dost not love

Dola. No more than Friendship will allow.

Ant. No more?

Friendship allows thee nothing: Thou art perjur'd—
And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'dst her not;
But not so much, no more. Oh trifling Hypocrite,
Who dar'st not own to her thou dost not love,
Nor own to me thou dost! *Ventidius* heard it;
Octavia saw it.

Cleo. They are Enemies.

Ant. *Alexas* is not so: He, he confest it;
He, who, next Hell, best knew it, he avow'd it.
Why do I seek a Proof beyond your self? [To *Dol.*
You whom I sent to bear my last Farewel
Return'd to plead her Stay.

Dola. What shall I answer?

If to have lov'd be Guilt, then I have sinn'd;
But if to have repented of that Love
Can wash away my Crime, I have repented.
Yet, if I have offended past Forgiveness,
Let not her suffer: She is innocent.

Cleo. Ah, what will not a Woman do who loves!
What means will she refuse, to keep that Heart
Where all her Joys are plac'd! 'Twas I encourag'd,
'Twas I blew up the Fire that scorch'd his Soul,
To make you jealous; and by that regain you.
But all in vain; I could not Counterfeit:
In spite of all the Dams, my Love broke o'er,
And drown'd my Heart again: Fate took th' Occasion;
And thus one Minnte's feigning has destroy'd
My whole Life's truth.

Ant. Thin Cobweb Arts of Falshood;
Seen, and broke though at first.

Dola.

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Dola. Forgive your Mistress.

Cleo. Forgive your Friend.

Ant. You have convinc'd your selves.

You plead each other's Cause: What Witnesses have you,
That you but meant to raise my Jealousie?

Cleo. Our selves and Heav'n.

Ant. Guilt witnesses for Guilt. Hence, Love and Friend-[Ship]

You have no longer place in human Breasts,
These two have driv'n you out: Avoid my Sight;
I would not kill the Man whom I have lov'd;
And cannot hurt the Woman; but avoid me,
I do not know how long I can be tame;
For, if I stay one Minute more to think
How I am wrong'd, my Justice and Revenge
Will cry so loud within me, that my Pity
Will not be heard for either.

Dola. Heav'n has but

Our Sorrow for our Sins; and then delights
To pardon erring Man: Sweet Mercy seems
Its darling Attribute, which limits Justice;
As if there were degrees in Infinite;
And Infinite would rather want Perfection,
Than punish to extent.

Ant. I can forgive

A Foe; but not a Mistress, and a Friend:
Treason is there in its most horrid Shape,
Where Trust is greatest: And the Soul resign'd
Is stabb'd by its own Guards: I'll hear no more;
Hence from my Sight, for ever.

Cleo. How? for ever!

I cannot go one Moment from your Sight,
And must I go for ever?
My Joys, my only Joys are center'd here:
What Place have I to go to? my own Kingdom?
That I have lost for you: Or to the Romans?
They hate me for your sake: Or must I wander
The wide World o'er, a helpless, banish'd Woman,
Banish'd for love of you; banish'd from you;
Ay, there's the Banishment! Oh hear me; hear me,
With strictest Justice: For I beg no favour:

And

And if I have offended you, then kill me,
But do not banish me.

Ant. I must not hear you.

Have a Fool within me takes your Part;
But Honour stops my Ears.

Cleo. For Pity hear me!

Would you cast off a Slave who follow'd you,
Who crouch'd beneath your Spurn?---He has no pity!
See, if he gives one Tear to my Departure;
One Look, one kind Farewel: Oh Iron heart!
Set all the Gods look down, and judge betwixt us,
If he did ever love!

Ant. No more: *Alexas*!

Dola. A perjur'd Villain!

Ant. to Cleo. Your *Alexas*; yours.

Cleo. O 'twas his Plot: His ruinous Design
Engage you in my Love by Jealousie.

Hear him; confront him with me; let him speak.

Ant. I have; I have.

Cleo. And if he clear me not-----

Ant. Your Creature! one who hangs upon your Smiles!
Watches your Eye to say or to unsay
Whate'er you please! I am not to be mov'd

Cleo. Then must we part? Farewel, my cruel Lord,
Th' Appearance is against me; and I go
Unjustifi'd, for ever from your Sight.

How I have lov'd, you know; how yet I love,
My only Comfort is, I know my self:

I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Then when you lov'd me most; so well, so truly,
I'll never strive against it; but die pleas'd
To think you once were mine.

Ant. Good Heav'n, they weep at parting.

Must I weep too? that calls 'em innocent.

I must not weep; and yet I must, to think

That I must not forgive-----

Live; but live wretched, 'tis but just you should,

Who made me so: Live from each others sight:

Let me not hear you meet: Set all the Earth,

And

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And all the Seas, betwixt your sunder'd Loves :
View nothing common but the Sun and Skies:
Now, all take several Ways;

And each your own sad Fate with mine deplore;
That you were false, and I could trust no more.

[Exeunt severally.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion and Iras.

Char. **B**E juster, Heav'n: such Virtue punish'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
And shuffles, with a random Hand, the Lots
Which Man is forc'd to draw.

Cleo. I could tear out these Eyes, that gain'd his Heart,
And had not Pow'r to keep it. O the Curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it Dotage!
Bear Witness, Gods, you heard him bid me go;
You whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
Of promis'd Faith——I'll die, I will not bear it.
You may hold me——

[She pulls out her Dagger, and they hold her.]
But I can keep my Breath; I can die inward,
And choak this Love:

Enter Alexas.

Iras. Help, O *Alexas*, help!
The Queen grows desperate, her Soul struggles in her,
With all the Agonies of Love and Rage,
And strives to force its Passage.

Cleo. Let me go.
Art thou there, Traitor!——O,
O, for a little Breath, to vent my Rage!
Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.

Alex. Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-tim'd Truth.
Was it for me to prop
The Ruins of a falling Majesty?

to place my self beneath the mighty Flaw,
thus to be crush'd, and pounded into Atomes,
by its o'erwhelming Weight? 'Tis too presuming
for Subjects, to preserve that wilful Pow'r
which courts its own Destruction.

Cleo. I would reason
more calmly with you. Did not you o'er-rule,
and force my plain, direct, and open Love
into these crooked Paths of Jealousie?
Now, what's th' Event? *Octavia* is remov'd;
but *Cleopatra*'s banish'd: Thou, thou Villain,
hast push'd my Boat to open Sea; to prove,
at my sad Cost, if thou canst steer it back.
It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruin'd:
Hence, thou Impostor, Traitor, Monster, Devil——
I can no more: Thou, and my Griefs, have sunk
me down so low, that I want Voice to curse thee.

Alex. Suppose some shipwrack'd Seaman near the Shore
dropping and faint, with climbing up the Cliff,
from above, some charitable Hand
pull him to safety, hazarding himself
to draw the others weight; would he look back
and curse him for his Pains? The Case is yours;
but one Step more, and you have gain'd the Heighth.

Cleo. Sunk, never more to rise.

Alex. *Octavia*'s gone, and *Dolabella* banish'd.

Believe me, Madam, *Antony* is yours.

His Heart was never lost; but started off
to Jealousie, Love's last retreat and covert:
Where it lyes hid in Shades, watchful in Silence,
and listning for the Sound that calls it back.
Some other, any Man ('tis so advanc'd)
may perfect this unfinish'd Work, which I
Unhappy only to my self) have left
to ease to his Hand.

Cleo. Look well thou do't; else ——

Alex. Else, what your Silence threatens——*Antony*
mounted up the *Pharos*; from whose Turret,
he stands surveying our *Egyptian* Gallies,
agg'd with *Cesar*'s Fleet: Now Death, or Conquest.

If

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If the first happen, Fate acquits my Promise:
If we o'ercome, the Conqueror is yours.

[A distant Shout within.

Char. Have Comfort, Madam: Did you mark that
Shout?

[Second Shout nearer.

Iras. Hark, they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the Port.

The loudness shows it near: Good News, kind Heav'ns,

Cleo. Osiris make it so.

Enter Serapion.

Serap. Where, where's the Queen?

Alex. How frightfully the holy Coward stares!

As if not yet recover'd of th' Assault.

When all his Gods, and what's more dear to him,
His Offerings were at stake.

Serap. O horror, horror!

Egypt has been; our latest Hour is come:

The Queen of Nations from her ancient Seat

Is sunk for ever in the dark Abyss:

Time has unroll'd her Glories to the last,

And now clos'd up the Volume.

Cleo. Be more plain:

Say, whence thou cam'st, (though Fate is in thy Face,
Which from thy haggard Eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens e'er thou speakest.)

Serap. I came from *Pharos*;

From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)

Our Land's last hope, your Navy——

Cleo. Vanquish'd?

Serap. No.

They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Serap. Nor that. I saw,

With *Antony*, your well-appointed Fleet

Row out; and thrice he wav'd his Hand on high,

And thrice with chearful Cries they shouted back:

'Twas then, false Fortune, like a fawning Strumpet,

About to leave the Bankrupt Prodigal,

With a dissembled Smile would kiss at parting,

And flatter to the Last; the well-tim'd Oars

Now

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ow dipt from every Bank, now smoothly run
meet the Foe; and soon indeed they met,
not as Foes. In few, we saw their Caps
either side thrown up; th'*Egyptian* Gallies
receiv'd like Friends) past through, and fell behind
the *Roman* Rear: And now, they all come forward,
and ride within the Port.

Cleo. Enough, *Serapion*:

I heard my Doom. This needed not, you Gods:
When I lost *Antony*, your Work was done;
Is but superfluous Malice. Where's my Lord?
How bears he this last Blow?

Serap. His Fury cannot be express'd by words;
Once he attempted headlong to have slain
All on his Foes, and aim'd at *Caesar's* Galley:
With-held, he raves on you; cries, He's betray'd.
Could he now find you——

Alex. Shun him, seek your Safety,
Till you can clear your Innocence.

Cleo. I'll stay.

Alex. You must not, haste you to your Monument;
While I make speed to *Caesar*.

Cleo. *Caesar*! No,
I have no Business with him.

Alex. I can work him
To spare your Life, and let this Madman perish. [too?

Cleo. Base fawning Wretch! wouldst thou betray him
Hence from my Sight, I will not hear a Traytor;
Was thy Design brought all this Ruin on us;

Serapion, thou art honest, counsel me:
At haste, each Moment's precious.

Serap. Retire; you must not yet see *Antony*.
He who began this Mischief,

Is just he tempt the Danger: Let him clear you;
And, since he offer'd you his servile Tongue,
To gain a poor precarious Life from *Caesar*,
Let him expose that fawning Eloquence,
And speak to *Antony*.

Alex. O Heav'ns! I dare not,
Meet my certain Death.

Cleo.

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Cleo. Slave, thou deserv'st it.
Not that I fear my Lord, will I avoid him;
I know him noble: When he banish'd me,
And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my Life;
But I'll be justify'd, and then die with him.

Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you. [cand,

Cleo. To Death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou
Now for thy Life, which basely thou wouldst save;
While mine I prize at this. Come, good *Serapion*.

[*Exeunt Cleo. Serap. Char. and Iras.*]

Alex. O that I less cou'd fear to lose this Being,
Which, like a Snow-ball, in my Coward Hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.
Poor Reason! what a wretched Aid art thou!
For still, in spite of thee,
These two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread
Their final Separation. Let me think:
What can I say, to save my self from Death?
No matter what becomes of *Cleopatra*.

Ant. Which way? where? [*Within.*]

Vent. This leads to th' Monument. [*Within.*]

Alex. Ah me! I hear him; yet I'm unprepar'd:
My Gift of Lying's gone;
And this Court-Devil, which I so oft have rais'd,
Forsakes me at my Need. I dare not stay;
Yet cannot far go hence. [*Exit.*]

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Ant. O happy *Caesar*! Thou hast Men to lead:
Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd *Antony*;
But *Rome* has conquer'd *Egypt*. I'm betray'd.

Vent. Curse on this treach'rous Train!
Their Soil and Heav'n infect 'em all with Baseness:
And their young Souls come tainted to the World
With the first Breath they draw.

Ant. Th'original Villain sure no God created,
He was a Bastard of the Sun, by *Nile*
Ap'd into Man, with all his Mother's Mud
Crusted about his Soul.

Vent. The Nation is
One Universal Traitor; and their Queen

the very Spirit and Extract of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left

Possibility of Aid from Valour?

Is there one God unsworn to my Destruction?

Is the least unmortgag'd Hope? for, if there be,

It thinks I cannot fall beneath the Fate

Of such a Boy as *Cæsar*.

The World's one half is yet in *Antony*;

And, from each Limb of it that's hew'd away,

The Soul comes back to me.

Vent. There yet remain

Three Legions in the Town. The last Assault

Wipe off the rest: If Death be your Design,

As I must wish it now, these are sufficient

To make a Heap about us of dead Foes,

An honest Pile for Burial.

Ant. They're enough.

We'll not divide our Stars; but Side by Side

Fight Emulous: And with malicious Eyes

Survey each other's Acts: So every Death

Thou givest, I'll take on me as a just Debt,

And pay thee in a Soul.

Vent. Now you shall see I love you. Not a Word

Of chiding more. By my few Hours of Life,

I am so pleas'd with this brave *Roman* Fate,

That I would not be *Cæsar*, to out-live you.

When we put off this Flesh, and mount together,

We shall be shown to all th'Ethereal Crowd;

So, this is he who dy'd with *Antony*.

[Troops,

Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through all their

And reach my *Veterans* yet? 'Tis worth the Tempting,

To'er-leap this Gulph of Fate,

And leave our wond'ring Destinies behind.

Enter Alexas, trembling.

Vent. See, see that Villain:

See *Cleopatra* stamp'd upon that Face,

With all her Cunning, all her Arts of Falshood!

Now she looks out through those dissembling Eyes!

Now he has set his Countenance for Deceit;

And Promises a Lie, before he speaks!

Let

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Let me dispatch him first.

[Drawing]

Alex. O, spare me, spare me.

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy Life
(Which thou mayst keep, because I scorn to take it)

No Syllable to justify thy Queen;
Save thy base Tongue its office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone,
Where she shall never be molested more
By Love, or you.

Ant. Fled to her *Dolabella*!

Die, Traitor, I revoke my Promise, die. [Going to kill him]

Alex. O hold, she is not fled.

Ant. She is: My Eyes
Are open to her Falshood; my whole Life
Has been a golden Dream, of Love and Friendship.
But, now I wake, I'm like a Merchant, row'd
From soft Repose, to see his Vessel sinking,
And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman!
Who follow'd me, but as the Swallow Summer,
Hatching her young Ones in my kindly Beams,
Singing her Flatt'ries to my Morning Wake;
But, now my Winter comes, she spreads her Wings,
And seeks the Spring of *Cesar*.

Alex. Think not so:

Her Fortunes have, in all things, mixt with yours.
Had she betray'd her Naval Force to *Rome*,
How easily might she have gone to *Cesar*,
Secure by such a Bribe!

Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. 'Tis too plain;
Else wou'd she have appear'd, to clear her self.

Alex. Too fatally she has; she could not bear
To be accus'd by you; but shut her self
Within her Monument; Look'd down and sigh'd;
While, from her unchang'd Face, the silent Tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their Parting.
Some undistinguish'd Words she inly murmur'd;
At last, she rais'd her Eyes, and, with such Looks
As dying *Lucrece* cast

Ant.

Ant. My Heart forebodes——

Vent. All for the best: Go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her Ponyard,

and, ere we cou'd prevent the fatal Blow,
 Plung'd it within her Breast: Then turn'd to me,
 Go, bear my Lord (said she) my last Farewel;
 And ask him if he yet suspect my Faith.
 More she was saying, but Death rush'd betwixt.
 She half pronounc'd your Name with her last Breath,
 And bury'd half within her.

Vent. Heav'n be prais'd.

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear Love?
 And art thou dead?

O those two Words! their Sound should be divided:
 Hadst thou been false, and dy'd; or hadst thou liv'd,
 And hadst been true——But Innocence and Death!
 This shews not well above. Then what am I,
 The Murderer of this Truth, this Innocence!
 Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
 As can expresse my Guilt!

[*ous:*

Vent. Is't come to this? The Gods have been too graci-
 And thus you thank 'em for't.

Ant. to Alex. Why stay'st thou here?

Is it for thee to spy upon my Soul,
 And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence:
 Thou art not worthy to behold, what now
 Becomes a Roman Emperor to perform.

Alex. He loves her still:

[*Aside.*

His Grief betrays it. Good! the Joy to find
 She's yet alive, compleats the Reconcilement.
 I've sav'd my self, and her. But, oh! the Romans!
 Fate comes too fast upon my Wit,

Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double. [*Exit.*

Vent. Wou'd she had dy'd a little sooner tho',
 Before *Octavia* went; you might have treated:
 Now 'twill look tame, and wou'd not be receiv'd.
 Come, rouse your self, and let's die warm together.

Ant. I will not fight: There's no more work for War,
 The Bus'ness of my angry Hours is done.

Vent. *Cesar* is at your Gates.

Ant.

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Ant. Why, let him enter;
He's welcome now.

Vent. What Legarthy has crept into your Soul?

Ant. 'Tis but a Scorn of Life, and just Desire
To free my self from Bondage.

Vent. Do it bravely.

Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O *Ventidius!*
What should I fight for now? My Queen is dead,
I was but great for her; my Pow'r, my Empire,
Were but my Merchandise to buy her Love;
And conquer'd Kings, my Factors. Now she's dead,
Let *Caesar* take the World——

An empty Circle, since the Jewel's gone
Which made it worth my Strife: My Being's nauseous;
For all the Bribes of Life are gone away.

Vent. Wou'd you be taken?

Ant. Yes, I wou'd be taken;

But, as a *Roman* ought, dead, my *Ventidius*:
For I'll convey my Soul from *Caesar's* reach,
And lay down Life my self. 'Tis time the World
Shou'd have a Lord, and know whom to obey.
We two have kept its Homage in suspense,
And bent the Globe on whose each side we trod,
Till it was dinted inwards: Let him walk
Alone upon't; I'm weary of my Part.
My Torch is out; and the World stands before me
Like a black Defart, at th'Approach of Night:
I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.

Vent. I could be griev'd,

But that I'll not out-live you: Chuse your Death;
For I have seen him in such various Shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
The Life I bear, is worn to such a Rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish indeed,
We threw it from us with a better Grace;
That like two Lions taken in the Toils,
We might at least thrust out our Paws, and wound
The Hunters that inclose us.

Ant. I have thought on't.

Ventidius, you must live.

Vent.

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Vent. I must not, Sir.

Ant. Wilt thou not live, to speak some good of me?
to stand by my fair Fame, and guard th' Approaches
from the ill Tongues of Men?

Vent. Who shall guard mine,
or living after you?

Ant. Say, I command it.

Vent. If we die well, our Deaths will speak themselves,
and need no living Witness.

Ant. Thou hast lov'd me,
and fain I wou'd reward thee: I must die;
kill me, and take the Merit of my Death
to make thee Friends with *Cæsar*.

Vent. Thank your Kindness.
You said I lov'd you; and, in Recompence,
you bid me turn a Traitor: Did I think
you wou'd have us'd me thus? that I shou'd die
with a hard Thought of you?

Ant. Forgive me, *Roman*.
Since I have heard of *Cleopatra's* Death
my Reason bears no Rule upon my Tongue,
it lets my Thoughts break all at random out:
I thought better; do not deny me twice.

Vent. By Heav'n, I will not,
let it not be t'out-live you.

Ant. Kill me first,
and then die thou: For 'tis but just thou serve
my Friend, before thy self.

Vent. Give me your Hand.
I soon shall meet again. Now, Farewel, Emperor.

[*Embrace.*]

He thinks that word's too cold to be my last:
since Death sweeps all Distinctions, Farewel, Friend.
That's all——

I will not make a Bus'ness of a Trifle:
and yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;
I turn your Face.

Ant. I do: Strike home be sure.

Vent. Home, as my Sword will reach. [*Kills himself.*]

Vent.

Vol. IV.

M

Ant.

Ant. O, thou mistak'st;
That wound was none of thine: Give it me back:
Thou robb'st me of my Death.

Vent. I do indeed;
But, think 'tis the first time I e'er deceiv'd you;
If that may plead my Pardon. And you, Gods,
Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjur'd,
Rather than kill my Friend.

Ant. Farewel. Ever my Leader, ev'n in Death!
My Queen and thou have got the Start of me;
And I'm the Lag of Honour——Gone so soon?
Is Death no more? He us'd him carelessly,
With a familiar Kindness: E'er he knock'd,
Ran to the Door, and took him in his Arms,
As who should say, You're welcome at all Hours,
A Friend need give no warning. Books had spoil'd him
For all the Learn'd are Cowards by Profession.
'Tis not worth

My farther Thought; for Death, for ought I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfy'd.

[Falls on his Sw

I've mist my Heart. O unperforming Hand!
Thou never could'st have err'd in a worse Time,
My Fortune jades me to the last; and Death,
Like a great Man, takes State, and makes me wait
For my Admittance——

[Trampling w

Some perhaps from *Caesar*:

If he should find me living, and suspect
That I plaid Booty with my Life! I'll mend
My Work, e'er they can reach me. [Rises upon his

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is my Lord? where is he?

Char. There he lyes,
And dead *Ventidius* by him.

Cleo. My Fears were Prophets; I am come too late
O that accurs'd *Alexas*!

[Runs to

Ant. Art thou living?
Or am I dead before I knew? and thou
The first kind Ghost that meets me?

The WORLD well LOST. 267

Cleo. Help me seat him.
Send quickly, send for help. [*They place him in a Chair.*]

Ant. I am answer'd.

We live both. Sit thee down, my *Cleopatra*:
I'll make the most I can of Life, to stay
A moment more with thee.

Cleo. How is it with you?

Ant. 'Tis as with a Man

Removing in a Hurry; all pack'd up,
But one dear Jewel that his haste forgot;
And he, for that, returns upon the Spur:
So I come back, for thee.

[*me;*]

Cleo. Too long, ye Heav'ns, you have been cruel to
Now show your mended Faith, and give me back
His fleeting Life.

Ant. It will not be, my Love.

I keep my Soul by force.
Say but thou art not false.

Cleo. 'Tis now too late

To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.
Unknown to me, *Alexas* feign'd my Death:
Which, when I knew, I hasten'd, to prevent
This fatal Consequence. My Fleet betray'd
Both you and me.

Ant. And *Dolabella* ———

Cleo. Scarce esteem'd before he lov'd; but hated now.

Ant. Enough: My Life's not long enough for more.

Thou sayst thou wilt come after: I believe thee;
For I can now believe whate'er thou sayst,
That we may part more kindly.

Cleo. I will come:

Doubt not, my Life, I'll come, and quickly too:
Cesar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

Ant. But grieve not, while thou stay'st,
My last disastrous Times:

Think we have had a clear and glorious Day;
And Heav'n did kindly to delay the Storm
Just till our close of Ev'ning. Ten Years Love,
And not a Moment lost, but all improv'd
To th' utmost Joys: What Ages have we liv'd?

And now to die each others; and, so dying,
While Hand in Hand we walk in Groves below,
Whole Troops of Lovers Ghosts shall flock about us,
And all the Train be ours.

Cleo. Your Words are like the Notes of dying Swans
Too sweet to last. Were there so many Hours
For your Unkindness, and not one for Love?

Ant. No, not a Minute—This one Kiss—more words
Than all I leave to *Caesar*. [Distant Music]

Cleo. O, tell me so again,
And take ten thousand Kisses, for that word.
My Lord, my Lord: Speak, if you yet have Being;
Sigh to me, if you cannot speak; or cast
One Look: Do any thing that shows you live.

Iras. He's gone too far, to hear you;
And this you see, a lump of senseless Clay,
The leavings of a Soul.

Char. Remember, Madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.

Clea. And I'll obey him.
I have not lov'd a *Roman*, not to know
What should become his Wife; his Wife, my *Charmin*
For 'tis to that high Title I aspire,
And now I'll not die less. Let dull *Octavia*
Survive, to mourn him dead: My noble Fate
Shall knit our Spousals with a Tie too strong
For *Roman* Laws to break.

Iras. Will you then die?

Cleo. Why shouldst thou make that Question?

Iras. *Caesar* is merciful.

Cleo. Let him be so

To those that want his Mercy: My poor Lord
Made no such Cov'nant with him, to spare me
When he was dead. Yield me to *Caesar's* Pride?
What, to be led in Triumph through the Streets,
A Spectacle to base *Plebeian* Eyes;
While some dejected Friend of *Antony's*,
Close in a Corner, shakes his Head, and mutters
A secret Curse on her who ruin'd him?
I'll none of that.

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Char. Whatever you resolve,

I'll follow ev'n to Death.

Iras. I only fear'd

for you; but more should fear to live without you.

Cleo. Why, now 'tis as it should be. Quick, my Friends,
dispatch; e'er this, the Town's in *Cæsar's* Hands:

My Lord looks down concern'd, and fears my Stay,

lest I should be surpriz'd;

keep him not waiting for his Love too long.

you, *Charmion*, bring my Crown and richest Jewels,

With 'em, the Wreath of Victory I made

Vain Augury!) for him who now lyes dead;

you, *Iras*, bring the Cure of all our Ills.

Iras. The Aspicks, Madam?

Cleo. Must I bid you twice? [*Exeunt Char. and Iras.*]

'Tis sweet to die, when they would force Life on me,

to rush into the dark Aboad of Death,

and seize him first; if he be like my Love,

he is not frightful sure.

We're now alone, in Secresie and Silence;

and is not this like Lovers? I may kiss

these pale, cold Lips; *Octavia* does not see me,

and, Oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,

than see him in her Arms — O welcome, welcome.

Enter Charmion and Iras.

Char. What must be done?

Cleo. Short Ceremony, Friends;

but yet it must be decent. First, this Laurel

shall crown my Hero's Head: He fell not basely,

nor left his Shield behind him. Only thou

shouldst Triumph o'er thy self; and thou alone

wert worthy so to Triumph.

Char. To what end

these Ensigns of your Pomp and Royalty?

Cleo. Dull, that thou art! why, 'tis to meet my Love;

as when I saw him first, on *Cydnus's* Bank,

all sparkling, like a Goddess; so adorn'd,

all find him once again: My second Spousals

shall match my first, in Glory. Haste, haste, both,

and dress the Bride of *Antony*.

270 ALL for LOVE; Or,

Char. 'Tis done.

Cleo. Now seat me by my Lord. I claim this place;
For I must conquer *Cæsar* too, like him,
And win my Share o'th' World. Hail, you dear Relicks
Of my immortal Love!

O let no impious Hand remove you hence;
But rest for ever here: Let *Egypt* give
His Death that peace, which it deny'd his Life.
Reach me the Casket.

Iras. Underneath the Fruit the Aspick lyes.

Cleo. Welcome, thou kind Deceiver!

[Putting aside the Linnen]

Thou best of Thieves; who, with an easie Key,
Dost open Life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n steal us from our selves: Discharging so
Death's dreadful Office, better than himself,
Touching our Limbs so gently into Slumber,
That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,
And thinks himself but Sleep.

Serap. The Queen, where is she?

[Within]

The Town is yielded, *Cæsar's* at the Gates.

Cleo. He comes too late t'invade the Rights of Death.
Haste, bare my Arm, and rouze the Serpent's Fury.

[Holds out her Arm, and draws it back]

Coward Flesh——

Wou'dst thou conspire with *Cæsar*, to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,
And not be sent by him,
But bring my self my Soul to *Antony*.

[Turns aside, and then shows her Arm bloody]

Take hence; the Work is done.

Serap. Break ope the Door,
And guard the Traitor well.

[Within]

Char. The next is ours.

Iras. Now, *Charmion*, to be worthy
Of our great Queen and Mistress. [They apply the Aspick]

Cleo. Already, Death, I feel thee in my Veins;
I go with such a Will to find my Lord,
That we shall quickly meet.
A heavy Numness creeps through every Limb,

And

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And now 'tis at my Head: My Eye-lids fall,
 And my dear Love is vanish'd in a Mist.
 Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to him;
 And lay me on his Breast — *Cesar*, thy worst;
 Now part us, if thou canst.

[Dies.]

*[Iras sinks down at her Feet, and dies; Charmion
 stands behind her Chair, as dressing her Head.]*

Enter Serapion, two Priests, Alexas bound, Egyptians.

2 Priests. Behold, *Serapion*, what havock Death has made!

Serap. 'Twas what I fear'd.

Charmion, is this well done?

Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a Queen, the last
 Of her great Race: I follow her. [Sinks down; dies.]

Alex. 'Tis true,

She has done well: Much better thus to die,
 Than live to make a Holy-day in Rome.

Serap. See, how the Lovers sit in State together,
 As they were giving Laws to half Mankind.

Th' Impression of a Smile left in her Face,
 Shows she dy'd pleas'd with him for whom she liv'd,
 And went to charm him in another World.

Cesar's just entring; Grief has now no leisure.

Secure that Villain, as our Pledge of Safety

To grace th' Imperial Triumph. Sleep, blest Pair;

Secure from human Chance, long Ages out,

While all the Storms of Fate fly o'er your Tomb;

And Fame, to late Posterity, shall tell,

No Lovers liv'd so great, or dy'd so well.



EPILOGUE

POets, like Disputants, when Reasons fail,
 Have one sure Refuge left; and that's to rail.
 Fop, Coxcomb, Fool, are thunder'd through the Pit;
 And this is all their Equipage of Wit.
 We wonder how the Devil this diff'rence grows,
 Betwixt our Fools in Verse, and yours in Prose:
 For, 'Faith, the Quarrel rightly understood,
 'Tis Civil War with their own Flesh and Blood.
 The thread-bare Author hates the gawdy Coat;
 And swears at the Gilt Coach, but swears a-foot:
 For 'tis observ'd of every scribbling Man,
 He grows a Fop as fast as e'er he can;
 Prunes up, and asks his Oracle the Glass,
 If Pink or Purple, best become his Face.
 For our poor Wretch, he neither rails nor prays;
 Nor likes your Wit just as you like his Plays;
 He has not yet so much of Mr. Bays.
 He does his best; and, if he cannot please,
 Would quietly sue out his Writ of Ease.
 Yet, if he might his own Grand Fury call,
 By the Fair Sex he begs to stand or fall.
 Let Cæsar's Pow'r the Mens Ambition move,
 But grace you him who lost the World for Love.
 Yet if some antiquated Lady say,
 The last Age is not copy'd in his Play;
 Heav'n help the Man who for that Face must drudge,
 Which only has the Wrinkles of a Fudge.
 Let not the Young and Beauteous join with those;
 For should you raise such numerous Hosts of Foes,
 Young Wits and Sparks he to his Aid must call;
 'Tis more than one Man's Work to please you all.



THE
KIND KEEPER;

O R,

Mr. *Limberham*:

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at

HIS HIGHNESS the DUKE of
YORK'S THEATRE.

Κῆν με φάγης ἐπὶ ρίζαν, ὁμῶς ἔτι καρποφορήσω.
Ἀνθολογία Δευτέρα.

Hic nuptiarum insanit amoribus; hic meretricum:
Omnes hi metuent versum; odere Poetas. Horat.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.



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To the Right Honourable

J O H N

Lord *VAUGHAN*, &c.

My LORD,

I Cannot easily excuse the printing of a Play at so unseasonable a time, when the great Plot of the Nation, like one of *Pharaoh's* lean Kine, has devour'd its younger Brethren of the Stage: But however weak my Defence might be for this, I am sure I should not need any to the World, for my Dedication to your Lordship; and if you can Pardon my Presumption in it, that a bad Poet should address himself to so great a Judge of Wit, I may hope at least to scape with the Excuse of *Catullus*, when he writ to *Cicero*:

M 6

Gratias

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Gratias tibi maximas Catullus
Agit, pessimus omnium Poeta ;
Tanto pessimus omnium Poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium Patronus.*

I have seen an Epistle of *Fleckno's* to a Noble man, who was by some extraordinary Chance a Scholar ; (and you may please to take notice by the way, how natural the connection of Thought is betwixt a bad Poet and *Fleckno*) where he begins thus : *Quatuordecim jam elapsi sunt anni*, &c. his *Latin*, it seems, not holding out to the end of the Sentence ; but he endeavour'd to tell his Patron, betwixt two Languages which he understood alike, that it was fourteen Years since he had the Happiness to know him ; 'tis just so long, and as happy be the Omen of Dulness to me, as it is to some Clergy-men and States-men, since your Lordship has known that there is a worse Poet remaining in the World, than he of scandalous Memory who left it last. I might enlarge upon the Subject with my Author, and assure you, that I have serv'd as long for you, as one of the *Patriarchs* did for his Old Testament Mistress : But I leave those Florishes, when occasion shall serve, for a greater Orator to use, and dare only tell you, that I never pass'd any part of my Life with greater Satisfaction or Improvement to my self, than those Years which I have liv'd in the Honour of your Lordship's Acquaintance. If I may have only the time abated when the publick Service call'd you to another part of the World, which in imitation of our florid Speakers, I might (if I durst presume upon the Expression) call the *Parenthesis of my Life*.

That

The Epistle Dedicatory.

That I have always honour'd you, I suppose I need not tell you at this time of Day; for you know I staid not to date my Respects to you from that Title which now you have, and to which you bring a greater Addition by your Merit, than you receive from it by the Name; but I am proud to let others know how long it is that I have been made happy by my knowledge of you, because I am sure it will give me a Reputation with the present Age, and with Posterity. And now, my Lord, I know you are afraid, lest I should take this occasion, which lies so fair for me, to acquaint the World with some of those Excellencies which I have admir'd in you; but I have reasonably consider'd, that to acquaint the World, is a Phrase of a malicious Meaning: For it would imply, that the World were not already acquainted with them. You are so generally known to be above the meanness of my Praises, that you have spar'd my Evidence, and spoil'd my Complement: Should I take for my common places, your knowledge both of the old and the new Philosophy, should I add to these your Skill in Mathematicks, and History, and yet farther, your being conversant with all the ancient Authors of the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues, as well as with the Modern, I should tell nothing new to Mankind; for when I have once but nam'd you, the World will anticipate all my Commendations, and go faster before me than I can follow. Be therefore secure, my Lord, that your own Fame has freed it self from the danger of a Panegyrique, and only give me leave to tell you, that I value the Candour of your Nature, and that one Character of Friendliness, and if I may have leave to call it, Kindness in you, before

The Epistle Dedicatory.

fore all those other which make you considerable in the Nation,

Some few of our Nobility are learned, and therefore I will not conclude an absolute Contradiction in the Terms of Nobleman and Scholar; but as the World goes now, 'tis very hard to predicate one upon the other; and 'tis yet more difficult to prove, that a Nobleman can be a Friend to Poetry: Were it not for two or three Instances in *Whitehall*, and in the Town, the Poets of this Age would find so little Incouragement for their Labours, and so few Understanders, that they might have leisure to turn Pamphleteers, and augment the number of those abominable Scriblers, who in this time of Licence abuse the Press, almost every Day, with Nonsense, and railing against the Government.

It remains, my Lord, that I should give you some account of this Comedy, which you have never seen, because it was written and acted in your absence, at your Government of *Jamaica*. 'Twas intended for an honest Satyr against our crying Sin of *Keeping*; how it would have succeeded, I can but guess, for it was permitted to be acted only thrice. The Crime for which it suffer'd, was that which is objected against the Satyrs of *Juvenal*, and the Epigrams of *Catullus*, that it express'd too much of the Vice which it decry'd: Your Lordship knows what Answer was return'd by the elder of those Poets, whom I last mention'd, to his Accusers.

*Castum esse decet pium Poetam
Injura. Versiculos nihil necesse est:*

The Epistle Dedicatory:

*Qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem,
Si sint molliculi & parum pudici.*

But I dare not make that Apology for my self, and therefore have taken a becoming Care, that those things which offended on the Stage, might be either alter'd, or omitted in the Press: For their Authority is, and shall be ever sacred to me, as much absent as present, and in all Alterations of their Fortune, who for those Reasons have stopp'd its farther Appearance on the Theatre. And whatsoever hinderance it has been to me, in point of Profit, many of my Friends can bear me witness, that I have not once murmur'd against that Decree. The same Fortune once happen'd to *Moliere*, on the occasion of his *Tartuffe*; which notwithstanding afterwards has seen the Light, in a Country more Bigot than ours, and is accounted amongst the best Pieces of that Poet. I will be bold enough to say, that this Comedy is of the first Rank of those which I have written, and that Posterity will be of my Opinion. It has nothing of particular Satyr in it: For whatsoever may have been pretended by some Criticks in the Town, I may safely and solemnly affirm, that no one Character has been drawn from any single Man; and that I have known so many of the same Humour, in every Folly which is here expos'd, as may serve to warrant it from a particular Reflection. It was printed in my absence from the Town, this Summer, much against my Expectation, otherwise I had over-look'd the Press, and been yet more careful, that neither my Friends should have had the least occasion of Unkindness against me, nor my Enemies of upbraiding me; but if it live to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

a second Impression, I will faithfully perform what has been wanting in this. In the mean time, my Lord, I recommend it to your Protection, and beg I may keep still that place in your Favour which I have hitherto enjoy'd ; and which I shall reckon as one of the greatest Blessings which can befall,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient,

Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

*True Wit has seen its best Days long ago,
It ne'er look'd up, since we were dipt in Show:
When Sense in Dogrel Rhimes and Clouds was lost,
And Dulness flourish'd at the Actors cost.
It stopt it here; when Tragedy was done,
Scurrilous and Humour the same Fate have run;
And Comedy is sunk to Trick and Pun.
Now our Machining Lumber will not sell,
And you no longer care for Heav'n or Hell;
What Stuff will please you next, the Lord can tell.
At them, who the Rebellion first began
To Wit, restore the Monarch if they can;
Our Author dares not be the first bold Man.
He, like the prudent Citizen, takes care
To keep for better Marts his Staple Ware,
His Toys are good enough for Sturbridge Fair.
Tricks were the Fashion; if it now be spent,
His time enough at Easter to invent;
No Man will make up a new Suit for Lent:
Now and then he takes a small Pretence
To forrage for a little Wit and Sense,
May Pardon him, he meant you no Offence.
Next Summer Nostradamus tells, they say,
That all the Criticks shall be shipt away,
And not enow be left to damn a Play.
To every Sail beside, good Heav'n be kind;
But drive away that Swarm with such a Wind,
That not one Locust may be left behind.*

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Aldo, an honest, good-natur'd, free-hearted old Gentleman of the Town.

Woodall his Son, under a false Name; bred broad, and new return'd from Travel.

Limberham, a tame, foolish Keeper, persuaded by what is last said to him, and changing next Word.

Brainsick, a Husband, who being well conceited of himself, despises his Wife: Vehement and Eloquent, as he thinks; but indeed a Talker of Nonsense.

Gervase, *Woodall's* Man: Formal, and apt to give good Counsel.

Giles, *Woodall's* cast Servant.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Saintly, an Hypocritical Fanatick, Landlady of the Boarding-House.

Mrs. Tricksy, a Termagant kept Mistress.

Mrs. Pleasance, suppos'd Daughter to *Mrs. Saintly*: Spightful and Satyrical; but secretly in Love with *Woodall*.

Mrs. Brainsick.

Judith, a Maid of the House.

SCENE, *A Boarding-House in Town.*

LIM



LIMBERHAM;
OR, THE
KIND KEEPER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An open Garden-House; a
Table in it, and Chairs.*

Enter Woodall and Gervase.

WOODALL.

BID the Footman receive the Trunks,
and Portmantua; and see 'em plac'd in the
Lodgings you have taken for me; while
I walk a turn here in the Garden.

Gerv. 'Tis already order'd, Sir: But they
are like to stay in the outer Room, till the
Mistress of the House return from Morning Exercise.

Wood. What, she's gone to the Parish Church, it seems,
her Devotions.

Gerv. No, Sir; the Servants have inform'd me, that
she rises every Morning, and goes to a private Meeting-
house;

house; where they pray for the Government, and practise against the Authority of it.

Wood. And hast thou trepan'd me into a Tabernacle of the Godly? Is this Pious Boarding-house a Place for me, thou wicked Varlet?

Gerv. According to human Appearance, I must confess, 'tis neither fit for you, nor you for it; but, have Patience, Sir, matters are not so bad as they may seem: There are pious Bawdy-houses in the World, or Conventicles would not be so much frequented: Neither is it impossible, but a devout Fanatick-Landlady of a Boarding-house may be a Bawd.

Wood. Ay, to those of her own Church, I grant you, *Gervase*; but I am none of those.

Gerv. If I were worthy to read you a Lecture in the Mystery of Wickedness, I would instruct you first in the *Art of seeming Holiness*: But, Heav'n be thank'd, you have a toward and pregnant Genius to Vice, and need not any Man's Instruction; and I am too good, I thank my Stars, for the vile Employment of a Pimp.

Wood. Then thou art e'en too good for me; a worse Man will serve my Turn.

Gerv. I call your Conscience to Witness, how often I have given you wholesome Counsel; how often I have said to you, with Tears in my Eyes, Master, or Master *Aldo*—

Wood. Mr. *Woodall*, you Rogue! that's my *nom de guerre*: You know I have laid by *Aldo*, for fear that Name should bring me to the Notice of my Father.

Gerv. Cry you mercy, good Mr. *Woodall*. How often have I said, Into what Courses do you run! Your Father sent you into *France* at twelve Years old, bred you up at *Paris*; first, in a College, and then at an *Academy*: At the first, instead of running through a Course of Philosophy, you ran through all the Bawdy-houses in Town: At the latter, instead of managing the great Horse, you exercis'd on your Master's Wife. What you did in *Germany*, I know not; but that you beat 'em all at their own Weapon, *Drinking*, and have brought home a Goblet of Plate from *Munster*, for the Prize of swallowing a Gallon of *Rhenish* more than the *Bishop*.

Wood.

The KIND KEEPER. 285

Wood. *Gervase*, thou shalt be my Chronicler, thou shalt none of my Heroick Actions.

Gerv. What a Comfort are you like to prove to your Father! You have run a Campaigning among the French these last three Years, without his Leave; and, now he sends for you back, to settle you in the World, and marry you to the Heirefs of a rich Gentleman, of whom he had the Guardianship, yet you do not make your Application to him.

Wood. Prithee, no more.

Gerv. You are come over, have been in Town above a Week *Incognito*, haunting Play-houses, and other Places; which for Modesty I name not; and have chang'd your Name, from *Aldo* to *Woodall*, for fear of being discover'd to him: You have not so much as inquir'd where he is lodg'd, though you know he is most commonly in London: And lastly, you have discharg'd my honest Fellow-servant *Giles*, because——

Wood. Because he was too saucy, and was ever offering to give me Counsel: Mark that, and tremble at his Destiny.

Gerv. I know the Reason why I am kept: Because you cannot be discover'd by my Means; for you took me up in *France*, and your Father knows me not.

Wood. I must have a Ramble in the Town: When I have spent my Mony, I will grow dutiful; see my Father, and ask for more. In the mean time, I have beheld a handsome Woman at a Play, I'm fall'n in Love with her, and have found her easie: Thou, I thank thee, hast trac'd her to her Lodging in this Boarding-house, and hither I am come to accomplish my Design.

Gerv. Well, Heav'n mend all. I hear our Landlady's Voice without; [*Noise.*] and therefore shall defer my Counsel to a fitter Season.

Wood. Not a Syllable of Counsel: The next Grave Sentence, thou marchest after *Giles*. *Woodall's* my Name: Remember that.

Enter Mrs. Saintly.

Is this the Lady of the House?

Gerv.

Gerv. Yes, Mr. Woodall, for want of a better, as I will tell you.

Wood. She has a notable Smack with her! I believe Zeal first taught the Art of Kissing close. [*Saluting her*]

Saint. You're welcome, Gentleman. Woodall is your Name?

Wood. I call my self so.

Saint. You look like a sober discreet Gentleman; there is Grace in your Countenance.

Wood. Some sprinklings of it, Madam: We must not boast.

Saint. Verily, boasting is of an evil Principle.

Wood. Faith, Madam —

Saint. No Swearing, I beseech you. Of what Church are you?

Wood. Why, of Covent-Garden Church, I think.

Gerv. How lewdly and ignorantly he Answers! [*Aside*] She means, of what Religion are you?

Wood. O, does she so? — Why, I am of your Religion, be it what it will, I warrant it a right one: I will not stand with you for a Trifle; *Presbyterian*, *Independent*, *Anabaptist*, they are all of 'em too good for us, unless we had the Grace to follow 'em,

Saint. I see you are ignorant; but verily, you are a new Vessel, and I may season you. I hope you do not use the Parish-Church.

Wood. Faith, Madam — (Cry you mercy; I forgot again!) I have been in *England* but five Days.

Saint. I find a certain Motion within me to this young Man, and must secure him to my self, e'er he see my Lodgers. [*Aside.*] O, seriously, I had forgotten; your Trunk and Portmantua are standing in the Hall: Your Lodgings are ready, and your Man may place 'em, if I please, while you and I confer together.

Wood. Go, *Gervase*, and do as you are directed.

[*Exit Gerv.*]

Saint. In the first Place, you must know, we are a Company of our selves, and expect you should live conformably and lovingly amongst us.

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Wood. There you have hit me. I am the most loving
soul, and shall be conformable to all of you.

Saint. And to me especially. Then, I hope, you're
no keeper of late Hours.

Wood. No, no, my Hours are very early; betwixt
three and four in the Morning, commonly.

Saint. That must be amended: But to remedy the In-
convenience, I will my self sit up for you. I hope, you
would not offer Violence to me?

Wood. I think I should not, if I were sober.

Saint. Then, if you were overtaken, and should offer
Violence, and I consent not, you may do your filthy
Part, and I am Blameless.

Wood. [*Aside.*] I think the Devil's in her; she has given
me the hint again. Well, it shall go hard, but I will of-
fer Violence sometimes; will that content you?

Saint. I have a Cup of Cordial Water in my Closet,
which will help to strengthen Nature, and to carry off a
Debauch: I do not invite you thither; but the House
will be safe a Bed, and Scandal will be avoided.

Wood. Hang Scandal; I am above it, at those times.

Saint. But Scandal is the greatest Part of the Offence;
you must be secret. And I must warn you of another
thing; there are, besides my self, two more young Wo-
men in my House.

Wood. [*Aside.*] That, besides her self; is a cooling Card.
Pray, how young are they?

Saint. About my Age: Some eighteen, or twenty, or
thereabouts.

Wood. Oh! very good! Two more young Women be-
sides your self, and both handsome?

Saint. No, verily, they are painted Out-sides; you must
not cast your Eyes upon 'em, nor listen to their Con-
versation: You are already chosen for a better Work.

Wood. I warrant you, let me alone: I am chosen, I.

Saint. They are a Couple of alluring wanton Minxes.

Wood. Are they very alluring, say you? very wanton?

Saint. You appear exalted, when I mention those Pit-
falls of Iniquity.

Wood.

Wood. Who, I exalted? Good Faith, I am as sober, Melancholy poor Soul!—

Saint. I see this abominable Sin of Swearing is rooted in you. Tear it out; oh tear it out; it will destroy your precious Soul.

Wood. I find we two shall scarce agree: I must come to your Closet when I have got a Bottle; for, at such a time, I am horribly given to it.

Saint. Verily, a little Swearing may be then allowable. You may swear you love me, 'tis a lawful Oath; but then, you must not look on Harlots.

Wood. I must wheedle her, and whet my Courage first on her; as a good Musician always preludes before a Tune. Come, here's my first Oath. [*Embracing her*]

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. How now, Mrs. *Saintly*! what work have we here towards?

Wood. [*Aside.*] *Aldo*, my own natural Father, as I live! I remember the Lines of that hide-bound Face: Does he lodge here? if he should know me, I am ruin'd.

Saint. Curse on his coming! he has disturb'd us. [*Aside.*] Well, young Gentleman, I shall take a time to instruct you better.

Wood. You shall find me an apt Scholar.

Saint. I must go abroad upon some Business; but remember your Promise, to carry your self soberly, and without scandal in my Family; and so I leave you to this Gentleman, who is a Member of it. [*Ex. Saint.*]

Aldo. [*Aside.*] Before *George*, a proper Fellow, and a Swinger he should be, by his make! the Rogue would humble a Whore, I warrant him! You are welcome, Sir, amongst us——most heartily welcome, as I may say.

Wood. All's well: He knows me not.——Sir, your Civility is obliging to a Stranger, and may befriend me, in the Acquaintance of our Fellow-lodgers.

Aldo. Hold you there, Sir: I must first understand you a little better; and yet, methinks, you should be true to Love.

Wood. Drinking and Wenching, are but slips of Youth: I had those good Qualities from my Father.

Aldo. Thou, Boy ! Aha, Boy ! a true *Trojan*, I warrant thee ! [*Hugging him.*] Well, I say no more ; but you are caught into such a Family, such Food for Concupiscence, such *Bona Roba's* !

Wood. One I know indeed ; a Wife : But *Bona Roba's* by you ?

Aldo. I say, *Bona Roba's* in the Plural Number.

Wood. Why, what a *Turk Mahomet* shall I be ! No, I will not make my self drunk with the Conceit of so much Joy : The Fortune's too great for mortal Man, and I a poor unworthy Sinner.

Aldo. Wou'd I lie to my Friend ? Am I a Man ! Am I Christian ? There is that Wife you mention'd, a delicate wheedling Devil, with such an Appearance of Simlicity ; and with that she does so undermine, so fool her conceited Husband, that he despises her !

Wood. Just ripe for Horns : His destiny, like a *Turk's*, written in his Forehead.

Aldo. Peace, Peace, thou art yet ordain'd for greater things. There's another too, a kept Mistress, a brave clapping Jade, a two-handed Whore !

Wood. A kept Mistress too ! my Bowels yearn to her ready : She's certain Prize.

Aldo. But this Lady is so Termagant an Empress ! and so submissive, so tame, so led a Keeper, and as proud of his Slavery, as a *Frenchman* : I am confident he dares not find her False, for fear of a Quarrel with her ; besides he is sure to be at the Charges of the War ; she knows he cannot live without her, and therefore seeks occasions of Falling out to make him purchase Peace. I believe she's now aiming at a Settlement.

Wood. Might not I ask you one civil Question ? How do you pass your Time in this noble Family ? for I find you are a Lover of the Game, and I should be loath to hunt in your Purlieus.

Aldo. I must first tell you something of my Condition : I am here a Friend to all of 'em ; I am their *Fac-tum*, do all their Business ; for, not to boast, Sir, I am a Man of general Acquaintance ; There's no News in Town, either Foreign or Domestick, but I have it first ;

no Mortgage of Lands, no Sale of Houses, but I have a Finger in 'em.

Wood. Then, I suppose, you are a Gainer by your Pains.

Aldo. No, I do all *gratis*, and am most commonly a Loser; only a Buck sometimes from this good Lord, or that good Lady in the Country: And I eat it not alone, I must have Company.

Wood. Pray, what Company do you invite?

Aldo. Peace, peace, I am coming to you: Why, you must know I am tender-natur'd; and if any unhappy Difference have arisen betwixt a Mistress and her Gallant, then I strike in to do good Offices betwixt 'em, and, at my own proper Charges, conclude the Quarrel with a reconciling Supper.

Wood. I find the Ladies of Pleasure are beholden to you.

Aldo. Before *George*, I love the poor little Devils. I am indeed a Father to 'em, and so they call me: I give 'em my Counsel, and assist 'em with my Purse. I cannot see a pretty Sinner hurry'd to Prison by the Land-Pirates, but Nature works, and I must Bail her: Or want a Supper, but I have a Couple of cram'd Chickens, Cream Tart, and a Bottle of Wine to offer her.

Wood. Sure you expect some kindness in return.

Aldo. Faith, not much: Nature in me is a low Water-mark; my Body's a Jade, and tires under me; yet I love to smuggle still in a Corner; pat 'em down, and pur over 'em; but, after that, I can do 'em little harm.

Wood. Then I'm acquainted with your Business: You would be a Kind of Deputy-fumbler under me.

Aldo. You have me right. Be you the Lion, to devour the Prey, I am your *Jack-Call*, to provide it for you: There will be a Bone for me to pick.

Wood. Your Humility becomes your Age. For my Part, I am vigorous, and throw at all.

Aldo. As right as if I had begot thee! Wilt thou give me leave to call thee Son?

Wood. With all my Heart.

Aldo. Ha, mad Son!

Wood. Mad Daddy !

Aldo. Your Man told me, you were just return'd from
travel : What Parts have you last visited ?

Wood. I came from *France*.

Aldo. Then, perhaps, you may have known an ungra-
tious Boy of mine there.

Wood. Like enough : Pray, what's his Name ?

Aldo. *George Aldo*.

Wood. I must confess I do know the Gentleman ; satis-
fied your self, he's in Health, and upon his Return.

Aldo. That's some Comfort : But, I hear, a very
gay, a lewd young Fellow.

Wood. The worst I know of him is, that he loves
Wench ; and that good Quality he has not stoln.

[*Musick at the Balcony over-head : Mrs. Trickfy and
Judith appear.*

ark ! there's Musick above.

Aldo. 'Tis at my Daughter *Trickfy's* Lodging, the kept
strefs I told you of, the Lads of Mettle : But for all
carries it so high, I know her Pedigree ; her Mo-
ther's a Semstrefs in *Dog and Bitch-Yard*, and was, in her
youth, as right as she is.

Wood. Then she's a two-pil'd Punk, a Punk of two
scents.

Aldo. And her Father, the Famous Cbler, who taught
Wingham to the Black-birds. How stand thy Affecti-
ons to her, thou lusty Rogue ?

Wood. All o'fire : A most urging Creature !

Aldo. Peace ! they are beginning.

A S O N G.

I.

'G^{ainst} Keepers we Petition,
Who wou'd inclose the Common :
'Tis enough to raise Sedition
In the Free-born Subject Woman.
Because for his Gold,
I my Body have sold,

He thinks I'm a Slave for my Life,
 He rants, domineers,
 He swaggers and swears,
 And wou'd keep me as bare as his Wife.

II.

'Gainst Keepers we petition, &c.
 'Tis honest and fair,
 That a Feast I prepare ;
 But when his dull Appetite's o'er,
 I'll treat with the rest
 Some welcomer Guest,
 For the Reck'ning was paid me before.

Wood. A Song against Keepers ! this makes well for
 us lusty Lovers.

Trick. [*Above.*] Father, Father Aldo !

Aldo. Daughter Trick/sy, are you there Child ? your
 Friends at Barnet are all well, and your dear Master Lim-
 berham, that noble Hephestion, is returning with 'em.

Trick. And you are come upon the Spur before, to ac-
 quaint me with the News.

Aldo. Well, thou art the happiest Rogue in a kind
 Keeper ! He drank thy Health five Times, *supernaculum*
 to my Son Brain-sick ; and dipt my Daughter Pleasur'
 little Finger, to make it go down more glibly : And, be-
 fore George, I grew tory rory, as they say, and strain'd
 a Brimmer through the Lilly-white Smock, i'faith.

Trick. You will never leave these fumbling Tricks
 Father, till you are taken upon Suspicion of Manhood, and
 have a Bastard laid at your Door : I am sure you would
 own it for your Credit.

Aldo. Before George, I should not see it starve for the
 Mother's sake : For, if she were a Punk, she was good
 natur'd, I warrant her.

Wood. [*Aside.*] Well, if ever Son was blest with a
 hopeful Father, I am.

Trick. Who's that Gentleman with you ?

Aldo. A young *Monsieur* return'd from Travel ; a lusty
 young Rogue ; a true-mill'd Whoremaster, with the
 right Stamp. He's a Fellow-lodger, incorporate in our
 Society

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Society : For whose sake he came hither, let him tell you.

Wood. [*Aside.*] Are you gloting already ? then there's hopes i'faith.

Trick. You seem to know him, Father.

Aldo. Know him ! from his Cradle———What's your Name ?

Wood. Woodall.

Aldo. Woodall of Woodall ; I knew his Father ; we were Contemporaries, and Fellow-wenchers in our Youth.

Wood. [*Aside.*] My honest Father stumbles into truth, in spite of Lying.

Trick. I was just coming down to the Garden-house before you came.

Aldo. I'm sorry I cannot stay to present my Son Woodall to you ; but I have set you together, that's enough for me. [*Exit.*]

Wood. [*Alone.*] 'Twas my Study to avoid my Father, and I have run full into his Mouth ; and yet I have a strong Hank upon him too, for I am private to as many of his Virtues, as he is of mine. After all, if I had an Ounce of Discretion left, I should pursue this Business no farther : But two fine Women in a House ! Well, his resolv'd, come what will on't, thou art answerable for all my Sins, old Aldo———

Enter Tricksy with a Box of Essences.

Here she comes, this Heir-Apparent of a Semstress, and a Cobler ! and yet, as she's adorn'd, she looks like any Princess of the Blood.

[*Salutes her.*]

Trick. [*Aside.*] What a Difference there is between this Gentleman, and my Feeble Keeper, Mr. Limberham ! He's to my Wish, if he would but make the least Advancements to me. Father Aldo tells me, Sir, you're a Traveller : What Adventures have you had in Foreign Countries ?

Wood. I have no Adventures of my own can deserve your Curiosity : but, now I think on't, I can tell you one that hapned to a French Cavalier, a Friend of mine, at Tripoli.

Trick. No Wars, I beseech you : I am so weary of my Father *Aldo's Lorrain* and *Crequy*.

Wood. Then this is as you would desire it, a Love Adventure. This *French Gentleman* was made a Slave to the *Dye of Tripoli* ; by his good Qualities gain'd his Master's Favour ; and after, by corrupting an *Eunuch* was brought into the *Seraglio* privately, to see the *Dye's* Mistress.

Trick. This is somewhat ; proceed, sweet Sir.

Wood. He was so much amaz'd, when he first beheld her, leaning over a *Balcone*, that he scarcely dar'd to lift his Eyes, or speak to her.

Trick. [*Aside.*] I find him now. But what follow'd of this dumb Interview ?

Wood. The *Nymph* was gracious, and came down to him ; but with so Goddess-like a Presence, that the poor Gentleman was Thunder-struck again.

Trick. That savour'd little of the *Monsieur's* Gallantry, especially when the Lady gave him Encouragement.

Wood. The Gentleman was not so dull, but he understood the Favour, and was presuming enough to try if she were Mortal : He advanc'd with more Assurance, and took her fair Hands : Was he not too bold, Madam ? and would not you have drawn back yours, had you been in the *Sultana's* Place ?

Trick. If the *Sultana* lik'd him well enough to come down into the Garden to him, I suppose she came no farther thither to gather Nosegays.

Wood. Give me leave, Madam, to thank you, in my Friends behalf, for your favourable Judgment. [*Kisses her Hand.*] He kiss'd her Hand with an exceeding Transport ; and finding that she prest his at the same instant, he proceeded with a greater Eagerness to her Lips : But, Madam, the Story wou'd be without Life, unless you give me leave to act the Circumstances. [*Kisses her*

Trick. Well, I'll swear you are the most Natural Historian !

Wood. But now, Madam, my Heart beats with Joy when I come to tell you the sweetest Part of his Adventure : Opportunity was favourable, and Love was on his

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his Side; he told her, the Chamber was more private, and a fitter Scene for Pleasure. Then, looking on her Eyes, he found 'em languishing; he saw her Cheeks flushing, and heard her Voice faulting in a half denial: He seiz'd her Hand with an amorous Ecstasie, and——

[*Takes her Hand.*]

Trick. Hold, Sir, you act your Part too far. Your Friend was unconscionable, if he desir'd more Favours at the first Interview.

Wood. He both desir'd, and obtain'd 'em, Madam, and so will——

[*Noise.*] *Trick.* Heavens! I hear Mr. *Limberham's* Voice: He's return'd from *Barnet*.

Wood. I'll avoid him.

Trick. That's impossible; he'll meet you. Let me think a Moment: Mrs. *Saintly* is abroad, and cannot discover you: Have any of the Servants seen you?

Wood. None.

Trick. Then you shall pass for my *Italian* Merchant of *Essences*: Here's a little Box of 'em just ready.

Wood. But I speak no *Italian*, only a few broken Scraps which I pick'd up from *Scaramouch* and *Harlequin* at *Paris*.

Trick. You must venture that: When we are rid of *Limberham*, 'tis but slipping into your Chamber, throwing off your black Periwig, and Riding Suit, and you come out an *English-man*. No more; he's here.

Enter Limberham.

Limb. Why, how now, *Pug*? Nay, I must lay you over the Lips, to take hansel of 'em, for my Welcome.

Trick. [*Putting him back.*] Foh! how you smell of Sweat, Dear!

Limb. I have put my self into this same unfavoury Heat, out of my violent Affection to see thee, *Pug*; before *George*, as Father *Aldo* says, I could not live without thee; thou art the purest Bed-fellow, though I say it, that I did nothing but dream of thee all Night; and then I was so troublesome to Father *Aldo* (for you must

know, he and I were lodg'd together) that, in my Conscience, I did so kiss him, and so hug him in my Sleep!

Trick. I dare be sworn 'twas in your Sleep; for, when you are waking, you are the most honest, quiet Bed-fellow, that ever lay by Woman.

Limb. Well, *Pug*, all shall be amended; I am come home on purpose to pay old Debts. But who is that same Fellow there? what makes he in our Territories?

Trick. You Auph you, do you not perceive it is the Italian Seignior, who is come to sell me Essences?

Limb. Is this the Seignior? I warrant you, 'tis he the Lampoon was made on.

[Sings the Tune of Seignior, and ends with Ho, ho.

Trick. Prithee leave thy Foppery, that we may have done with him. He asks an unreasonable Price, and we cannot agree. Here, Seignior, take your Trinkets, and be gone.

Wood. [Taking the Box.] *A Dio, Seigniora.*

Limb. Hold, pray stay a little, Seignior; a thing is come into my Head o'th' sudden.

Trick. What would you have, you eternal Sot? the Man's in haste.

Limb. But why should you be in your Frumps, *Pug*, when I design only to oblige you? I must present you with this Box of Essences; nothing can be too dear for thee.

Trick. Pray let him go, he understands no *English*.

Limb. Then how could you drive a Bargain with him, *Pug*?

Trick. Why, by Signs, you Coxcomb.

Limb. Very good! Then I'll first pull him by the Sleeve, that's a Sign to stay. Look you, Mr. Seignior, I would make a Present of your Essences to this Lady; for I find I cannot speak too plain to you, because you understand no *English*. Be not you Refractory now, but take ready Mony: That's a Rule.

Wood. *Seignioro, non intendo Inglese.*

Limb. This is a very dull Fellow! he says, he does not intend *English*. How much shall I offer him, *Pug*?

Trick.

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Trick. If you will Present me, I have bidden him ten guineas.

Limb. And, before George, you bid him fair. Look you, Mr. Seignior, I will give you all these, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Do you see, Seignior!

Wood. Seignior, Si.

Limb. Lo' you there, Pug, he does see. Here, will you take me at my Word?

Wood. [Shrugging up.] *Troppo poco, troppo poco.*

Limb. *A poco, a poco!* why, a Pox o' you too, and you go to that. Stay, now I think on't, I can tickle him with French; he'll understand that sure. *Monsieur, voulez vous prendre ces dix Guinees, pour ces Effences? non soy c'est assez.*

Wood. *Chi vala, Amici: Ho di Casa! Taratapa, Taratapa, eus, malou, meau!*——[To her.] I am at the End of my Italian, what will become of me?

Trick. [To him.] Speak any thing, and make it pass for Italian; but be sure you take his Mony.

Wood. Seignior, *jo non canno takare ten Guimeo, possibilmente; 'tis to my loss.*

Limb. That is, Pug, he cannot possibly take ten Guineas, 'tis to his Loss: Now I understand him, this is almost English.

Trick. English! away, you Fop: 'Tis a kind of *Lingua Franca*, as I have heard the Merchants call it; a certain compound Language, made up of all Tongues, that passes through the Levant.

Limb. This *Lingua*, what you call it, is the most rarest language, I understand it as well as if it were English; you shall see me answer him: *Seignioro, stay a littlo, and consider wello, ten Guimmio is monyo, a very considerable summa.*

Trick. Come, you shall make it twelve, and he shall take it for my sake.

Limb. Then, Seignioro, for *Pugsakio*, *addo two moro: vous donne bon advise: prenez vistement: prenez me à moro.*

Wood. *Jo losero molto: ma per gagnare it vestro costume, semi hanfello.*

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Limb. There is both *Hansello* and *Guimmio*; *tako, tako* and so Good-morrow.

Trick. Good-morrow, *Seignior*, I like your Spirits very well; pray let me have all your Essence you can spare.

Limb. Come, *Puggio*, and let us retire in *secreto*, like Lovers, into our *Chambro*; for I grow impatient—
Bon Matin, Monsieur, bon Matin & bon jour.

[*Exeunt Limberham and Trick.*]

Wood. Well, get thee gone, Squire *Limberham*, for the easiest Fool I ever knew, next my Naunt of Fairies in the *Alchymist*. I have escap'd, thanks to my Mistress's *Lingua Franca*: I'll steal to my Chamber, shift my Periwig and Cloaths; and then, with the help of resty *Gervase*, concert the Business of the next Campaign. My Father sticks in my Stomach still; but I am resolv'd to be *Woodall* with him, and *Aldo* with the Women. [*Exit.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Woodall and Gervase.

Wood. **H**itherto, sweet *Gervase*, we have carry'd Matters swimmingly: I have danc'd in a Net before my Father, almost Check-mated the Keeper, retir'd to my Chamber undiscover'd, shifted my Habit, and am come out an absolute *Mounseieur* to allure the Ladies. How fits my *Chedreux*?

Gerv. O very finely! with the Locks comb'd down like a Mare-maid's on a Sign-post. Well, you think now your Father may live in the same House with you till Dooms-day, and never find you; or, when he has found you, he will be kind enough not to consider what a Property you have made of him. My Employment is at an end; you have got a better Pimp, thanks to your filial Reverence.

Wood. Prithee what should a Man do with such a Father, but use him thus? Besides, he does Journey-work

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under me; 'tis his Humour to fumble, and my Duty to provide for his old Age.

Gerv. Take my Advice yet; down o'your Marrow-bones, and ask Forgiveness; Espouse the Wife he has provided for you; lye by the side of a wholesome Woman, and procreate your own Progeny in the fear of Heaven.

Wood. I have no Vocation to it, *Gervase*: A Man of sense is not made for Marriage; 'tis a Game, which none but dull plodding Fellows can play at well; and 'tis natural to them, as Crimp is to a *Dutch-man*.

Gerv. Think on't however, Sir; Debauchery is upon our last Legs in *England*: Witty Men began the Fashion; and, now the Fops are got into't, 'tis time to leave it.

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. Son *Woodall*, thou vigorous young Rogue, I congratulate thy good Fortune; thy Man has told me the adventure of the *Italian Merchant*.

Wood. Well, they are now retir'd together, like *Rinaldo* and *Armida*, to private Dalliance; but we shall find a time to separate their Loves, and strike in betwixt 'em, Daddy: But I hear there's another Lady in the House, my Landlady's fair Daughter; how came you to leave her out of your Catalogue?

Aldo. She's pretty, I confess, but most damnably Honest; have a Care of her, I warn you, for she's prying and malicious.

Wood. A tang of the Mother; but I love to graff on such a Crab-tree; she may bear good Fruit another Year.

Aldo. No, no, avoid her: I warrant thee, young *Alexander*, I will provide thee more Worlds to conquer.

Gerv. [*Aside.*] My old Master would fain pass for *Philip* of *Macedon*, when he is little better than *Sir Pandarus* of *Troy*.

Wood. If you get this Keeper out of Doors, Father, and give me but an Opportunity —

Aldo. Trust my Diligence; I will smoak him out, as they do Bees, but I will make him leave his Honey-comb.

Gerv.

Gerv. [*Aside.*] If I had a thousand Sons, none of the Race of the *Gervases* should ever be educated by thee, thou vile old Satan.

Aldo. Away Boy, fix thy Arms, and whet, like the lusty *German* Boys, before a Charge: He shall bolt immediately.

Wood. O, fear not the Vigorous five and twenty.

Aldo. Hold, a Word first: Thou said'st my Son was shortly to come over.

Wood. So he told me.

Aldo. Thou art my Bosom Friend.

Gerv. [*Aside.*] Of an Hour's Acquaintance.

Aldo. Be sure thou dost not discover my Frailties to the young Scoundrel: 'Twere enough to make the Boy my Master. I must keep up the Dignity of old Age with him.

Wood. Keep but your own Counsel, Father; for what ever he knows, must come from you.

Aldo. The Truth on't is, I sent for him over; partly to have marry'd him, and partly because his vil'amous Bills came so thick upon me, that I grew weary of the Charge.

Gerv. He spar'd for nothing; he laid it on, Sir, as I have heard.

Wood. Peace, you lying Rogue; believe me, Sir, bating his necessary Expences of Women, which I know you would not have him want: In all things else, he was the best Manager of your Allowance; and, tho' I say it—

Gerv. [*Aside.*] That should not say it.

Wood. The most hopeful young Gentleman in *Paris*.

Aldo. Report speaks otherwise. And before *George*, I shall read him a Worm-wood Lecture, when I see him. But hark, I hear the Door unlock; the Lovers are coming out: I'll stay here, to wheedle him abroad; but you must vanish.

Wood. Like Night and the Moon, in the Maids Tragedy: I into Mist; you into Day.

[*Exe. Woodall and Gervase.*]

Enter

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Enter Limberham and Trickfy.

Limb. Nay, but dear sweet honey *Pug*, forgive me but this once: It may be any Man's Case, when his Desires are too vehement.

Trick. Let me alone; I care not.

Limb. But then thou wilt not love me, *Pug*:

Aldo. How now Son *Limberham*? there's no Quarrel towards, I hope!

Trick. You had best tell now, and make your self Ridiculous!

Limb. She's in Passion: Pray do you moderate this matter, Father *Aldo*.

Trick. Father *Aldo*! I wonder you are not ashamed to call him so! you may be his Father, if the Truth were known.

Aldo. Before *George*, I smell a Rat, Son *Limberham*: I doubt, I doubt here has been some great Omission in Love Affairs.

Limb. I think all the Stars in Heav'n have conspired my Ruin. I'll look in my Almanack——As I hope for Mercy 'tis cross Day now.

Trick. Hang your pitiful Excuses. 'Tis well known what offers I have had, and what Fortunes I might have made with others, like a Fool as I was, to throw away my Youth and Beauty upon you. I could have had a young handsome Lord, that offer'd me my Coach and six; besides many a good Knight and Gentleman, that would have parted with their own Ladies, and have settled half they had upon me.

Limb. Ay, you said so.

Trick. I said so, Sir! who am I? is not my Word as good as yours?

Limb. As mine, Gentlewomen? tho' I say it, my Word will go for thousands.

Trick. The more shame for you, that you have done no more for me: But I am resolv'd I'll not lose my Time with you; I'll part.

Limb. Do, who cares? Go to Dog and Bitch-yard, and help your Mother to make Footmens Shirts.

Trick. I defie you, Slanderer, I defie you.

Aldo.

Aldo. Nay, dear Daughter!

Limb. I defie her too.

Aldo. Nay, good Son!

Trick. Let me alone: I'll have him cudgel'd by my Footman.

Enter Saintly.

Saint. Bless us! what's here to do? My Neighbours will think I keep a Nest of unclean Birds here.

Limb. You had best preach now, and make her House be thought a Bawdy-house.

Trick. No, no: While you are in't, you'll secure it from that Scandal. Hark hither, Mrs. *Saintly*. [*Whispers.*

Limb. Do, tell, tell, no matter for that.

Saint. Who would have imagin'd you had been such a kind of Man, Mr. *Limberham*? O Heav'n, O Heav'n. [*Ex.*

Limb. So, now you have spit your Venom, and the Storm's over.

Aldo. [*Crying.*] That I should ever live to see this Day!

Trick. To show I can live honest, in spite of all Mankind, I'll go into a Nunnery, and that's my Resolution.

Limb. Don't hinder her, good Father *Aldo*; I'm sure she'll come back from *France*, before she gets half way o'er to *Calais*.

Aldo. Nay, but Son *Limberham*, this must not be: A Word in private. You'll never get such another Woman, for Love nor Money. Do but look upon her; she's a Mistress for an Emperor.

Limb. Let her be a Mistress for a Pope, like a Whore of *Babylon*, as she is.

Aldo. Would I were worthy to be a young Man, for her sake: She should eat Pearl, if she would have 'em.

Limb. She can digest 'em, and Gold too. Let me tell you Father *Aldo*, she has the Stomach of an Estrich.

Aldo. Daughter *Trick*, a Word with you.

Trick. I'll hear nothing: I am for a Nunnery.

Aldo. I never saw a Woman, before you, but first or last she would be brought to Reason. Hark you Child, you'll scarcely find so kind a Keeper: What if he has some Impediment one way? every Body is not a Hercules. You shall have my Son *Woodall*, to supply his Wants;

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ants; but as long as he maintains you, be rul'd by him
at bears the Purse.

Limberham singing.

*I my own Faylour was; my only Fee,
Who did my Liberty forego;
I was a Pris'ner, 'cause I won'd be so.*

Aldo. Why, look you now, Son *Limberham*, is this a
long to be sung at such a time, when I am labouring
our Reconcilement? Come Daughter *Trick*, you must
e rul'd; I'll be the Peace-maker.

Trick. No, I'm just going.

Limb. The Devil take me, if I call you back.

Trick. And his Dam take me, if I return, except you do.

Aldo. So, now you'll part, for a meer Punctilio! Turn
to him, Daughter: Speak to her, Son: Why should
you be so refractory both, to bring my gray Hairs with
orrow to the Grave?

Limb. I'll not be forsworn, I swore first.

Trick. Thou art a forsworn Man however; for thou
swor'st to Love me eternally.

Limb. Yes, I was such a Fool, to swear so.

Aldo. And will you have that dreadful Oath lye gnaw-
ing on your Conscience?

Trick. Let him be damn'd; and so farewell for ever.

[Going.]

Limb. Pug.

Trick. Did you call, Mr. *Limberham*?

Limb. It may be, Ay; it may be, No.

Trick. Well, I am going to the Nunnery: But to show
I am in Charity, I'll pray for you,

Aldo. Pray for him! fie, Daughter, fie; is that an
Answer for a Christian?

Limb. What did *Pug* say? will she pray for me? Well,
to show I am in Charity, she shall not pray for me.
Come back, *Pug*. But did I ever think thou could'st
have been so unkind to have parted with me? [Cries.

Aldo. Look you, Daughter, see how Nature works
in him!

Limb.

Limb. I'll settle two hundred a Year upon thee, because thou said'st thou wouldst pray for me.

Aldo. Before George, Son Limberham, you'll spoil all, if you under-bid so. Come, down with your Dust, Man: What, show a base Mind; when a fair Lady's in Question.

Limb. Well, if I must give three hundred.

Trick. No, 'tis no matter; my Thoughts are on a better Place,

Aldo. Come, there's no better Place, than little London. You sha'nt part for a Trifle. What, Son Limberham? four hundred a Year's a Square sum, and you shall give it.

Limb. 'Tis a round sum indeed; I wish a three-corner'd Sum would have serv'd her turn. Why should you be so Pervicacious now, *Pug*? Pray take three hundred—Nay, rather than part, *Pug*, it shall be so. [*She frowns.*]

Aldo. It shall be so, it shall be so: Come, now Buss, and Seal the Bargain.

Trick. [*Kissing him*] You see what a good-natur'd Fool I am, Mr. Limberham, to come back into a wicked World, for Love of you. You'll see the Writings drawn, Father?

Aldo. Ay; and pay the Lawyer too. Why, this is as it should be! I'll be at the Charge of the reconciling Supper——[*To her aside.*] Daughter, my Son Woodhall is waiting for you——Come away, Son Limberham, to the Temple.

Limb. With all my Heart, while she's in a good Humour: It would cost me another hundred, if I should stay till *Pug* were in wrath again. Adieu, sweet *Pug*.

[*Ex. Aldo and Limb.*]

Trick. That he should be so silly to imagine I wou'd go into a Nunnery! 'tis likely; I have much Nuns Flesh about me. But here comes my Gentleman.

Enter Woodall, not seeing her.

Wood. Now the Wife's return'd, and the Daughter too, and I have seen 'em both, and am more distracted than before: I would enjoy all, and have not yet determin'd with which I should begin. 'Tis but a kind of Clergy-

Jealousy-covetousness in me, to desire so many; if I
and gaping after Pluralities, one of 'em is in danger to
be made a *Sine cure*—— [Sees her.] O, Fortune has de-
termin'd for me. 'Tis just here, as it is in the World;
the Mistress will be serv'd before the Wife.

Trick. How now, Sir? are you rehearsing your *Lingua
franca* by your self, that you walk so pensively?

Wood. No faith, Madam, I was thinking of the Fair
Lady, who at parting bespoke so cunningly of me all
my Essences.

Trick. But there are other Beauties in the House; and
I should be impatient of a Rival: For I am apt to be par-
tial to my self, and think I deserve to be prefer'd before
any.

Wood. Your Beauty will allow of no Competition,
and I am sure my Love could make none.

Trick. Yes, you have seen Mrs. *Brainsick*, she's a Beauty.

Wood. You mean, I suppose, the peaking Creature, the
farr'd Woman, with a sideling Look, as if one Cheek
carry'd more byass than the other?

Trick. Yes, and with a high Nose, as visible as a Land-
mark.

Wood. With one Cheek blue, the other red: Just like
the covering of *Lambeth* Palace.

Trick. Nay, but her Legs, if you could see 'em ——

Wood. She was so foolish to wear short Petticoats, and
show 'em. They are Pillars, gross enough to support a
larger Building; of the *Tuscan* order, by my Troth.

Trick. And her little Head, upon that long Neck, shows
like a Traitor's Scull upon a Pole: Then, for her Wit——

Wood. She can have none: There's not room enough
for a Thought to play in.

Trick. I think indeed I may safely trust you with such
secrets: and you have pleas'd me with your Description
of her.

Wood. I wish you would give me leave to please you
better; but you transact as gravely with me as a Spani-
sh Ambassador, and are losing Love, as he does Flanders: You consider,
and demur, when the Monarch is up in Arms, and at your
devotion.

Trick.

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Trick. But to yield upon the first Summons, e'er you have laid a formal Siege——To morrow may prove a luckier Day to you.

Wood. Believe me, Madam, Lovers are not to trust to morrow: Love may die upon our Hand, or Opportunity be wanting; 'tis best securing the present Hour.

Trick. No, Love's like Fruit; it must have time to ripen on the Tree; if it be green gather'd, 'twill but wither afterwards.

Wood. Rather 'tis like Gun-powder; that which fires quickest, is commonly the strongest——By this burning Kiss——

Trick. You Lovers are such froward Children, ever crying for the Breast; and, when you have once had it, fall fast asleep in the Nurse's Arms——And with what Face should I look upon my Keeper after it?

Wood. With the same Face that all Mistresses look upon theirs. Come, come.

Trick. But my Reputation!

Wood. Nay, that's no Argument, if I should be so basely to tell; for Women get good Fortunes now-a-days, by losing their Credit, as a cunning Citizen does by Breaking.

Trick. But I'm so shame-fac'd! Well, I'll go in, and hide my Blushes. [Exit]

Wood. I'll not be long after you; for I think I have hidden my Blushes where I shall never find 'em.

Re-enter Trick.

Trick. As I live, Mr. Limberham and Father Aldo are just return'd; I saw 'em entring. My Settlement will miscarry, if you are found here: What shall we do?

Wood. Go you into your Bed-chamber, and leave me to my Fortune.

Trick. That you should be so dull! their Suspicion will be as strong still; for what should make you here?

Wood. The curse on't is too, I bid my Man tell the Family I was gone abroad; so that if I am seen, you are infallibly discover'd. [Noise]

Trick. Hark, I hear 'em! Here's a Chest which I borrow'd of Mrs. Pleasance; get quickly into it, and I will lock

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lock you up: There's nothing in't, but Cloaths of Limberham's, and a Box of Writings.

Wood. I shall be smother'd.

Trick. Make haste, for Heav'n's sake; they'll quickly be gone, and then——

Wood. That then, will make a Man venture any thing.

[He goes in, and she locks the Chest.

Enter Limberham and Aldo.

Limb. Dost thou not wonder, to see me come again so quickly Pug?

Trick. No, I am prepar'd for any foolish Freak of yours: I knew you would have a Qualm, when you came to Settlement.

Limb. Your Settlement depends most absolutely on that Chest.

Trick. Father Aldo, a Word with you, for Heaven's sake.

Aldo. No, no, I'll not whisper: Do not stand in your own Light, but produce the Keys, Daughter.

Limb. Be not musty, my pretty St. Peter, but produce the Keys; I must have the Writings out that concern my Settlement.

Trick. Now I see you are so reasonable, I'll show you I dare trust your Honesty; the Settlement shall be defer'd till another Day.

Aldo. No deferring, in these Cases, Daughter.

Trick. But I have lost the Keys.

Limb. That's a Jest! let me feel in thy Pocket, for I must oblige thee.

Trick. You shall feel no where: I have felt already, and am sure they are lost.

Aldo. But feel again, the Lawyer stays.

Trick. Well, to satisfy you, I will feel——They are not here——Nor here neither.

[She pulls out her Handkerchief, and the Keys drop after it: Limberham takes 'em up.

Limb. Look you now, Pug! who's in the Right? Well, thou art born to be a lucky Pug, in spite of thyself.

Trick.

Trick. [*Aside.*] O, I am ruin'd! — One Word, I beseech you, Father *Aldo*.

Aldo. Not a Syllable: What's the Devil in you, Daughter? Open Son, open.

Trick. [*Aloud.*] It shall not be open'd; I will have my Will, though I lose my Settlement: Would I were within the Chest, I would hold it down to spight you: I say again, would I were within the Chest, I would hold it so fast, you should not open it. The best on't is, there's good Ince on the Top of the Inside, if he have the Wit to lay hold on't.

Limb. [*Going to open it.*] Before *George*, I think you have the Devil in a String, *Pug*; I cannot open it, for the Guts of me. *Hicinus Doctius!* what's here to do? I believe in my Conscience, *Pug* can Conjure: Marry, God bless us all good Christians.

Aldo. Push hard, Son.

Limb. I cannot push; I was never good at pushing: When I push, I think the Devil pushes too. Well, I must let it alone, for I am a Fumbler. Here, take the Keys, *Pug*.

Trick. [*Aside.*] Then all's safe again.

Enter Judith and Gervase.

Jud. Madam, Mrs *Pleasance* has sent for the Chest you borrowed of her. She has present Occasion for it; and has desir'd us to carry it away.

Limb. Well, that's but reason: If she must have it, she must have it.

Trick. Tell her, it shall be return'd some time to day; at present we must crave her Pardon, because we have some Writings in it, which must first be taken out, when we can open it.

Limb. Nay, that's but reason too: Then she must not have it.

Gerv. Let me come to't; I'll break it open, and you may take out your Writings.

Limb. That's true: 'Tis but reasonable it should be broken open.

Trick. Then I may be bound to make good the Loss.

Limb.

Limb. 'Tis unreasonable it should be broken open.

Aldo. Beforge *George*, *Gervase* and I will carry it away; and a Smith shall be sent for to my Daughter *Pleasance's* Chamber, to open it without damage.

Limb. Why, who says against it? Let it be carry'd; on all for Reason.

Trick. Hold; I say it shall not stir.

Aldo. What? every one must have their own: *Fiat Justitia aut ruat Mundus.*

Limb. Ay, fiat *Justitia Pug*: She must have her own; for *Justitia* is Latin for Justice. [*Aldo and Gerv. lift at it.*]

Aldo. I think the Devil's in't.

Gerv. There's somewhat bounces, like him, in't. 'Tis a guy heavy; but we'll take t'other heave.

Trick. [*Taking hold of the Chest.*] Then you shall carry it too. Help, murder, murder.

[*A confus'd gabbling among 'em.*]

Enter Mrs. Saintly.

Saint. Verily, I think all Hell's broke loose among you. What, a Schism in my Family! Does this become the Purity of my House? What will the Ungodly say?

Limb. No matter for the Ungodly; this is all among our selves: For, look you, the Business is this. Mrs. *Pleasance* has sent for this same Business here, which she lent to *Pug*; now *Pug* has some private Business within this Business, which she would take out first, and the Business will not be open'd: And this makes all the Business.

Saint. Verily, I am rais'd up for a Judge amongst you; and I say—

Trick. I'll have no Judge: It shall not go.

Aldo. Why Son, why Daughter, why Mrs. *Saintly*; are you all mad? Hear me, I am sober, I am discreet; let a Smith be sent for hither, let him break open the Chest; let the things contained be taken out, and the thing containing be restor'd.

Limb. Now hear me too, for I am sober and discreet; Father *Aldo* is an Oracle: It shall be so.

Trick. Well, to show I am reasonable, I am content, Mr. *Gervase* and I will fetch an Instrument from the next

next Smith ; in the mean time, let the Chest remain where it now stands, and let every one depart the Chamber.

Limb. That no Violence be offer'd to the Person of the Chest, in *Pug's* Absence.

Aldo. Then this matter is compos'd,

Trick [*Aside.*] Now I shall have leisure to instruct his Man, and set him free, without Discovery. Come, Mr. *Gervase*. [*Exe. all but Saintly.*]

Saint. There is a certain Motion put into my Mind, and it is of good; I have Keys here, which a precious Brother, a devout Blacksmith, made me; and which will open any Lock of the same Bore: Verily, it can be no Sin to unlock this Chest therewith, and take from thence the Spoils of the Ungodly. I will satisfy my Conscience, by giving part thereof to the Hungry, and the Needy; some to our Pastor, that he may prove it lawful; and some I will sanctify to my own use.

[*She unlocks the Chest, and Woodall starts up.*]

Wood. Let me embrace you, my dear Deliverer! Bless us! is it you, Mrs *Saintly*? [*She shrieks.*]

Saint. [*Shrieking.*] Heav'n, of his Mercy! Stop Thief, stop Thief.

Wood. What will become of me now?

Saint. According to thy Wickedness, shall it be done unto thee. Have I discover'd thy Back slidings, thou unfaithful Man! thy Treachery to me shall be Rewarded, verily; for I will Testifie against thee.

Wood. Nay, since you are so Revengeful, you shall suffer your Part of the Disgrace; if you testifie against me for Adultery, I shall testifie against you for Theft: There's an Eighth for your Seventh. [*Noise.*]

Saint. Verily, they are approaching: Return to my Embraces, and it shall be forgiven thee.

Wood. Thank you, for your own sake. Hark! they are coming! cry Thief again, and help to save all yet.

Saint. Stop Thief, stop Thief.

Wood. Thank you, for your own sake: but I fear 'tis too late.

Enter Trickſy and Limberham.

Trick. [Entr'ing.] The Cheſt open, and Woodall diſcover'd, I am ruin'd!

Enter Limb. Why all this ſhrieking, Mrs Saintly?

Wood. [Ruſhing him down.] Stop Thief, ſtop Thief! cry you Mercy, Gentleman, if I have hurt you.

Limb. [Riſing.] 'Tis a fine Time to cry a Man Mercy, when you have beaten his Wind out of his Body.

Saint. As I watched the Cheſt, behold a Viſion ruſhed out of it, on the ſudden; and I lifted up my Voice, and ſcriek'd.

Limb. A Viſion, Landlady; what, have we Gog and Magog in our Chamber?

Trick. A Thief, I warrant you, who had gotten into the Cheſt.

Wood. Moſt certainly a Thief: For hearing my Landlady cry out, I flew from my Chamber to her help, and ſet him running down Stairs; and then he turn'd back to the Balcony, and leapt into the Street.

Limb. I thought indeed that ſomething held down the Cheſt, when I would have open'd: ——— But my Writings are there ſtill; that's one Comfort ——— Oh Seignior, are you here!

Wood. Do you ſpeak to me, Sir?

Saint. This is Mr. Woodall, your new Fellow-lodger.

Limb. Cry you Mercy, Sir; I durſt have ſworn you could have ſpoken *Lingua Franca* ——— I thought in my Conſcience, Pug, this had been thy *Italian Merchant*.

Wood. Sir, I ſee you miſtake me for ſome other: I ſhould be happy to be better known to you.

Limb. Sir, I beg your Pardon with all my Heart. Before George, I was caught again there! But you are ſo very like a paltry Fellow, who came to ſell Pug Eſſences this Morning, that one would ſwear thoſe Eyes, and that Noſe and Mouth, belong'd to that Rascal.

Wood. You muſt Pardon me, Sir, if I don't much reſiſh the Cloſe of your Complement.

Trick. Their Eyes are nothing like: (you'll have a Quarrel.)

Limb.

Limb. Not very like, I confess.

Trick. Their Nose and Mouth are quite different.

Limb. As *Pug* says, they are quite different indeed: But I durst have sworn it had been he; and therefore once again, I demand your *Pardono*.

Trick. Come, let us go down; by this time *Gertrude* has brought the Smith; and then Mrs. *Pleasance* may have her Chest. Please you, Sir, to bear us Company.

Wood. At your Service, Madam.

Limb. Pray lead the way, Sir.

Wood. 'Tis against my Will, Sir: But I must leave you in Possession. [Exit]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Saintly and Pleasance.

Pleas. **N**Ever fear it, I'll be a Spy upon his Actions: He shall neither whisper nor glote on either of 'em, but I'll ring him such a Peal!

Saint. Above all things, have a Care of him your self; for surely there is Witchcraft betwixt his Lips: He is a Wolf within the Sheepfold; and therefore I will be earnest, that you may not fall. [Exit]

Pleas. Why should my Mother be so inquisitive about this Lodger? I half suspect old *Eve* her self has a Mind to be nibbling at the Pippin: He makes Love to one of 'em, I am confident; it may be both; for methinks I should have done so, if I had been a Man; but the damnd Petticoats have perverted me to Honesty, and therefore I have a grudge to him, for the Priviledge of his Sex. He shuns me too, and that vexes me; for though I would deny him, I scorn he should not think me worth a civil Question.

Re-enter

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Re-enter Woodall, with Trickfy, Mrs. Brainsick, Judith, and Musick.

Mrs. Brain. Come, your Works, your Works; they all have the Approbation of Mrs. Pleasance.

Trick. No more Apologies: give Judith the Words; she sings at sight.

Jud. I'll try my Skill.

A SONG from the *ITALIAN*.

By a dismal Cypress lying,
Damon cry'd, all pale and dying,
Kind is Death that ends my Pain,
But cruel She I lov'd in vain.
The Mossy Fountains
Murmur my Trouble,
And hollow Mountains
My Groans redouble:
Every Nymph mourns me,
Thus while I languish;
She only scorns me,
Who caus'd my Anguish.
No Love returning me, but all Hope denying;
By a dismal Cypress lying,
Like a Swan, so sung he dying:
Kind is Death that ends my Pain,
But cruel She I lov'd in vain.

Leaf. By these languishing Eyes, and those Simagres of
rs, we are given to understand, Sir, you have a Mi-
s in this Company: Come, make a free discovery
ch of 'em your Poetry is to Charm; and put the o-
out of Pain.

sick. No doubt 'twas meant to Mrs. Brainsick.

Mrs. Brain. We Wives are despicable Creatures: we
w it, Madam, when a Mistress is in presence.

Leaf. Why this Ceremony 'betwixt you? 'Tis a likely
er Fellow, and looks as he cou'd People a new Isle
ers.

Mrs. Brain. 'Twere a work of Charity to convert a fair young Schismatick, like you, if 'twere but to gain you to a better Opinion of the Government.

Pleas. If I am not mistaken in you two, he has work of Charity enough upon his hands already; but 'tis a willing Soul, I'll warrant him, eager upon the Quarry, and as sharp as a Governour of *Covent-Garden*.

Wood. Sure this is not the phrase of your Family; thought to have found a sanctify'd Sister; but I suspect now, Madam, that if your Mother kept a Pension in your Father's time, there might be some Gentleman-Lodger in the House; for I humbly conceive, you are of the habit to restrain at least.

Pleas. For all the rudeness of your Language, I am resolv'd to know upon what Voyage you are bound: you Privateer of Love, you *Argier's Man*, that Cruise up and down for prize in the *Streights Mouth*; which of the Vessels wou'd you snap now?

Trick. We are both under safe Convoy, Madam: a Lover, and a Husband.

Pleas. Nay, for your part, you are notably guarded, confess; but Keepers have their Rooks, as well as Gamblers: But they only venture under 'em, till they pick up a Sum, and then push for themselves.

Wood. (*Aside.*) A Plague of her suspicions; they'll ruin me on that side.

Pleas. So; let but little *Minx* go proud, and the Dogs in *Covent-Garden* have her in the wind immediately: pursue the Scent.

Trick. Not to a Boarding-house, I hope!

Pleas. If they were wise, they wou'd rather go to a Brothel-house; for there most Mistresses have left behind 'em their Maiden-heads, of blessed memory: and those which wou'd not go off in that Market, are carry'd about by Bawds, and sold at Doors, like stale Flesh in Baskets. Then, for your honesty, or justness, as you call it, your Keepers, your kept Mistress is originally a Puritan, and let the Cat be chang'd into a Lady never so formerly, she still retains her natural property of Mousing.

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Mrs. Brain. You are very sharp upon the Mistresses; but hope you'll spare the Wives.

Pleas. Yes, as much as your Husbands do, after the first Month of Marriage; but you requite their negligence in Household-duties, by making them Husbands of the first Head, e're the Year be over.

Wood. [*Aside*] She has me there too!

Pleas. And, as for you young Gallant,

Wood. Hold, I beseech you, a Truce for me.

Pleas. In troth I pity you, for you have undertaken a most difficult Task, to cozen two Women, who are no Babies in their Art; if you bring it about, you perform as much as he that cheated the very Lottery.

Wood. Ladies, I am sorry this shou'd happen to you for my sake: she's in a raging Fit, you see; 'tis best withdrawing, till the Spirit of Prophecy has left her.

Trick. I'll take shelter in my Chamber,——whither, I hope, he'll have the grace to follow me. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Brain. And, now I think on't, I have some Letters to dispatch. [*Ex. Trick. and Mrs. Brain. severally.*]

Pleas. Now, good *John* among the Maids, how mean you to bestow your time? Away, to your Study I advise you, invoke your Muses, and make *Madrigals* upon absence.

Wood. I wou'd go to *China* or *Japan*, to be rid of that impetuous Clack of yours: Farewel, thou Legion of Tongues in one Woman.

Pleas. Will you not stay, Sir? it may be I have a little business with you.

Wood. Yes, the second part of the same Tune! Strike your self, sweet Larum; you're true Bell-mettal, I warrant you. [*Exit.*]

Pleas. This Spightfulness of mine will be my Ruin: To kill them off, was well enough; but to talk him away so! O Tongue, Tongue! thou wert given for a Curie to all our Sex!

Enter Judith.

Jud. Madam, your Mother wou'd speak with you.

Pleas. I will not come: I'm mad I think: I come immediately. Well, I'll go in, and vent my Passion, by railing at them, and him too.

[*Exit.*
Jud.]

Jud. You may enter in safety, Sir, the Enemy's march'd off.

Re-enter Woodall.

Wood. Nothing, but the love I bear thy Mistress, could keep me in the house with such a Fury. When will the bright *Nymph* appear?

Jud. Immediately: I hear her coming.

Wood. That I cou'd find her coming, Mrs. *Judith*!

Enter Mrs. Brainfick.

You have made me languish in Expectation, Madam. Was it nothing, do you think, to be so near a Happiness, with violent Desires, and to be delay'd?

Mrs. Brain. Is it nothing, do you think, for a Woman of Honour, to overcome the ties of Virtue and Reputation; to do that for you, which I thought I shou'd never have ventur'd for the sake of any Man?

Wood. But my comfort is, that Love has overcome. Your Honour is, in other words, but your good Repute; and 'tis my part to take care of that: for the Fountain of a Woman's Honour is in the Lover, as that of the Subject is in the King.

Mrs. Brain. You had concluded well, if you had been my Husband: you know where our Subjection lies.

Wood. But cannot I be yours, without a Priest? They were cunning People, doubtless, who began that Trade; to have a double Hank upon us, for two Worlds: that no Pleasure here, or hereafter shou'd be had, without a Bribe to them.

Mrs. Brain. Well, I'm resolv'd, I'll read, against the next time I see you; for the truth is, I am not very well prepar'd with Arguments for Marriage; mean while, farewell.

Wood. I stand corrected; you have reason indeed to go, if I can use my time no better: We'll withdraw, if you please, and dispute the rest within.

Mrs. Brain. Perhaps, I meant not so.

Wood. I understand your meaning at your Eyes. You'll watch, *Judith*?

Mrs. Brain. Nay, if that were all, I expect not my Husband till to Morrow: The Truth is, he's so odly humoured

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mour'd, that, if I were ill-inclin'd, it wou'd half justify
a Woman: He's such a kind of Man.

Wood. Or, if he be not, we'll make him such a kind of
Man.

Mrs. Brain. So Fantastical, so Musical, his Talk all Rap-
ture, and half Nonsense: Like a Clock out of order, set
him a going, and he strikes eternally. Besides, he thinks
me such a Fool, that I cou'd half resolve to revenge my
self, in justification of my Wit.

Wood. Come, come, no half Resolutions among Lo-
vers; I'll hear no more of him, till I have reveng'd you
fully. Go out, and watch, *Judith.* [Exit Judith.]

Mrs. Brain. Yet, I cou'd say, in my Defence, that my
Friends married me to him against my Will.

Wood. Then let us put your Friends too, into the Quar-
rel: it shall go hard, but I'll give you a Revenge for them.

Enter Judith again, hastily.

How now? what's the matter?

Mrs. Brain. Can'st thou not speak? hast thou seen a
Ghost?—

As I live, she signs Horns! that must be for my Hus-
band: He's return'd.

[Judith looks ghastly, and signs Horns.]

Jud. I wou'd have told you so, if I cou'd have spoken
for fear.

Mrs. Brain. Hark, a knocking! what shall we do?

[Knocking.]

There's no dallying in this case: here you must not be
found, that's certain; but *Judith* hath a Chamber within
mine; haste quickly thither; I'll secure the rest.

Jud. Follow me, Sir. [Ex. Woodall, Judith.]

Knocking again. She opens: Enter Brainfick.

Brain. What's the matter, Gentlewoman? am I excluded
from my own Fortrefs; and by the way of Barricado?
Am I to dance Attendance at the Door, as if I were some
base *Plebeian* Groom? I'll have you know, that when my
Foot assaults, the Lightning and the Thunder are not so
terrible as the Strokes: Brazen Gates shall tremble, and
Bolts of Adamant dismount from off their Hinges, to ad-
mit me.

Mrs. *Brain*. Who wou'd have thought that 'nown Dear wou'd have come so soon? I was e'en lying down on my Bed, and dreaming of him: Tum a' me, and buss, poor Dear, piddee buss.

Brain. I nauseate these foolish Feats of Love.

Mrs. *Brain*. Nay, but why shou'd he be so fretful now? and knows I doat on him; to leave a poor Dear so long without him, and then come home in an angry humour! indeed I'll ky.

Brain. Prethee leave thy fulsom Fondness; I have suffeited on Conjugal Embraces.

Mrs. *Brain*. I thought so; some light Huswife has bewitch'd him from me: I was a little Fool, so I was, to leave a Dear behind at *Barnet*, when I knew the Women wou'd run mad for him.

Brain. I have a luscious Air forming, like a *Pallas*, in my Brain-pan: and now thou com'st a-cross my Fancy, to disturb the rich Ideas, with the yellow Jaundies of thy Jealousie.

[*Noise within.*]
Hark, what Noise is that within, about *Judith's* Bed?

Mrs. *Brain*. I believe, Dear, she's making it, ———
Wou'd the Fool wou'd go.

Brain. Hark, again!

Mrs. *Brain*. [*Aside.*] I have a dismal apprehension in my Head, that he's giving my Maid a cast of his Office, in my stead. O, how it stings me! [*Woodall sneezes.*]

Brain. I'll enter, and find the reason of this Tumult.

Mrs. *Brain*. [*holding him.*] Not for the World: there may be a Thief there; and shou'd I put 'nown Dear in danger of his Life? ———

What shall I do? betwixt the jealousy of my Love, and fear of this Fool, I am distracted: I must not venture 'em together, whate'er comes on't. Why, *Judith*, I say! Come forth, Damsel.

Wood. [*within.*] The Danger's over: I may come out safely.

Jud. [*within.*] Are you mad? you sha' not.

Mrs. *Brain*. [*Aside.*] So, now I'm ruin'd unavoidably.

Brain. Who-e'er thou art, I have pronounc'd thy Doom; dreadful *Brainsick* bares his brawny Arm in tearing terror;

errour; kneeling Queens in vain shou'd beg thy Being.—
a, fa, there.

Mrs. Brain. [*Aside.*] Tho' I believe he dares not venture in; yet I must not put it to the Tryal. Why *Judith*, come out, come out, Hufwife.

Enter Judith, trembling.

What Villain have you hid within?

Jud. O Lord, Madam, what shall I say?

Mrs. Brain. How shou'd I know what you shou'd say?

Mr. Brainfick has heard a Man's Voice within; if you know what he makes there, confess the Truth; I am almost dead with Fear, and he stands shaking.

Brian. Terrour, I! 'tis Indignation shakes me. With this Sabre I'll slice him small as Atoms; he shall be doom'd by the Judge, and damn'd upon the Gibbet.

Jud. [*kneeling.*] My Master's so outrageous, sweet Madam, do you intercede for me, and I'll tell you all in private.

[*Whispers.*]

If I say it is a Thief, he'll call up help; I know not what with sudden to invent..

Mrs. Brain. Let me alone.— And is this all? why wou'd you not confess it before, *Judith*? when you know I am an indulgent Mistress

[*Laughs.*]

Brian. What has she confess'd?

Mrs. Brain. A venial Love-Trespas, Dear: 'Tis a Sweet-heart of hers; one that is to marry her; and she was unwilling I shou'd know it, so she hid him in her Chamber.

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. What's the matter trow? what, in Martial posture; Son Brainfick?

Jud. Pray, Father Aldo, do you beg my pardon of my Master: I have committed a Fault; I have hidden a Gentleman in my Chamber, who is to marry me without his Friend's Consent, and therefore came in private to me.

Aldo. That thou shou'd'st think to keep this Secret! why, I know it as well as he that made thee.

Mrs. Brain. [*aside.*] Heav'n be prais'd, for this Knower of all things: Now will he lie three or four rapping Volunteers, rather than be thought ignorant in any thing.

Brain. Do you know his Friends, Father *Aldo*?

Aldo. Know 'em! I think I do. His Mother was an Arch-Deacon's Daughter; as honest a Woman as ever broke Bread: She and I have been Cater-Cousins in our Youth; we have tumbled together between a pair of Sheets, i'faith.

Brain. An honest Woman, and yet you two have tumbled together! those are inconsistent.

Aldo. No matter for that.

Mrs. Brain. He blunders; I must help him. I warrant 'twas before Marriage, that you were so great.

Aldo. Before *George*, and so it was: for she had the prettiest black Mole upon her left Ankle, it does me good to think on't! His Father was Squire what d' you call him; of what d' you call 'em Shire. What think you, little *Judith*? do I know him now?

Jud. I suppose you may be mistaken: my Servant's Father is a Knight of *Hamshire*.

Aldo. I meant of *Hamshire*. But that I shou'd forget he was a Knight, when I got him Knighted at the King's coming in! Two fat Bucks, I am sure he sent me.

Brain. And what's his Name?

Aldo. Nay, for that, you must excuse me: I must not disclose little *Judith*'s Secrets.

Mrs. Brain. All this while the poor Gentleman is left in pain: we must let him out in secret; for I believe the young Fellow is so bashful, he wou'd not willingly be seen.

Jud. The best way will be, for Father *Aldo* to lend me the Key of his Door, which opens into my Chamber; and so I can convey him out.

Aldo. [*Giving her a Key.*] Do so, Daughter. Not a word of my Familiarity with his Mother, to prevent Blood-shed betwixt us: but I have her Name down in my *Almanack*, I warrant her.

Jud. What, kiss and tell, Father *Aldo*; kiss and tell!

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Brain. I'll go and pass an hour with Mrs. *Tricksy*.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

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Enter Limberham.

Brain. What, the lusty Lover *Limberham*!

Enter Woodall at another Door.

Aldo. O here's a *Mounſieur*, new come over, and a Fellow-lodger; I must endear you two to one another.

Brain. Sir, 'tis my extream ambition to be better known to you: you come out of the Country I adore. And how does the dear *Battist*? I long for some of his new Compositions in the last Opera. *A propo!* I have had the most happy Invention this Morning, and a Tune trouling in my Head; I rise immediately in my Night-Gown and Slippers, down I put the Notes flap dash, made Words to 'em like Lightning: and I warrant you have 'em at the Circle in the Evening.

Wood. All were compleat, Sir, if *S. Andre* would make steps to 'em.

Brain. Nay, thanks to my Genius, that care's over: you shall see, you shall see. But first the Air. — [*Sings.*] Is't not very fine? Ha, *Messieurs*!

Lim. The close of it is the most ravishing I ever heard!

Brain. I dwell not on your Commendations. What say you, Sir? [*To Wood.*] Is't not admirable? Do you enter into't?

Wood. Most delicate *Cadence*!

Brain. Gad, I think so, without vanity. *Battist* and I have but one Soul. But the close, the close! [*Sings it twice over.*] I have Words too upon the Air; but I am naturally so bashful!

Wood. Will you oblige me, Sir?

Brain. You might command me, Sir; for I sing too in Cavalier: but —

Lim. But you wou'd be entreated, and say, *Nolo, nolo*, *nolo*, three times, like any Bishop, when your Mouth waters at the Diocese.

Brain. I have no Voice; but, since this Gentleman commands me, let the Words commend themselves.

[*Sings.*

My Phyllis is Charming. —

Lim. But why, of all Names, wou'd you chuse a *Phillis*! There have been so many *Phillis*'s in Songs, I thought there had not been another left, for Love or Money.

Brain. If a Man shou'd listen to a Fop! [*Sings.*]

My *Phillis*——

Aldo. Before *George*, I am on t'other side: I think, as good no Song, as no *Phillis*.

Brain. Yet again! — My *Phillis* — [*Sings.*]

Lim. Pray, for my sake, let it be your *Chloris*.

Brain. [*Looking scornfully at him,*] My *Phillis*— [*Sings.*]

Lim. You had as good call her your *Succuba*.

Brain. *Morbleau*! will you not give me leave? I am full of *Phillis*. [*Sings.*] My *Phillis*. —

Lim. Nay, I confess, *Phillis* is a very pretty Name.

Brain. *Diable*! Now I will not sing to spight you. By the World, you are not worthy of it. Well, I have a Gentleman's Fortune, I have Courage, and make no inconsiderable Figure in the World: yet I wou'd quit my Pretensions to all these, rather than not be Author of this Sonnet, which your Rudeness has irrevocably lost.

Lim. Some foolish *French* *quelque chose*, I warrant you.

Brain. *Quelque chose*! O Ignorance, in supreme Perfection! he means a *kek shoe*.

Lim. Why, a *kek shoes* let it be then! And a *kek shoes* for your Song.

Brain. I give to the Devil such a Judge: well, were I to be born again, I wou'd as soon be the Elephant, as a Wit; he's less a Monster in this Age of Malice. I could burn my Sonnet, out of rage.

Lim. You may use your pleasure with your own.

Wood. His Friends wou'd not suffer him: *Virgil* was not permitted to burn his *Æneids*.

Brain. Dear Sir, I'll not die ingrateful for your Approbation: [*Aside to Woodall*] You see this Fellow? he's an Ass already; he has a handsom Mistress, and you shall make an Ox of him, e're long.

Wood. Say no more, it shall be done.

Lim. Hark you, Mr. *Woodall*; this fool *Brainsick* grows insupportable; he's a publick Nuisance; but I scorn to see

my Wit against him: He has a pretty Wife: I say no more, but if you do not graff him ——

Wood. A Word to the Wife: I shall consider him, for your sake.

Limb. Pray do, Sir: Consider him much.

Wood. Much is the Word —— This Fewd makes well for me. [Aside.]

Brain. to Wood. I'll give you the Opportunity, and rid you of him —— Come away, little Limberham; you, and I, and Father Aldo, will take a turn together in the Square.

Aldo. We'll follow you immediately.

Limb. Yes, we'll come after you, Bully Brainsick: But I hope you will not draw upon us there.

Brain. If you fear that, Bilbo shall be left behind.

Limb. Nay, nay, leave but your Madrigal behind: Draw not that upon us, and 'tis no matter for your Sword. [Exit Brain.]

Enter Trickfy, and Mrs. Brainsick, with a Note for each.

Wood. [Aside.] Both together! either of 'em apart, had been my Business: But I shall ne'er play well at this three-hand Game.

Limb. O, Pug, how have you been passing of your Time?

Trick. I have been looking over the last Present of Orange Gloves you made me; and methinks I do not like the Scent —— O Lord, Mr. Woodall, did you bring those you wear from Paris?

Wood. Mine are Roman, Madam.

Trick. The Scent I love, of all the World. Pray let me see 'em.

Mrs. Brain. Nay, not both, good Mrs. Trickfy; for I love that Scent as well as you.

Wood. [Pulling 'em off, and giving each one.] I shall find two Dozen more of Womens Gloyes among my Trifles, if you please to accept 'em Ladies.

Trick. Look to't; we shall expect 'em —— Now to put in my Billet doux!

Mrs. Brain. So, now I have the Opportunity to thrust in my Note.

Trick.

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Trick. Here, Sir, take your Glove again; the Perfume's too strong for me.

Mrs. Brain. Pray take the other to't; though I should have kept it for a Pawn.

[*Mrs. Brainfick's Note falls out, Limb. takes it up.*]

Limb. What have we here? For Mr. Woodall.

Both Women. Hold, hold, Mr. Limberham. [They snatch it.]

Aldo. Before George, Son Limberham, you shall read it.

Wood. By your Favour, Sir, but he must not.

Trick. He'll know my Hand, and I am ruin'd!

Mrs. Brain. Oh, my Misfortune! Mr. Woodall, will you suffer your Secrets to be discover'd?

Wood. It belongs to one of 'em, that's certain——

Mr. Limberham, I must desire you to restore this Letter; 'tis from my Mistress.

Trick. The Devil's in him; will he confess?

Wood. This Paper was sent me from her this Morning; and I was so fond of it, that I left it in my Glove: If one of the Ladies had found it there, I should have been laugh'd at most unmercifully.

Mrs. Brain. That's well come off!

Limb. My Heart was at my Mouth, for fear it had been Pug's—— [*Aside.*] There 'tis again——Hold, hold; pray let me see't once more: A Mistress, said you?

Aldo. Yes, a Mistress, Sir. I'll be his Voucher; he has a Mistress, and a fair one too.

Limb. Do you know it, Father Aldo.

Aldo. Know it! I know the Match is as good as made already: Old Woodall and I, are all one. You, Son, were sent for over on purpose; the Articles for her Jointure are all concluded, and a Friend of mine drew 'em.

Limb. Nay, if Father Aldo knows it, I am satisfy'd.

Aldo. But how came you by this Letter, Son Woodall? let me examine you.

Wood. Came by it! (Pox, he has non-plus'd me!) How do you say I came by it, Father Aldo?

Aldo. Why, there's it, now. This Morning I met your Mistress's Father, Mr. you know whc——

Wood. Mr. who, Sir?

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Aldo. Nay, you shall excuse me for that; but we are intimate: His Name begins with some Vowel or Consonant, no matter which; well, her Father gave me this very Numerical Letter, superscrib'd, *For Mr. Woodall.*

Limb. Before *George*, and so it is.

Aldo. Carry me this Letter, quoth he, to your Son *Woodall*; 'tis from my Daughter such a one, and then whisper'd me her Name.

Wood. Let me see; I'll read it once again.

Limb. What, are you not acquainted with the Contents of it?

Wood. O, your true Lover will read you over a Letter, from his Mistress, a thousand times.

Trick. Ay, two thousand, if he be in the Humour.

Wood. Two thousand! then it must be hers. [*Reads to himself.*] Away, to your Chamber immediately, and I'll give my Fool the slip——(The Fool! that may be either the Keeper, or the Husband; but commonly the Keeper is the greater. Humh! without Subscription! it must be *Trick*.) Father *Aldo*, prithee rid me of this Coxcomb.

Aldo. Come, Son *Limberham*, we let our Friend *Brain-sick* walk too long alone: Shall we follow him? We must make haste; for I expect a whole Beavy of Whores, a Chamber-full of Temptation this Afternoon: 'Tis my Day of Audience.

Limb. Mr. *Woodall*, we leave you here, you remember?
[*Exeunt Limb. and Aldo.*]

Wood. Let me alone. Ladies, your Servant; I have a little private Business with a Friend of mine.

Mrs. Brain. Meaning me——Well, Sir, your Servant.

Trick. Your Servant, till we meet again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. Mr. Woodall's Chamber.

Enter Mrs. Brain-sick alone.

Mrs. Brain. My Note has taken, as I wish'd: He will be here immediately. If I could but resolve to lose no time, out of Modesty; but 'tis his Part to be Violent, for both our Credits. Never so little force and ruffling,
and

and a poor weak Woman is excus'd. [*Noise.*] Hark, I hear him coming——Ah me! the Steps beat double: He comes not alone: If it should be my Husband with him! where shall I hide my self? I see no other place, but under his Bed: I must lye as silently, as my Fear will suffer me. Heav'n send me safe again to my own Chamber. [*Creeps under the Bed.*]

Enter Woodall and Trickfy.

Wood. Well, Fortune at the last is favourable, and now you are my Prisoner.

Trick. After a quarter of an Hour, I suppose, I shall have my Liberty upon easie Terms. But pray let us Parley a little first.

Wood. Let it be upon the Bed then. Please you to sit.

Trick. No matter where: I am never the nearer to your wicked Purpose. But you Men are commonly great *Comedians* in Love-matters; therefore you must swear, in the first Place——

Wood. Nay, no Conditions: The Fortrefs is reduc'd to Extremity; and you must yield upon Discretion, or I Storm.

Trick. Never to love any other Woman.

Wood. I kiss the Book upon't. [*Kisses her. Mrs. Brain. pinches him from underneath the Bed.*] Oh, are you at your Love-tricks already? If you pinch me thus, I shall bite your Lip.

Trick. I did not pinch you: But you are apt, I see, to take any Occasion of gathering up more cloie to me. Next, you shall not so much as look on Mrs. *Brain's* cheek.

Wood. Have you done? these Covenants are so tedious!

Trick. Nay, but swear then.

Wood. I do promise, I do swear, I do any thing. [*Mrs. Brain. runs a Pin into him*] Oh, the Devil! what do you mean to run Pins into me? this is perfect Cater-wauling.

Trick. You fancy all this; I would not hurt you for the World. Come, you shall see how well I love you—
[*Kisses him: Mrs. Brain. pricks her.*] Oh! I think you have Needles growing in your Bed. [*Both rise up.*]

Wood. I'll see what's the matter in't.

Sai.

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Saint. [Within.] Mr. Woodall, where are you, verily?

Wood. Pox verily her; 'tis my Landlady: Here, hide our self behind the Curtains, while I run to the Door, stop her Entry.

Trick. Necessity has no Law; I must be patient.

[She gets into the Bed, and draws the Cloaths over her.]

Enter Saintly.

Saint. In sadness, Gentleman, I can hold no longer: will not keep your wicked Counsel, how you were lock'd up in the Chest; for it lyes heavy upon my Conscience, and out it must, and shall.

Wood. You may tell, but who'll believe you? where's our Witness?

Saint. Verily, Heav'n is my Witness.

Wood. That's your Witness too, that you would have lur'd me to Lewdness, have seduc'd a hopeful young Man, as I am; you wou'd have intic'd Youth: Mark that, Beldam.

Saint. I care not; my single Evidence is enough to Mr. Limberham; he will believe me, that thou burn'st in unlawful Lust to his beloved: So thou shalt be an Outcast from my Family.

Wood. Then will I go to the Elders of thy Church, and lay thee open before them, that thou did'st Feloniously unlock that Chest, with wicked Intentions of purloining: So thou shalt be Excommunicated from the Congregation, thou Jezebel, and deliver'd over to Satan.

Saint. Verily, our Teacher will not Excommunicate me, for taking the Spoils of the Ungodly, to Cloath him; for it is a judg'd Case amongst us, that a marry'd Woman may steal from her Husband, to relieve a Brother. But yet thou may'st attone this difference betwixt us; verily, thou mayest.

Wood. Now thou art tempting me again. Well, if I had not the Gift of Continency, what might become of me?

Saint. The means have been offered thee, and thou hast kicked with the Heel: I will go immediately to the Tabernacle of Mr. Limberham, and discover thee, O thou Serpent, in thy crooked Paths.

[Going.]

Wood.

Wood. Hold, good Landlady, not so fast; let me have time to consider on't; I may mollifie, for Flesh is frail. An hour or two hence we will confer together upon the Premises.

Saint. Oh, on the sudden, I feel my self exceedingly Sick! Oh! oh!

Wood. Get you quickly to your Closet, and fall to your *Mirabilis*; this is no place for sick People. Be gone, be gone.

Saint. Verily, I can go no farther.

Wood. But you shall, verily: I will thrust you down out of pure Pity.

Saint. Oh, my Eyes grow dim! my Heart quops, and my Back aketh! here I will lay me down, and rest me.

[Throws her self suddenly down upon the Bed; Tricks shrieks, and rises: Mrs. Brainfick rises from under the Bed in a Fright.]

Wood. So! here's a fine Business! my whole Seraglio up in Arms!

Saint. So, so; if Providence had not sent me hither, what Folly had been this Day committed!

Trick. Oh the old Woman in the Oven! we both over-heard your pious Documents: Did we not, Mrs. Brainfick?

Mrs. Brain. Yes, we did over-hear her, and we will both testify against her.

Wood. I have nothing to say for her. Nay, I told her her own; you can both bear me Witness. If a sober Man cannot be quiet in his own Chamber for her—

Trick. For, you know, Sir, when Mrs. Brainfick and I over-heard her coming, having been before acquainted with her wicked Purpose, we both agreed to Trap her in it.

Mrs. Brain. And now she would scape her self, accusing us! but let us both conclude to cast an Infamy upon her House, and leave it.

Saint. Sweet Mr. Woodall, intercede for me, or I shall be ruin'd.

Wood. Well, for once, I'll be Good-natur'd, and try my Interest. Pray, Ladies, for my sake, let this Business go no farther.

Trick,

Trick. & Mrs. Brain. You may command us.

Wood. For, look you, the Offence was properly to my person; and Charity has taught me to forgive my Enemies. I hope, Mistress *Saintly*, this will be a warning to you, to amend your Life: I speak like a Christian, as one that tenders the Welfare of your Soul.

Saint. Verily, I will consider.

Wood. Why, that's well said—[*Aside.*] Gad, and so must I too; for my People is dissatisfy'd, and my Government in danger: But this is no place for Meditation. Ladies, I wait on you. [Exeunt.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Aldo and Geoffery.

Aldo. Dispatch, *Geoffery*, dispatch: The Out-lying Punks will be upon us, e'er I am in a Readiness to give Audience. Is the Office well provided?

Geoff. The Stores are very low, Sir: Some *Doily* Petcoats, and Manto's we have; and half a dozen Pair of old Shoes, bought from Court at second Hand.

Aldo. Before *George*, there's not enough to rig out a Jurnival of Whores: They'll think me grown a meer Armudgeon. Mercy on me, how will this glorious Trade be carry'd on, with such a miserable Stock!

Geoff. I hear a Coach already stopping at the Door.

Aldo. Well, somewhat in Ornament for the Body; somewhat in Counsel for the Mind; one thing must help out another, in this bad World: Whoring must go.

Enter Mrs. Overdon, and her Daughter Pru.

Mrs. Over. Ask Blessing, *Pru*: He's the best Father you ever had.

Aldo. Bless thee, and make thee a substantial, thriving Whore. Have your 'Mother in your Eye, *Pru*; 'tis good to follow good Example: How old are you, *Pru*? hold your Head, Child. *Pru.*

Prn. Going o'my Sixteen, Father *Aldo*.

Aldo. And you have been initiated but these two Years: Loss of Time, loss of precious Time. *Mrs. Overdon*, how much have you made of *Prn*, since she has been Man's Meat?

Mrs. Over. A very small Matter, by my Troth; considering the Charges I have been at in her Education. Poor *Prn* was born under an unlucky Planet; I despair of a Coach for her. Her first Maiden-head brought me in but little: The weather-beaten old Knight that bought her of me, beat down the Price so low; I held her at an hundred Guineas, and he bid ten; and higher than thirty he would not rise.

Aldo. A Pox of his unlucky Handsel: He can but fumble, and will not pay neither.

Prn. Hang him; I cou'd never endure him, Father. He's the filthiest old Goat; and then he comes every Day to our House, and eats out his thirty Guineas; and at three Months end, he threw me off.

Mrs. Over. And since then, the poor Child has dwindled, and dwindled away: Her next Maiden-head brought me but ten; and from ten she fell to five; and at last to a single Guinea: She has no luck to keeping; they all leave her, the more my Sorrow.

Aldo. We must get her a Husband then in the City: they bite rarely at a stale Whore o'this end o'th' Town: new furbish'd up in a tawdry Manteau.

Mrs. Over. No: Pray let her try her Fortune a little longer in the World first: By my Troth, I should be loth to be at all this cost, in her *French*, and her Singing, to have her thrown away upon a Husband.

Aldo. Before *George*, there can come no good of your Swearing, *Mrs. Overdon*: Say your Prayers, *Prn*, and go duly to Church o'Sundays, you'll thrive the better all the Week. Come, have a good Heart, Child; I'll keep thee my self: Thou shalt do my little Business; and I'll find thee an able young Fellow to do thine.

Enter Mrs. Pad.

Daughter *Pad*; you are welcome: What, you have perform'd the last Christian Office to your Keeper;

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you follow him up the heavy Hill to *Tyburn*. Have you had never a Business since his Death?

Mrs. Pad. No indeed, Father; never since Execution: the Night before, we lay together most lovingly in *embrace*: and the next Morning he lift up his Eyes, and spar'd his Soul with a Prayer, while one might tell twenty; and then mounted the Cart as merrily, as if he had been a going for a Purse.

Aldo. You are a sorrowful Widow, Daughter *Pad*; but I'll take care of you: *Geoffery*, see her rigg'd out immediately for a new Voyage: Look in Figure 9. in the upper Drawer, and give her out the Flower'd *Justacorps*, with the Petticoat belonging to't.

Mrs. Pad. Cou'd you not help to prefer me, Father?

Aldo. Let me see! let me see! Before *George*, I have it, and it comes as pat too! Go me to the very Judge who sits upon him; 'tis an amorous, impotent old Magistrate, and keeps admirably: I saw him leer upon you from the Bench: he'll tell you what's sweeter than Strawberries and Cream, before you part.

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Mrs. Term. O Father, I think I shall go mad.

Aldo. You are of the violentest Temper, Daughter *Termagant*! when had you a business last?

Mrs. Term. The last I had was with young *Caster*, that son of a Whore Gamester: he brought me to Taverns, to Law in young *Cullies*, while he bubbled 'em at Play: and when he had pick'd up a considerable Sum, and shou'd provide, the Cheating Dog wou'd sink my Share, and I fear, *Dam him, he won nothing.*

Aldo. Unconscionable Villain, to cozen you in your own Calling!

Mrs. Term. When he loses upon the Square, he comes home *Zou'dzing* and *Blooding*; first beats me unmercifully, and then squeezes me to the last Penny: he has us'd me, that Gad forgive me, I cou'd almost forswear my Trade: the Rogue starves me too: he made me keep out last Year till *Whitfontide*, and out-fac'd me with *aths*, it was but *Easter*. And what mads me most, I

carry

carry a Bastard of the Rogue's in my Belly: and now turns me off, and will not own it.

Mrs. Over. Lord, how it quops! you are half a Y gone, Madam——

[Laying her Hand on her Belly]

Mrs. Term. I feel the young Rascal kicking already, in his Father—— Oh, there's an Elbow thrusting out: I think in my Conscience he's Palming and Topping in my Belly; and practising for a livelihood before he comes into the World.

Aldo. Geoffrey, set her down in the Register, that I may provide her a Mid-wife, and a Dry and Wet Nurse when you are up again, as Heav'n send you a good home; we'll pay him off at Law i'faith. You have him under black and white, I hope.

Mrs. Term. Yes, I have a Note under his Hand for 200*l*.

Aldo. A Note under's Hand! that's a Chip in Porridge 'tis just nothing. Look, Geoffrey, to the Figure 12. I'll sell old Half-shirts for Child-bed Linnen.

Enter Mrs. Hackney.

Mrs. Hack. O, Madam Termagant, are you here! Justice, Father Aldo, Justice.

Aldo. Why, what's the matter, Daughter Hackney?

Hack. She has violated the Law of Nations; for yesterday she inveigled my own natural Cully from me, a married Lord, and made him false to my Bed, Father.

Term. Come, you are an illiterate Whore: He's no Lord now; and though you call him Fool, 'tis well known he's a Critick, Gentlewoman. You never read Play in all your Life; and I gain'd him by my Wit, and so I'll keep him.

Hack. My comfort is, I have had the best of him; he can take up no more, till his Father dies: and so, much good may do you with my Cully, and my Clap into the Bargain.

Aldo. Then there's a Father for your Child, my Lord Son and Heir by Mr. Caster: but henceforward, to preserve Peace betwixt you, I ordain, that you shall play no more in my Daughter Hackney's Quarters: you shall leave the City, from White-Chappel to Temple-Bar, and she shall

to Covent-Garden downwards: At the Play-houses, she
ply the Boxes, because she has the better Face; and
shall have the Pit, because you can prattle best out of
your Mask.

Mrs. Pad. Then all Friends, and Confederates: Now
have Father Aldo's delight, and so *Adjourn the House*.

Aldo. Well said, Daughter: lift up your Voices, and
like Nightingales, you Tory Rory Jades. Courage,
as long as the merry Pence hold out, you shall
of you die in *Shoreditch*.

Enter Woodall.

A hey, Boys, a hey! here he comes that will swinge
all! down, you little Jades, and worship him; 'tis
Genius of Whoring.

Wood. And down went Chairs and Table, and out went
ry Candle. Ho, brave old Patriarch in the middle of
Church Militant! Whores of all sorts; Forkers and
in-tail'd: now come I gingling in with my Bells, and
at the whole Covey.

Aldo. A hey, a hey, Boys, the Town's thy own; burn,
ish, and destroy.

Wood. We'll have a Night on't; like *Alexander*, when
burnt Persepolis: *tue, tue, tue; point de quartier*.

He runs in amongst 'em, and they scuttle about the Room.

Enter Saintly, Pleasance, Judith, with Broom-sticks.

Saint. What, in the midst of *Sodom*! O thou lewd young
an! My Indignation boils over against these Harlots;
thus I sweep 'em from out my Family.

Plea. Down with the *Suburbians*, down with 'em.

Aldo. O spare my Daughters, Mrs. Saintly: sweet Mrs.
Pleasance, spare my Flesh and Blood.

Wood. Keep the Door open, and help to secure the Ro-
at, Father: there's no pity to be expected.

*[The Whores run out, follow'd by Saintly, Pleasance,
and Judith.]*

Aldo. Welladay, welladay! one of my Daughters is big
th Bastard, and she laid at her *Gaskins* most unmerci-
ally! every Stripe she had, I felt it: the first fruit of
Shoredom is irrecoverably lost!

Wood.

Wood. Make haste, and comfort her.

Aldo. I will, I will: and yet I have a vexatious Business which calls me first another way: the Rogue, my Son, is certainly come over; he has been seen in Town four days ago!

Wood. 'Tis impossible: I'll not believe it.

Aldo. A Friend of mine met his old Man *Giles*, the very Morning, in quest of me; and *Giles* assur'd him, his Master is lodg'd in this very Street.

Wood. In this very Street! how knows he that?

Aldo. He dogg'd him to the corner of it: and then my Son turn'd back, and threaten'd him. But I'll find out *Giles*, and then I'll make such an Example of my Reprobate! [Exit Aldo]

Wood. If *Giles* be discover'd, I am undone! Why, Gervase, where are you, Sirrah! Hey, hey!

Enter Gervase.

Run quickly to that betraying Rascal *Giles*, a Rogue who wou'd take *Judas* his Bargain out of his Hands, and under-sell him: Command him strictly to mew himself up in his Lodgings, till farther Orders: and in Case he be refractory, let him know, I have not forgot to kick and cudgel. That *Memento* wou'd do well for you too, Sirrah.

Ger. Thank your Worship, you have always been liberal of your Hands to me.

Wood. And you have richly deserv'd it.

Ger. I will not say who has better deserv'd it, of my old Master.

Wood. Away, old *Epictetus*, about your Business, and leave your musty Morals, or I shall——

Ger. Nay, I won't forfeit my own Wisdom so far, as to suffer for it. Rest you merry: I'll do my best, and Heav'n mend all. [Exit]

Enter Saintly.

Saint. Verily, I have waited till you were alone, and am come to rebuke you, out of the Zeal of my Spirit.

Wood. 'Tis the Spirit of Persecution: *Diocletian*, and *Julian* the Apostate, were but Types of thee. Get thee hence, thou old *Geneva* Testament: thou art a part of the Ceremony

ceremonial Law, and hast been abolish'd these twenty years.

Saint. All this is nothing, Sir; I am privy to your plots: I'll discover 'em to Mr. Limberham, and make the house too hot for you.

Wood. What, you can talk in the Language of the World, I see!

Saint. I can, I can, Sir; and in the Language of the flesh and Devil too, if you provoke me to Despair: you must, and shall be mine, this Night.

Wood. The very Ghost of Queen Dido in the Ballad.]

Saint. Delay no longer, or——

Wood. Or! you will not swear, I hope?

Saint. Uds Niggers, but I will; and that so loud, that Mr. Limberham shall hear me.

Wood. Uds Niggers, I confess, is a very dreadful Oath: you could lye naturally before, as you are a Fanatick: if you can swear such Rappers too, there's hope of you; you may be a Woman of the World in time. Well, you shall be iatisf'd, to the utmost Farthing: to Night, and in your own Chamber.

Saint. Or, expect to Morrow——

Wood. All shall be atton'd e're then. Go, provide the Bottle of Clary, the Westphalia Ham, and other Fortifications of Nature; we shall see what may be done: what an old Woman must not be cast away. [Chucks her.

Saint. Then, verily, I am appeas'd.

Wood. Nay, no relapsing into Verily; that's in our Bargain. Look how she weeps for joy! 'Tis a good old Soul, I warrant her.

Saint. You wi' not fail?

Wood. Dost thou think I have no compassion for thy grey Hairs? Away, away; our Love may be discover'd: we must avoid Scandal; 'tis thy own Maxim.

[Exit Saintly.

They are all now at Ombre; and Brainfick's Maid has promis'd to send her Mistreis up.

Enter Pleasance.

That Fury here again!

F. enj.

Pleas. [*Aside*] I'll conquer my proud Spirit, I'm resolv'd on't, and speak kindly to him.—What, alone, Sir? If my Company be not troublesome; or a tender young Creature, as I am, may safely trust her self with a Man of such Prowess, in Love affairs——It wou'd not be.

Wood. So! there's one Broad-side already: I must shear off.

Pleas. What, you have been pricking up and down here upon a cold scent; but, at last, you have hit it off: it seems! Now for a fair view at the Wife or Mistress up the Wind, and away with it: Heigh *Fowler!*——I think I am bewitch'd, I cannot hold.

Wood. Your Servant, your Servant, Madam: I am in a little haste at present.

Pleas. Pray resolve me first, for which of 'em you lie in Ambush: for, methinks, you have the Meen of a Spider in her Den: Come, I know the Web is spread, and, who ever comes, Sir *Cranion* stands ready to dart out, hale her in, and shed his Venom.

Wood. [*Aside.*] But such a terrible Wasp, as she, will spoil the Snare, if I durst tell her so.

Pleas. 'Tis unconscionably done of me, to debar you the Freedom and Civilities of the House. Alas, poor Gentleman! to take a Lodging at so dear a rate, and not to have the benefit of his Bargain!——Mischief on me, what needed I have said that?

Wood. The Dialogue will go no farther: Farewel, gentle, quiet Lady.

Pleas. Pray stay a little; I'll not leave you thus.

Wood. I know it; and therefore mean to leave you first.

Pleas. O, I find it now; you are going to set up your Bills, like a Love-Mountebank, for the speedy Cure of distressed Widows, old Ladies, and languishing Maids in the Green-sickness: a Sovereign Remedy.

Wood. That last, for Maids, wou'd be thrown away: few of your Age are qualify'd for the Medicine. What the Devil wou'd you be at, Madam?

Pleas. I am in the humour of giving you good Counsel. The Wife can afford you but the leavings of a Fop; and

nd to a witty Man, as you think your self, that's nauseous:
The Mistreis has fed upon a Fool so long, she's Carrion
oo, and Common into the Bargain. Wou'd you beat a
ground for Game in the Afternoon, when my Lord
Mayor's Pack had been before you in the Morning?

Wood. I had rather sit five hours at one of his greasy
casts, than hear you talk.

Pleas. Your two Mistresses keep both Shop and Ware-
house; and what they cannot put off in Gross, to the
keeper and the Husband, they sell by Retail to the next
chance-customer. Come, are you edify'd?

Wood. I'm considering how to thank you for your Ho-
nour; and to make a sober Application of it, you may
have some laudable Design your self in this Advice.

Pleas. Meaning, some secret Inclination to that amia-
ble Person of yours?

Wood. I confess, I am vain enough to hope it: for why
wou'd you remove the two Dishes, but to make me fall
more hungrily on the third?

Pleas. Perhaps, indeed, in the way of Honour——

Wood. Paw, paw! that Word Honour has almost turn'd
my Stomach: it carries a villanous interpretation of Ma-
mony along with it. But, in a civil way, I cou'd be
content to deal with you, as the Church does with the
heads of your Fanaticks, offer you a lusty Benefice to
stop your Mouth; if fifty Guineas, and a Courtesie more
worth, will win you.

Pleas. Out upon thee! fifty Guineas! Dost thou think
I sell my self? and at a Play-house price too? When ever
I go all together: no cutting from the whole Piece;
who has me, shall have the sag end with the rest, I
arrant him. Be satisfi'd, thy Sheers shall never enter
my Cloth. But, look to thy self, thou impudent
swagger: I'll be reveng'd; I will. [Exit.

Wood. The Maid will give warning, that's my Com-
fort; for she is brib'd on my side. I have another kind
Love to this Girl, than to either of the other two;
a Fanatick's Daughter, and the Noose of Matrimony,
such intolerable Terms! O, here she comes, who will
be better cheap?

Enter Mrs. Brainfick.

Mrs. Brain. How now, Sir? what Impudence is this of yours, to approach my Lodgings?

Wood. You lately honour'd mine: and 'tis the part of a well-bred Man, to return your Visit.

Mrs. Brain. If I cou'd have imagin'd how base a Fellow you had been, you shou'd not then have been troubled with my Company.

Wood. How cou'd I guess, that you intended me this Favour, without first acquainting me?

Mrs. Brain. Cou'd I do it, ungrateful as you are, with more Obligation to you, or more Hazard to my self, than by putting my Note into your Glove?

Wood. Was it yours then? I believ'd it came from Mr. Trickfy.

Mrs. Brain. You wish'd it so; which made you easily believe it. I heard the pleasant Dialogue between you.

Wood. I am glad you did: for you cou'd not but observe, with how much care I avoided all Occasions of railing at you; to which she urg'd me, like a malicious Woman, as she was.

Mrs. Brain. By the same token, you vow'd and swore never to look on Mrs. Brainfick!

Wood. But I had my Mental Reservations in a Reserve. I had vow'd Fidelity to you before; and there was my second Oath, i'faith: it vanish'd in a twinkling, and never gnaw'd my Conscience in the least.

Mrs. Brain. Well, I shall never heartily forgive you.

Jud. [Within] Mr. Brainfick, Mr. Brainfick, what do you mean, to make my Lady lose her Game thus? Pray come back, and take up her Cards again.

Mrs. Brain. My Husband, as I live! Well, for all that Quarrel to you, ~~step~~ immediately into that little Closet: 'tis for my private Occasions; there's no Lord but he wi'not stay.

Wood. Thus am I ever tantaliz'd?

Enter Brainfick.

Brain. What, am I become your Drudge? your Slave the property of all your Pleasures? Shall I, the Lord

after of your Life, become subservient; and the noble name of Husband be dishonour'd? No, though all the Cards were Kings and Queens, and *Indies* to be gain'd by every Deal —

Mrs. *Brain*. My dear, I am coming to do my Duty. I'd but go up a little, (I whisper'd you for what) and am returning immediately.

Brain. Your Sex is but one Universal Ordure, a Nuisance, and Incumbrance of that Majestick Creature, Man: I myself am mortal too, Nature's Necessities have fill'd me up; produce your Utenfil of Urine.

Mrs. *Brain*. 'Tis not in the way, Child: you may go down into the Garden.

Brain. The Voyage is too far: though the way were strew'd with Pearls and Diamonds, every step of mine is precious, as the March of Monarchs.

Mrs. *Brain*. Then my steps, which are not so precious, shall be employ'd for you: I'll call up *Judith*.

Brain. I will not dance Attendance. At the present, your Closet shall be honour'd.

Mrs. *Brain*. O Lord, Dear, 'tis not worthy to receive such a Man as you are.

Brain. Nature presses; I am in haste.

Mrs. *Brain*. He must be discover'd, and I unavoidably done!

[*Aside*.

[*Brainsick goes to Door, and Woodall meets him: She shrieks out.*

Brain. Mounlieur *Woodall*!

Wood. Sir, be gone, and make no noise, or you'll spoil

Brain. Spoil all, quoth a! what does he mean, in the name of Wonder?

Wood. [*Taking him Aside*] Hark you, Mr. *Brainsick*, is the Devil in you, that you and your Wife come hither, to disturb my Intrigue, which you your self engag'd me with Mrs. *Tricksy*, to revenge you on *Limberham*? Nay, I had made an Appointment with her here; but, when some-body come up I retir'd into the Closet, till I was satisfi'd 'twas not the Keeper.

Brain. But why this Intrigue in my Wife's Chamber?

Wood. Why, you turn my Brains, with talking to me of your Wife's Chamber! do you lye in common? the Wife and Husband, the Keeper and the Mistress?

Mrs. Brain. I am afraid they are quarrelling; pray Heav'n I get off.

Brain. Once again, I am the *Sultan* of this Place: *Limberham* is the *Mogol* of the next Mansion.

Wood. Though I am a Stranger in the House, 'tis impossible I should be so much mistaken: I say, this is *Limberham's* Lodging.

Brain. You wou'd not venture a Wager of ten Pounds that you are not mistaken?

Wood. 'Tis done: I'll lay you.

Brain. Who shall be Judge?

Wood. Who better than your Wife? She cannot be partial, because she knows not on which side you have laid.

Brain. Content. Come hither, Lady mine: which Lodgings are these? who is Lord, and Grand Seigneur of 'em?

Mrs. Brain. [*Aside.*] Oh, goes it there?—Why should you ask me such a Question, when every Body in this House can tell they are n'own Dears?

Brain. Now are you satisfy'd? Children and Fools you know the Proverb——

Wood. Pox on me; nothing but such a positive Comb as I am, wou'd have laid his Money upon the odds; as if you did not know your own Lodgings better than I, at half a Days warning! And that which vexes me more than the Loss of my Money, is the Loss of my Adventure!

Brain. It shall be spent: We'll have a Treat with this is a Fool of the first Magnitude.

Mrs. Brain. Let n'own Dear alone, to find a Fool

Enter Limberham.

Limb. Bully *Brainsick*, *Pug* has sent me to you on Embassy, to bring you down to Cards again; she has her Mulligrubs already; she'll never forgive you that you won. 'Tis but losing a little to her, and

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complaisance, as they say, to a fair Lady: And what she wins, I'll make up to you again in private.

Brain. I wou'd not be that Slave you are, to enjoy the treasures of the East: The Possession of *Peru*, and of *Mozi*, shou'd not buy me to the Bargain.

Limb. Will you leave your Perboles, and come then?

Brain. No; for I have won a Wager, to be spent curiously at *Longs*; with *Pleasance* of the Party, and *magant Tricksy*; and I will pass, in Person, to the Preparation: Come, Matrimony.

[*Exeunt Brainick, Mrs. Brain.*]

Enter Sainly and Pleasance.

Pleas. To him; I'll second you: now for mischief!

Saint. Arise, Mr. *Limberham*, arise; for Conspiracies hatch'd against you, and a new *Faux* is preparing to w up your Happiness.

Limb. What's the matter, Landlady? Prithee speak honest *English*, and leave thy Canting.

Saint. Verily, thy Beloved is led astray, by the young *Woodall*, that Vessel of Uncleanness: I beheld them communing together; she feigned her self sick, and retired to her Tent in the Garden-house; and I watched her out-going, and behold he follow'd her.

Pleas. Do you stand unmov'd, and hear all this?

Limb. Before *George*, I am Thunder-struck!

Saint. Take to thee thy Resolution, and avenge thy self.

Limb. But give me leave to consider first: A Man must do nothing rashly.

Pleas. I could tear out the Villain's Eyes, for dishonouring you, while you stand considering, as you call. Are you a Man, and suffer this?

Limb. Yes, I am a Man; but a Man's but a Man, you know: I am recollecting my self, how these things can

Saint. How they can be! I have heard 'em; I have seen 'em.

Limb. Heard 'em, and seen 'em! It may be so; but I cannot enter into this same Business: I am amaz'd,

I must confess; but the best is, I do not believe on word on't.

Saint. Make haste, and thine own Eyes shall testify against her.

Limb. Nay, if my own Eyes testify, it may be so— But 'tis impossible however; for I am making a Settlement upon her, this very Day.

Pleas. Look, and satisfy your self, e'er you make that Settlement on so false a Creature.

Limb. But yet, if I shou'd look; and not find her false, then I must cast in another hundred, to make her Satisfaction.

Pleas. Was there ever such a meek, hen-hearted Creature!

Saint. Verily, thou hast not the Spirit of a Cock or Chicken.

Limb. Before *George*, but I have the Spirit of a Lion and I will tear her Limb from Limb——if I could believe it.

Pleas. Love, Jealousie, and Disdain, how they torture me at once! and this insensible Creature——were I but in his Place——[*To him.*] Think, that this very instant she's yours no more: Now, now she's giving up herself, with so much Violence of Love, that if Thunder roar'd, she could not hear it.

Limb. I have been whetting all this while: They shall be so taken in the manner, that *Mars* and *Venus* shall be nothing to 'em.

Pleas. Make haste; go on then.

Limb. Yes, I will go on; — and yet my Mind misgives me plaguily.

Saint. Again backsliding!

Pleas. Have you no Sense of Honour in you?

Limb. Well, Honour is Honour, and I must go: But I shall never get me such another *Pug* again! O, my Heart! my poor tender Heart! 'tis just breaking with *Pug's* Unkindness!

[*They drag him out*]

CENE II. Woodall and Trickſy diſcover'd
in the Garden-houſe.

Enter Gervafe to them.

Gerv. Make haſte, and ſave your ſelf, Sir; the Enemy's at Hand: I have diſcover'd him from the Corner, here you ſet me Sentry.

Wood. Who is't?

Gerv. Who ſhou'd it be, but *Limberham*? arm'd with two-Hand Fox. O Lord, O Lord!

Trick. Enter quickly into the Still-houſe both of you, and leave me to him: There's a Spring-lock within, to open it when we are gone.

Wood. Well, I have won the Party and Revenge however: A Minute longer, and I had won the Tout.

[They go in: She locks the Door.]

Enter Limberham, with a great Sword.

Limb. Diſloyal Pug.

Trick. What Humour's this? you're drunk it ſeems: to ſleep.

Limb. Thou haſt robb'd me of my Repoſe for ever: I am like *Mackbeth*, after the Death of good King *Duncan*; methinks a Voice ſays to me, Sleep no more; *Trickſy* has murder'd Sleep.

Trick. Now I find it: You are willing to ſave your Settlement, and are ſent by ſome of your wiſe Counſellors, to pick a Quarrel with me.

Limb. I have been your Cully above theſe ſeven Years; but, at laſt my Eyes are open'd to your Witchcraft: And indulgent Heav'n has taken Care of my Preſervation— ſhort, Madam, I have found you out; and to cut offreambles, produce your Adulterer.

Trick. If I have any, you know him beſt: You are the only Ruin of my Reputation. But if I have diſhonour'd my Family, for the Love of you, methinks you ſhould be the laſt Man to upbraid me with it.

Limb. I am ſure you are of the Family of your abominable great Grandam *Eve*; but produce the Man, or, my Father's Soul—

Trick. Still I am in the Dark.

Limb. Yes, you have been in the Dark; I know it. But I shall bring you to light immediately.

Trick. You are not jealous.

Limb. No; I am too certain to be jealous: But you have a Man here, that shall be nameless; let me see him.

Trick. O, if that be your Business, you had best search: And when you have weary'd your self, and spent your idle Humour, you may find me above, in my Chamber, and come to ask my Pardon. [Going.]

Limb. You may go, Madam; but I shall beseech your Ladyship to leave the Key of the Still-house Door behind you: I have a Mind to some of the Sweet-meats you have lock'd up there; you understand me. Now, for the old Dog-trick! you have lost the Key, I know already, but I am prepar'd for that; you shall know you have no Fool to deal with.

Trick. No; here's the Key: Take it, and satisfy your foolish Curiosity.

Limb. [*Aside.*] This Confidence amazes me! If those two Giplies have abus'd me, and I shou'd not find him there now, this would make an immortal Quarrel.

Trick. [*Aside.*] I have put him to a stand.

Limb. Hang't, 'tis no matter; I will be satisfy'd: If it comes to a Rupture, I know the way to buy my Peace. *Pug*, produce the Key.

Trick. [*Takes him about the Neck.*] My Dear, I have it for you: Come, and kiss me. Why wou'd you be so unkind to suspect my Faith now? when I have forsaken all the World for you— [*Kiss again.*] But I am not in the mood of quarrelling to Night; I take this Jealousie the best way, as the Effect of your Passion. Come up, and we'll go to Bed together, and be Friends. [*Kiss again.*]

Limb. [*Aside.*] *Pug's* in a pure Humour to Night, and 'twould vex a Man to lose it; but yet I must be satisfy'd: And therefore, upon mature Consideration, give me the Key.

Trick. You are resolv'd then?

Limb. Yes, I am resolv'd; for I have sworn to my self by *Styx*: And that's an irrevocable Oath.

Trick.

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Trick. Now, see your Folly: There's the Key.

[Gives it him.]

Limb. Why, that's a loving *Pug*; I will prove thee innocent immediately: And that will put an End to all Controversies betwixt us.

Trick. Yes, it shall put an End to all our Quarrels: Farewel for the last time, Sir. Look well upon my face, that you may remember it; for, from this time forward, I have sworn it irrevocably too, that you shall never see it more.

Limb. Nay, but hold a little, *Pug*. What's the meaning of this new Commotion?

Trick. No more; but satisfy your foolish Fancy, for you are Master: And besides, I am willing to be justify'd.

Limb. Then you shall be justify'd.

[Puts the Key in the Door.]

Trick. I know I shall: Farewel.

Limb. But, are you sure you shall?

Trick. No, no, he's there: You'll find him up in the chimney, or behind the Door; or, it may be, crouded to some little Galley-Pot.

Limb. But you will not leave me, if I shou'd look?

Trick. You are not worth my Answer: I am gone.

[Going out.]

Limb. Hold, hold, divine *Pug*, and let me recollect a little—This is no time for Meditation neither: While I deliberate, she may be gone. She must be Innocent, for she could never be so confident and careless—Sweet *Pug*, forgive me.

[Kneels.]

Trick. I am provok'd too far.

Limb. 'Tis the Property of a Goddess to forgive. Accept of this Oblation; with this humble Kiss, I here present it to thy fair Hand: I conclude thee Innocent without looking, and depend wholly upon thy Mercy.

[Offers the Key.]

Trick. No, keep it, keep it: The Lodgings are your own.

Limb. If I shou'd keep it, I were unworthy of Forgiveness: I will no longer hold this fatal Instrument of our Separation.

Trick. [*Taking it.*] Rise, Sir: I will endeavour to overcome my Nature, and forgive you; for I am so scrupulously nice in Love, that it grates my very Soul to be suspected: Yet, take my Counsel, and satisfy yourself.

Limb. I would not be satisfy'd, to be Possessor of *Patuzzi*, as my Brother *Brainsick* says. Come, to Bed, dear *Pug*. Now would not I change my Condition, to be an Eastern Monarch. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Woodall and Gervase.

Gerv. O Lord, Sir, are we alive!

Wood. Alive! why, we were never in any danger: Well, she's a rare Manager of a Fool!

Gerv. Are you dispos'd yet to receive good Counsel? has Affliction wrought upon you?

Wood. Yes, I must ask thy Advice in a most important Business: I have promis'd a Charity to Mrs. *Saintly*, and she expects it with a beating Heart a-bed: Now, I have at present no running Cash to throw away, my ready Money is all paid to Mrs. *Tricksy*, and the Bill is drawn upon me for to Night.

Gerv. Take Advice of your Pillow.

Wood. No, Sirrah, since you have not the Grace to offer yours, I will for once make use of my Authority, and command you to perform the foresaid Drudgery in my Place.

Gerv. Zookers, I cannot answer it to my Conscience.

Wood. Nay, and your Conscience can suffer you to swear, it shall suffer you to lie too: I mean in this Sense. Come, no denial, you must do it; she's rich, and there's a Provision for your Life.

Gerv. I beseech you, Sir, have pity on my Soul.

Wood. Have you pity of your Body: There's all the Wages you must expect.

Gerv. Well, Sir, you have perswaded me: I will arm my Conscience with a Resolution of making her an honourable amends by Marriage; for to morrow Morning a Parson shall authorize my Labours, and turn Fornication into Duty. And moreover, I will enjoin my self, by

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way of Penance, not to touch her for seven Nights,
after.

Wood. Thou wert predestinated for a Husband I see
by that natural Instinct: As we walk, I will instruct
thee how to behave thy self, with Secresie and Silence.

Gerv. I have a Key of the Garden, to let us out the
Backway into the Street, and so privately to our Lodg-
ing.

Wood. 'Tis well: I'll plot the rest of my Affairs a-bed;
for 'tis resolv'd that *Limberham* shall not wear Horns a-
none: And I am impatient till I add to my Trophy the
spoils of *Brainsick*. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Woodall and Judith.

Jud. WELL, you are a lucky Man! Mrs. *Brainsick* is
Fool enough to believe you wholly Inno-
cent; and that the Adventure of the Garden-house last
Night, was only a Vision of Mrs. *Saintly's*.

Wood. I knew, if I cou'd once speak with her, all
would be set right immediately; for, had I been there,
I look you—

Jud. As you were, most certainly.

Wood. *Limberham* must have found me out; that Fe-
la-fum of a Keeper would have smelt the Blood of a
Cuckold-maker: They say, he was peeping and butting
about in every cranny.

Jud. But one. You must excuse my Unbelief, though
Mrs. *Brainsick* is better satisfy'd. She and her Husband,
you know, went out this Morning to the *New Exchange*:
There she has given him the slip; and pretending to call
at her Taylor's, to try her Stays for a new Gown—

Wood. I understand thee. She fetch'd me a short Turn,
like a Hare before her Muse, and will immediately run
either to Covert?

Jud.

Jud. Yes, but because your Chamber will be least suspicious, she appoints to meet you there; that, if her Husband should come back, he may think her still abroad, and you may have time——

Wood. To take in the Horn-work. It happens as I wish; for Mrs. *Tricksey*, and her Keeper, are gone out with Father *Aldo*, to compleat her Settlement: my Landlady is safe at her Morning Exercise, with my Man *Gervase*, and her Daughter not stirring: the House is our own, and Iniquity may walk bare-fac'd.

Jud. And, to make all sure, I am order'd to be from Home. When I come back again, I shall knock at your Door, with Speak Brother, speak; is the Deed done?

[Singing.]

Wood. Long ago, long ago; and then we come panting out together. Oh, I am ravish'd with the Imagination on't!

Jud. Well, I must retire; Good-morrow to you, Sir.

[Exit.]

Wood. Now do I humbly conceive, that this Mistress in Matrimony, will give me more Pleasure than the former: for your coupled Spaniels, when they are once let loose, are afterwards the highest Rangers.

Enter Mrs. Brainfick running.

Mrs. Brain. Oh dear Mr. *Woodall*, what shall I do?

Wood. Recover Breath, and I'll instruct you in the next Chamber.

Mrs. Brain. But my Husband follows me at Heels.

Wood. Has he seen you?

Mrs. Brain. I hope not: I thought I had left him sure enough, at the *Exchange*; but, looking behind me, as I entered into the House, I saw him walking a round rate this way.

Wood. Since he has not seen you, there's no danger: you need but step into my Chamber, and there we'll lock our selves up, and transform him in a twinkling.

Mrs. Brain. I had rather have got into my own; but *Judith* is gone out with the Key, I doubt.

Wood. Yes, by your Appointment. But so much the better; for when the Cuckold finds no Company, he will certainly go a santring again.

Mrs.

Mrs. Brain. Make haste then.

Wood. Immediately.—[Goes to open the Door hastily, and breaks his Key.] What's the matter here? the Key turns round, and will not open! As I live, we are undone! With too much haste 'tis broken!

Mrs. Brain. Then I am lost; for I cannot enter into my own.

Wood. This next Room is *Limberham's*. See! the Door's open; and he and his Mistress are both abroad.

Mrs. Brain. There's no Remedy, I must venture in: for his knowing I am come back so soon, must be cause of Jealousie enough, if the Fool shou'd find me.

Wood. [Looking in] See there! Mrs. *Trickisy* has left her *Adrian* Gown upon the Bed; clap it on, and turn your back: he will easily mistake you for her, if he shou'd look in upon you.

Mrs. Brain. I'll put on my Vizor-Mask however, for more security. [Noise] Hark! I hear him. [Goes in.

Enter Brainfick.

Brain. What, in a musty musing, Monsieur *Woodall*? let me enter into the Affair.

Wood. You may guess it, by the Post I have taken up.

Brain. O, at the Door of the Damsel *Trickisy*! your Business is known by your abode: as the posture of a Porter before a Gate, denotes to what Family he belongs. [Looks in.] 'Tis an Affignation I see: for yonder she stands, with her Back toward me, drest up for the Duel, with all the Ornaments of the *East*. Now for the Judges of the Field, to divide the Sun and Wind betwixt the Combatants, and a tearing Trumpeter to sound the Charge.

Wood. 'Tis a private Quarrel, to be decided without Seconds; and therefore you wou'd do me a favour to withdraw.

Brain. Your *Limberham* is nearer than you imagine: I left him almost entring at the Door.

Wood. Plague of all impertinent Cuckolds! they are ever troublesome to us honest Lovers: so intruding!

Brain. They are indeed, where their Company is not Desir'd.

Wood.

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Wood. Sure he has some Tutelar Devil to guard his Brows! just when she had bobb'd him, and made an Errand home, to come to me!

Brain. 'Tis unconscionably done of him. But you shall not adjourn your Love for this; the *Brainsick* has an Ascendant over him: I am your *Garantee*; he's doom'd a Cuckold, in disdain of Destiny.

Wood. What mean you?

Brain. To stand before the Door with my brandish'd Blade, and defend the Entrance: he dies, upon the Point, if he approaches.

Wood. If I durst trust it, 'tis Heroick.

Brain. 'Tis the Office of a Friend: I'll do't.

Wood. [*Aside*] Shou'd he know hereafter his Wife were here, he wou'd think I had enjoy'd her, though I had not: 'tis best venturing for something. He takes pains enough o' conscience for his Cuckoldom; and, by my Troth, has earn'd it fairly.—But, may a Man venture upon your Promise?

Brain. Bars of Brass, and Doors of Adamant, cou'd not more secure you.

Wood. I know it; but still gentle means are best: you may come to force at last. Perhaps you may wheedle him away: 'tis but drawing a Trope or two upon him.

Brain. He shall have it; with all the Artillery of Eloquence.

Wood. Ay, ay; your Figure breaks no Bones. With your good leave.——

[*Goes on.*]

Brain. Thou hast it, Boy. Turn to him, Madam; to her *Woodall*: and S. George for merry *England*. Tan ta ra ra ra, ra ra! Dub, a dub, dub; Tan ta ra ra ra.

Enter Limberham.

Lim. How now, Bully *Brainsick*! What, upon the Tan ta ra, by your self?

Brain. Clangor, Taratantarra, Murmur.

Lim. Commend me to honest *Lingua Franca*. Why, this is enough to stun a Christian, with your *Hebrew*, and your *Greek*, and such like *Latin*.

Brain. Out, Ignorance!

Lim. Then Ignorance by your leave; for I must enter.

Brain.

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Brain. Why in such haste? the Fortune of Greece depends not on't.

Lim. But *Pug's* Fortune does: that's dearer to me than Greece, and sweeter than *Ambergriſe*.

Brain. You'll not find her here. Come, you are jealous: you're haunted with a raging Fiend, that robs you of your sweet Repose.

Lim. Nay, and you are in your Perbole's again! Look you, 'tis *Pug* is jealous of her Jewels: she has left the key of her Cabinet behind; and has desir'd me to bring back to her.

Brain. Poor Fool! he little thinks she's here before him! Well, this Pretence will never pass on me; for I go deeper into your affairs: you are jealous. But, rather than my Soul shou'd be concern'd for a Sex so insignificant, — Ha! the Gods! If I thought my proper life were now within, and prostituting all her Treasures to the lawless Love of an Adulterer, I wou'd stand intrepid, as firm, and as unmov'd, as the Statue of a Roman Gladiator.

Lim. [In the same tone]. Of a Roman Gladiator! — How are you as mad as a March Hare; but I am in haste, to return to *Pug*: yet, by your favour, I will first secure the Cabinet.

Brain. No, you must not.

Lim. Must not? what, may not a Man come by you, to look upon his own Goods and Chattels, in his own Chamber?

Brain. No, with this *Sabre* I defy the Destinies, and am up the passage with my Person; like a rugged Rock, oppos'd against the roaring of the boisterous Billows. Your Jealousie shall have no course through me, though Potentates and Princes —

Lim. Prithce what have we to do with Potentates and Princes? Will you leave your Troping, and let me pass?

Brain. You have your utmost Answer.

Lim. If this Maggot bite a little deeper, we shall have you a Citizen of *Beth'lem* yet e're Dog-days. Well, I say so; but I'll tell *Pug* on't.

[Exit.]

Brain.

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Brain. She knows it already, by your favour.

[Knocking]
Sound a Retreat, you lusty Lovers, or the Enemy will
Charge you in the Flank, with a fresh Reserve: March
off, march off upon the Spur, e're he can reach you.

Enter Woodall.

Wood. How now, Baron Tell-clock, is the Passage clear?

Brain. Clear as a Level, without Hills or Woods, and
void of Ambuscade.

Wood. But *Limberham* will return immediately, when
he finds not his Mistress where he thought he left her.

Brain. Friendship, which has done much, will yet do
more. [Shows a Key.] With this *Passe par tout*, I will
instantly conduct her to my own Chamber, that she may
out-face the Keeper she has been there; and, when my
Wife returns, who is my Slave, I will lay my Conjugal
Commands upon her, to affirm, they have been all this
time together.

Wood. I shall never make you amends for this Kind-
ness, my dear *Padron*: but would it not be better, if you
would take the pains to run after *Limberham*, and stop him
in his way e'er he reach the Place where he thinks he
left his Mistress; then hold him in Discourse as long as
possibly you can, till you guess your Wife may be re-
turn'd, that so they may appear together?

Brain. I warrant you: *laissez faire a Marc Antoine*. [Exit.]

Wood. Now, Madam, you may venture out in safety.

Mrs. Brain. [Entering] Pray Heav'n I may. [Noise.]

Wood. Hark! I hear *Judith's* Voice: it happens well
that she's return'd: slip into your Chamber immediately,
and send back the Gown.

Mrs. Brain. I will: but are not you a wicked Man, to
put me into all this Danger? [Exit.]

Wood. Let what can happen, my Comfort is, at least,
I have enjoy'd: But this is no place for Consideration.
Be jogging, good Mr. *Woodall*, out of this Family, while
you are well; and go Plant in some other Country,
where your Virtues are not so famous, [Going.]

Enter

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Enter Trickſy, with a Box of Writings.

Trick. What, wandring up and down, as if you want an Owner? Do you know that I am Lady of the Manor; and that all Weſts and Strays belong to me?

Wood. I have waited for you above an Hour; but Fryer Bacon's Head has been lately ſpeaking to me, that *Time is ſt.* In a Word, your Keeper has been here, and will turn immediately; we muſt defer our Happineſs till a more favourable time.

Trick. I fear him not; he has this Morning arm'd me againſt himſelf, by this Settlement: the next time he ſpeels, he gives me a fair Occaſion of leaving him for ever.

Wood. But is this Conſcience in you? not to let him have his Bargain, when he has paid ſo dear for't?

Trick. You do not know him: he muſt perpetually be dill, or he insults. Beſides, I have gain'd an abſolute Dominion over him: he muſt not ſee, when I bid him ſink. If you argue after this, either you love me not, or dare not.

Wood. Go in, Madam: I was never dar'd before. I'll ſcout a little, and follow you immediately.—[*Trick. ſ in.*] I find a Miſtreſs is only kept for other Men: and the Keeper is but her Man, in green Livery, bound to give a Warrant for the *Doe*, when e'er ſhe pleaſes, or is ſeaſon.

Enter Judith, with the Night-Gown.

Jud. Still you're a lucky Man! Mr. *Brainſick* has been ſeeding honourable: he ran, as if a Legion of Bayliſſs had been at his Heels, and overtook *Limberham* in the ſeet. Here, take the Gown; lay it where you found it, and the Danger's over.

Wood. Speak ſoftly: Mrs. *Trickſy* is return'd. [*Looks in.*] ſhe's gone into her Cloſet, to lay up her Writings: ſhe can throw it on the Bed, e'er ſhe perceive it has been ſtating.—

[*Throws it in.*]

Jud. Every Woman wou'd not have done this for you, which I have done.

Wood. I am ſenſible of it, little *Judith*: there's a time ſome ſhall pay for all. I hear her a returning: not a word; away.

[*Exit Judith.*]

Re-enter

Re-enter Trickfy.

Trick. What, is a second Summons needful? my Favours have not been so cheap, that they shou'd stick upon my Hands. It seems, you slight your Bill of fare, because you know it: or fear to be invited to your Loss.

Wood. I was willing to secure my Happiness from Interruption: A true Soldier never falls upon the Plunder, while the Enemy is in the Field.

Trick. He has been so often baffled, that he grows contemptible. Were he here, shou'd he see you enter into my Closet; yet——

Wood. You are like to be put upon the Tryal, for I hear his Voice.

Trick. 'Tis so: go in, and mark the Event now: be but as unconcern'd, as you are safe, and trust him to my Management.

Wood. I must venture it: because to be seen here, wou'd have the same Effect, as to be taken within. Yet I doubt you are too confident, [He goes in.]

Enter Limberham and Brainfick.

Lim. How now, *Pug*? return'd so soon!

Trick. When I saw you came not for me, I was loth to be long without you.

Lim. But which way came you, that I saw you not?

Trick. The back way; by the Garden-door.

Lim. How long have you been here?

Trick. Just come before you.

Lim. O, then all's well. For, to tell you true, *Pug*, I had a kind of villanous Apprehension that you had been here longer: but whate'er thou say'st is an Oracle, sweet *Pug*, and I am satisfy'd.

Brain. [*Aside*] How infinitely she gulls him! and he so stupid not to find it! [*To her*] If he be still within, Madam, (you know my meaning?) here's *Bilbo* ready to forbid your Keeper Entrance.

Trick. [*Aside*] *Woodall* must have told him of our Appointment.——What think you of walking down, Mr. *Limberham*?

Lim. I'll but visit the Chamber a little first.

Trick.

Trick. What new Maggot's this? you dare not sure jealous!

Lim. No, I protest, sweet *Pug*, I am not: only to satisfy my Curiosity; that's but reasonable, you know.

Trick. Come, what foolish Curiosity?

Lim. You must know, *Pug*, I was going but just now, in obedience to your Commands, to enquire of the health and safety of your Jewels, and my Brother *Brainsick* most barbarously forbade me Entrance: (nay, I dare accuse you, when *Pug*'s by to back me;) but now I am resolv'd I will go see 'em, or some-body shall smother for't.

Brain. But I resolve you shall not. If she pleases to command my Person, I can comply with the Obligation of a Cavalier.

Trick. But what Reason had you to forbid him then, Sir?

Lim. Ay, what Reason had you to forbid me then, Sir?

Brain. 'Twas only my *Caprichio*, Madam. (Now must seem ignorant of what she knows full well.)

Trick. We'll enquire the Cause at better leisure: Come down, Mr. *Limberham*.

Lim. Nay, if it were only his *Caprichio*, I am satisfy'd; though, I must tell you, I was in a kind of Huff, to hear him *Tan ta ra, tan ta ra*, a quarter of an Hour together; for *Tan ta ra* is but an odd kind of Sound, you know, before a Man's Chamber.

Enter Pleasance.

Pleas. [*Aside*] *Judith* has assur'd me he must be there; and, I'm resolv'd, I'll satisfy my Revenge at any rate upon my Rivals.

Trick. Mrs. *Pleasance* is come to call us: pray let us go.

Pleas. Oh dear, Mr. *Limberham*, I have had the dreadful Dream to Night, and am come to tell it you; I dream'd you left your Mistress's Jewels in your Chamber, and the Door open.

Lim. In good time be it spoken; and so I did, Mrs. *Pleasance*.

Pleas. And that a great swinging Thief came in, and whipt 'em out.

Lim. Marry, Heav'n forbid.

Trick.

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Trick. This is ridiculous: I'll speak to your Mother, Madam, not to suffer you to eat such heavy Suppers.

Lim. Nay, that's very true; for, you may remember, she fed very much upon Larks and Pigeons; and they are very heavy Meat, as *Pug* says.

Trick. The Jewels are all safe; I look'd on 'em.

Brain. Will you never stand corrected, Mrs. Pleasance?

Pleas. Not by you: correct your Matrimony. And methought, of a sudden, this Thief was turn'd to Mr. Woodall; and that, hearing Mr. Limberham come, he slips for fear into the Closet.

Trick. I look'd all over it; I'm sure he is not there. Come away, Dear.

Brain. What, I think you are in a Dream too, Brother Limberham.

Lim. If her Dream shou'd come out now! 'tis good to be sure however.

Trick. You are sure: have not I said it? You had best make Mr. Woodall a Thief, Madam.

Pleas. I make him nothing, Madam: but the Thief in my Dream was like Mr. Woodall; and that Thief may have made Mr. Limberham something.

Lim. Nay, Mr. Woodall is no Thief, that's certain: but if a Thief shou'd be turn'd to Mr. Woodall, that may be something.

Trick. Then I'll fetch out the Jewels: will that satisfy you?

Brain. That shall satisfy him.

Lim. Yes, that shall satisfy me.

Pleas. Then you are a Predestinated Fool, and somewhat worse, that shall be nameless: do you not see how grossly she abuses you? My Life on't, there's some-body within, and she knows it; otherwise she wou'd suffer you to bring out the Jewels.

Lim. Nay, I am no predestinated Fool; and therefore, *Pug*, give way.

Trick. I will not satisfy your Humour.

Lim. Then I will satisfy it my self: for my generous Blood is up, and I'll force my Entrance.

Brain. Here's *Bilbo* then shall bar you: Atoms are not so small, as I will slice the Slave. Ha! Fate, and Furies!

Lim. Ay, for all your Fate and Furies, I charge you, in his Majesty's Name, to keep the Peace: now, disobey Authority, if you dare.

Trick. Fear him not, sweet Mr. *Brainsick*.

Pleas. to *Brain*. But, if you shou'd hinder him, he may trouble you at Law, Sir, and say you robb'd him of his Jewels.

Lim. That's well thought on. I will accuse him haughtily; there — and therefore fear and tremble.

Brain. My Allegiance Charms me: I acquiesce. —
[*Aside*] Th'Occasion's plausible to let him pass. Now let the burnish'd Beams upon his Brow blaze broad, for the Brand he cast upon the *Brainsick*.

Trick. Dear Mr. *Limberham*, come back, and hear me.

Lim. Yes, I will hear thee, *Pug*.

Pleas. Go on; my Life for yours, he's there.

Lim. I am deaf, as an Adder; I will not hear thee, nor have no Commiseration.

[*Struggles from her, and rushes in.*]

Trick. Then I know the worst, and care not.

[*Limberham comes running out with the Jewels, follow'd by Woodall, with his Sword drawn.*]

Lim. O, save me, *Pug*, save me! [*Gets behind her.*]

Wood. A Slave, to come and interrupt me at my Devotions! but I'll —

Lim. Hold, hold, since you are so devout, for Heaven's sake hold.

Brain. Nay, Mounfieur *Woodall*!

Trick. For my sake, spare him.

Lim. Yes, for *Pug*'s sake, spare me.

Wood. I did his Chamber the honour, when my own was not open, to retire thither; and he to disturb me, like a profane Rascal as he was.

Lim. [*Aside*] I believe he had the Devil for his Chaplain, and a Man durst tell him so.

Wood. What's that you mutter?

Lim. Nay, nothing; but that I thought you had not been so well given. I was only afraid of *Pug*'s Jewels.

Wood.

Wood. What, does he take me for a Thief? nay then—

Lim. O, mercy, mercy.

Pleas. Hold, Sir; 'twas a foolish Dream of mine that set him on. I dreamt, a Thief, who had been just repriev'd for a former Robbery, was vent'ring his Neck a Minute after in Mr. *Limberham's* Closet.

Wood. Are you thereabouts, i'faith! A Pox of *Artemidorus*!

Trick. I have had a Dream too, concerning Mrs. *Brain* sick, and perhaps——

Wood. Mrs. *Trickfy*, a Word in private with you, by your Keeper's leave.

Lim. Yes, Sir, you may speak your Pleasure to her; and, if you have a mind to go to Prayers together, the Closet is open.

Wood. to *Trick.* You but suspect it at most, and cannot prove it: if you value me, you will not ingage me in a Quarrel with her Husband.

Trick. Well, in hope you'll love me, I'll obey.

Brain. Now, Damsel *Trickfy*, your Dream, your Dream!

Trick. 'Twas something of a *Flagelet* that a Shepherd play'd upon so sweetly, that three Women follow'd him for his Musick, and still one of 'em snatch'd it from the other.

Pleas. [*Aside.*] I understand her; but I find she's brild to Secresy.

Lim. That *Flagelet* was, by Interpretation, but let that pass; and Mr. *Woodall* there was the Shepherd that play'd the *Tan ta ra* upon't: but a generous Heart, like mine, will endure the Infamy no longer; therefore, *Pug*, I banish thee for ever.

Trick. Then farewell.

Lim. Is that all you make of me?

Trick. I hate to be tormented with your jealous Humours, and am glad to be rid of 'em.

Lim. Bear witness, good People, of her Ingratitude! Nothing vexes me, but that she calls me jealous; when I found him as close as a Butter-fly in her Closet.

Trick. No matter for that: I knew not he was there.

Lim

Limb. Wou'd I cou'd believe thee.

Wood. You have both our Words for't.

Trick. Why shou'd you persuade him against his Will?

Limb. Since you won't persuade me, I care not much:
Here are the Jewels in my Possession; and I'll fetch out
the Settlement immediately.

Wood. [*Shewing the Box.*] Look you, Sir, I'll spare
your Pains: Four hundred a Year will serve to comfort
your poor cast Mistress.

Limb. I thought what would come of your Devils
Pater Nosters!

Brain. Restore it to him for pity, *Woodall.*

Trick. I make him my Trustee; he shall not restore
it.

Limb. Here are Jewels that cost me above two thou-
sand Pound, a Queen might wear 'em; behold this Ori-
ent Neck-lace, *Pug!* 'tis pity any Neck should touch it
after thine, that pretty Neck! but, oh, 'tis the falsest
Neck that e'er was hang'd in Pearl.

Wood. 'Twould become your Bounty to give it her at
parting.

Limb. Never the sooner for your asking. But, oh,
that word Parting! can I bear it? if she could find in
her Heart but so much Grace, as to acknowledge what a
Traytress she has been, I think in my Conscience I
could forgive her.

Trick. I'll not wrong my Innocence so much, nor this
Gentleman's; but, since you have accus'd us falsely, four
hundred a Year, betwixt us two, will make us some
Part of Reparation.

Wood. I answer you not, but with my Leg, Madam.

Pleas. [*Aside.*] This mads me; but I cannot help it.

Limb. What, wilt thou kill me, *Pug*, with thy Un-
kindness, when thou know'st I cannot live without thee?
It goes to my Heart, that this wicked Fellow——

Wood. How's that, Sir?

Limb. Under the Rose, good Mr. *Woodall.* But I speak
it with all Submission, in the Bitterness of my Spirit,
that you, or any Man, should have the disposing of my
four

four hundred a Year *gratis*: Therefore, dear *Pug*, a word in private, with your Permission, good Mr. *Woodall*.

Trick. Alas, I know by Experience, I may safely trust my Person with you. [Ex. *Limb*. and *Trick*]

Enter *Aldo*.

Pleasf. O, Father *Aldo*, we have wanted you! Here has been made the rarest Discovery!

Brain. With the most Comical Catastrophe!

Wood. Happily arriv'd, i'faith, my old Sub-fornicator! I have been taken upon Suspicion here with Mrs. *Trick*.

Aldo. To be taken, to be seen! Before *George* that's Point next the worst, Son *Woodall*.

Wood. Truth is, I wanted thy Assistance, old Methusalem: But, my Comfort is, I fell greatly.

Aldo. Well, young *Phaeton*, that's somewhat yet, you made a blaze at your Departure.

Enter *Giles*. Mrs. *Brainfick* and *Judith*.

Giles. By your leave, Gentlemen, I have follow'd my old Master of mine these two long Hours, and had a fair Course at him up the Street: Here he enter'd I'm sure.

Aldo. Whoop Holiday! our trusty and well-beloved *Giles*, most welcome! Now, for some News of my ungracious Son.

Wood. [*Aside*.] *Giles* here! O Rogue, Rogue! Now would I were safe stow'd, over Head and Ears, in the Chest again.

Aldo. Look you now, Son *Woodall*, I told you I was not mistaken; my Rascal's in Town, with a Vengeance to him.

Giles. Why, this is he, Sir; I thought you had known him.

Aldo. Known whom?

Giles. Your Son here, my young Master.

Aldo. Do I dote? or art thou drunk, *Giles*?

Giles. Nay, I am sober enough, I'm sure; I have been kept fasting almost these two Days.

Aldo. Before *George*, 'tis so! I read it in that leering Look: What a Tartar have I caught!

Brain

Brain. Woodall his Son!

Pleas. What, young Father Aldo!

Aldo. [Aside.] Now cannot I for shame hold up my head, to think what this young Rogue is privy to!

Mrs. Brain. The most dumb Interview I ever saw!

Brain. What, have you beheld the Gorgon's Head on her side?

Aldo. Oh, my Sins! my Sins! and he keeps my Book Conscience too! He can display 'em, with a Witnefs! treacherous young Devil!

Wood. [Aside.] Well, the Squib's run to the End of Line, and now for the Cracker: I must bear

Aldo. I must set a Face of Authority on the matter, my Credit——Pray, who am I? do you know Sir?

Wood. Yes, I think I should partly know you, Sir: You remember some private Passages betwixt us.

Aldo. [Aside.] I thought as much; he has me already——But pray, Sir, why this Ceremony amongst Friends? Put on, put on; and let us hear what News in France: Have you heard lately from my Son? does he continue still the most Hopeful and esteem'd young Gentleman in Paris? does he manage his Allowance with same Discretion? And lastly, has he still the same Respect and Duty for his good old Father?

Wood. Faith, Sir, I have been too long from my Catechism, to answer so many Questions; but, suppose there be News of your Quondam Son, you may Comfort your Heart for such a Loss; Father Aldo has a numerous Progeny about the Town, Heav'n bless 'em.

Aldo. 'Tis very well, Sir; I find you have been searching for your Relations then, in Whetstone's Park!

Wood. No, Sir; I made some scruple of going to the said place, for fear of meeting my own Father there.

Aldo. Before George, I cou'd find in my Heart to disinherit thee.

Pleas. Sure you cannot be so unnatural.

Aldo. I am sure I am no Bastard; witnefs one good thing I have: If any of your Children have a stronger

L. IV.

Q

Tang

Tang of the Father in 'em, I am content to be d
own'd.

Aldo. Well, from this time forward, I pronounce the
—no Son of mine.

Wood. Then you desire I shou'd proceed, to justify
am lawfully begotten? The Evidence is ready, Sir; and
if you please, I shall relate before this Honourable Assem
bly, those excellent Lessons of Morality you gave me
our first Acquaintance. As, in the first place,—

Aldo. Hold, hold; I charge thee hold, on thy Obed
ience. I forgive thee heartily: I have proof enough that
art my Son; but tame thee that can, thou art a man
one.

Pleas. Why, this is as it shou'd be.

Aldo. to him. Not a Word of any Passages betwixt
'Tis enough we know each other; hereafter we'll be
nistr all Pomp and Ceremony, and live familiarly toge
ther: I'll be *Pilades*, and thou mad *Orestes*, and we'll
vide the Estate betwixt us, and have fresh Wenches, and
Ballum Rankum every Night.

Wood. A Match, i'faith: and let the World pass.

Aldo. But hold a little; I had forgot one Point: I hope
you are not marry'd, nor ingag'd?

Wood. To nothing but my Pleasures, I.

Aldo. A mingle of Profit wou'd do well though. Come
here's a Girl; look well upon her; 'tis a mettled Toad
can tell you that: She'll make notable work betwixt
Sheets, in a lawful way.

Wood. What, my old Enemy, Mrs. *Pleasance*!

Mrs. *Brain*. Marry Mrs. *Saintly's* Daughter!

Aldo. The truth is, she has past for her Daughter
my appointment; but she has as good Blood running
her Veins, as the best of you: Her Father, Mr. *Palmer*,
his Death Bed, left her to my Care and Disposal;
sides, a Fortune of twelve hundred a Year; a pretty
venience, by my Faith.

Wood. Beyond my Hopes, if she consent.

Aldo. I have taken some Care of her Education,
plac'd her here with Mrs. *Saintly*, as her Daughter,
void her being blown upon by Fops, and younger

rs. So now, Son, I hope I have match'd your Con-
ment with my Discovery! there's hit for hit, e're I
s the Cudgels.

Pleas. You will not take 'em up, Sir?

Wood. I dare not against you, Madam: I'm sure you'll
rist me at all Weapons. All I can say is, I do not now
in to love you.

Aldo. Let me speak for thee: Thou shalt be us'd, little
sance, like a Sovereign Princess: Thou shalt not touch
it of Butchers Meat in a Twelve-month; and thou
ll be treated——

Pleas. Not with *Ballum Rankum* every Night, I hope!

Aldo. Well, thou art a Wag; no more of that. Thou
lt want neither Man's Meat, nor Woman's Meat, as
as his Provision will hold out.

Pleas. But I fear he's so horribly given to go a House-
rming abroad, that the least Part of the Provision will
me to my Share at home.

Wood. You'll find me so much Imployment in my own
mily, that I shall have little need to look out for Jour-
-work.

Aldo. Before *George*, he shall do thee Reason, e'er thou
p'st.

Pleas. No; he shall have an Honourable Truce for one
y at least; for 'tis not fair, to put a fresh Enemy up-
him.

Mrs. Brain. to Pleas. I beseech you, Madam, discover no-
ng betwixt him and me.

Pleas. to her. I am contented to cancel the old Score;
take heed of bringing me an after-reckoning.

Enter Gervase leading Saintly.

Gerv. Save you, Gentlemen; and you, my *Quondams*
fter: You are Welcome all, as I may say.

Aldo. How now, Sirrah? what's the matter?

Gerv. Give good words, while you live, Sir: Your
dlord, and Mr. *Saintly*, if you please.

Wood. Oh, I understand the Business; he's marry'd to
Widow.

Saint. Verily, the good Work is accomplish'd.

364 LIMBERHAM; Or,

Brain. But, why Mr. *Saintly*?

Gerv. When a Man is marry'd to his Betters, 'tis but decency to take her Name. A pretty House, pretty Situation, and prettily furnish'd! I have been unlawfully labouring at hard Duty; but a Parson has foder'd up the matter: Thank your Worship, Mr. *Woodall*——How *Giles* here!

Wood. This Business is out, and I am now *Aldo*: My Father has forgiven me, and we are Friends.

Gerv. When will *Giles*, with his Honesty, come to this?

Wood. Nay, do not insult too much, good Mr. *Saintly*. Thou wert but my Deputy; thou know'st the Widow intended it to me.

Gerv. But I am satisfy'd she perform'd it with me. Sir. Well, there is much good Will in these precise old Women; they are the most zealous Bedfellows: Look and she does not blush now! you see there's Grace in her.

Wood. Mr. *Limberham*, where are you? Come, cheer up Man: How go matters on your Side of the Country? Cry him, *Gervase*.

Gerv. Mr. *Limberham*, Mr. *Limberham*, make your Appearance in the Court, and save your Recognizance.

Enter Limberham and Tricksy.

Wood. Sir, I should now make a Speech to you in my own Defence; but the short of all is this: If you can forgive what's past, your Hand, and I'll endeavour to make up the Breach betwixt you and your Mistress. If not, I am ready to give you the Satisfaction of a Gentleman.

Limb. Sir, I am a peaceable Man, and a good Christian, though I say it, and desire no Satisfaction from any Man: *Pug* and I are partly agreed upon the point already; and therefore lay thy Hand upon thy Heart, *Pug*, and if thou canst from the bottom of thy Soul desire Mankind naming no Body, I'll forgive thy past Enormities; and to give good Example to all Christian Keepers, will take thee to my wedded Wife: And thy four hundred a Year shall be settled upon thee, for separate Maintenance.

The KIND KEEPER. 365

Trick. Why, now I can consent with Honour.

Aldo. This is the first Business that was ever made up without me.

Wood. Give you Joy, Mr. *Bridegroom*.

Limb. You may spare your Breath, Sir, if you please: desire none from you. 'Tis true, I'm satisfy'd of her virtue, in spite of Slander; but, to silence Calumny, shall civilly desire you henceforth, not to make a Chapter of Ease of *Pug's* Closet.

Pleas. [*Aside.*] I'll take care of false Worship, I'll warrant him: He shall have no more to do with *Bell* and the Dragon.

Brain. Come hither, *Wedlock*, and let me Seal my lasting Love upon thy Lips: *Saintly* has been seduc'd, and so has *Tricksy*—But thou alone art kind and constant. Hitherto I have not valu'd Modesty, according to its Merit; but hereafter, *Memphis* shall not boast a Monument more firm, than my Affection.

Wood. A most excellent Reformation, and at a most reasonable Time! The Moral on't is pleasant, if well consider'd. Now, let's to Dinner: Mr. *Saintly*, lead the way, as becomes you, in your own House.

[*The rest going off.*]

Pleas. Your Hand, sweet *Moiety*.

Wood. And Heart too, my comfortable Importance.

Mistress and Wife, by turns, I have possess'd:

He who enjoys 'em both in one, is bless'd.





EPILOGUE

Spoken by LIMBERHAM.

I Beg a Boon, that e'er you all disband,
Some one would take my Bargain off my Hand:
To keep a Punk is but a common Evil,
To find her false, and marry, that's the Devil.
We'll, I ne'er acted Part in all my Life,
But still I was fobb'd off with some such Wife:
I find the Trick; these Poets take no Pity
Of one that is a Member of the City.
We Cheat you lawfully, and in our Trades,
You Cheat us basely with your common Fades.
Now I am marry'd, I must sit down by it;
But let me keep my Dear-bought Spouse in quiet:
Let none of you damn'd Woodall's of the Pit,
Put in for Shares to mend our Breed in Wit;
We know your Bastards from our Flesh and Blood,
Not one in ten of yours e'er comes to good.
In all the Boys their Father's Virtues shine,
But all the Female Fry turn Pugs like mine.
When these grow up, Lord with what Rampant Gaddlers
Our Counters will be throng'd, and Roads with Padders.
This Town two Bargains has, not worth one Farthing,
A Smithfield Horse, and Wife of Covent-Garden.



OE DIPUS:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at

HIS HIGHNESS the DUKE of
YORK'S THEATER.

Written by

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. LEE.

Hi proprium decus & partum indignantur honorem,

Ni teneant—————

Virg.

Vos exemplaria Græcæ,

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna

Horat.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.



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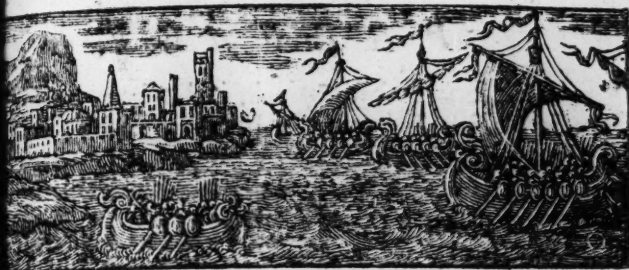
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P R E F A C E.



THOUGH it be dangerous to raise too great an Expectation, especially in Works of this Nature, where we are to please an unsatiable Audience; yet 'tis reasonable to prepossess them in favour of an Author, and therefore both the *Prologue* and *Epilogue* inform'd you, that *Oedipus* was the most celebrated Piece of Antiquity: That *Sophocles*, not only the greatest Wit, but one of the greatest Men in *Athens*, made it for the Stage at the Publick Cost, and that it had the Reputation of being his Master-piece, not only amongst the Seven of his Works which are still remaining, but of the greater Number which are perish'd. *Aristotle* has more than once admir'd it in his Book of Poetry, *Horace* has mention'd it: *Lucullus*, *Julius Caesar*, and other noble Romans, have written on the same Subject, though their Poems are wholly lost; but *Seneca's* is still preserv'd. In our own Age, *Corneille* has attempted it, and, it appears by his Preface, with great Success: But a judicious Reader will easily observe, how much the Copy is inferiour to the Original. He tells you himself, that he owes a great part of his Success to the happy Episode of *Thesens* and *Dirce*; which is the same thing, as if we should acknowledge, that we are indebted for our good Fortune, to the Underplot of *Phrastus*, *Eurydice*, and *Creon*. The truth is, he miserably fail'd in the Character of his Hero: if he desir'd that *Oedipus* should be pitied, he shou'd have made him a better

P R E F A C E.

Man. He forgot that *Sophocles* had taken care to shew him in his first Entrance, a Just, a Merciful, a Successful, a Religious Prince, and in short, a Father of his Country: Instead of these, he has drawn him suspicious, designing, more anxious of keeping the *Theban* Crown than solicitous for the Safety of his People: *Hector* dethron'd *Theseus*, contemn'd by *Dirce*, and scarce maintaining a second Part in his own Tragedy. This was an Error in the first Concoction; and therefore never to be mention'd in the second or the third: He introduc'd a greater Hero than *Oedipus* himself: for when *Theseus* was once the great Companion of *Hercules* must yield to none: The Poet was oblig'd to furnish him with Business, to make him an Equipage suitable to his Dignity, and by following him too close, to lose his other King of *Brentford* in the Crowd. *Seneca* on the other side, as if there were no other thing as Nature to be minded in a Play, is always running after pompous Expression, pointed Sentences, Philosophical Notions, more proper for the Study than the Stage: The *French-man* follow'd a wrong Scent; and the *Roman* was absolutely at cold Hunting. All we can gather out of *Corneille*, was, that an Episode must be but not his Way: And *Seneca* supply'd us with no other Hint, but only a Relation which he makes of his *Trojan* raising the Ghost of *Lajus*: Which is here perform'd in view of the Audience, the Rites and Ceremonies far his, as he agreed with Antiquity, and the Religion of the *Greeks*: But he himself was beholden to *Homer's* *Ulysses* in the *Odysses* for some of them: And the rest have been collected from *Heliodore's* *Æthiopiques*, and *Lucan's* *Erietho*. *Sophocles* indeed is admirable every where: And therefore we have follow'd him as close as possibly we could: But the *Athenian* Theater, (whether more perfect than ours, is not now disputed) had a Perfection different from ours. You see there in every Act a single Scene, or two at most) which manage the Business of the Play, and after that succeeds the *Chorus*, which commonly takes up more time in Singing, than there has been employ'd in speaking. The principal Person appears most constantly through the Play; but the inferior

P R E F A C E.

Parts seldom above once in the whole Tragedy. The Conduct of our Stage is much more difficult, where we are oblig'd never to lose any considerable Character which we have once presented. Custom likewise has obtain'd, that we must form an Under-plot of second Persons, which must be depending on the first, and their By-walks must be like those in a Labyrinth, which all of 'em lead into the great Parterre: Or like so many several lodging Chambers, which have their Out-lets into the same Gallery. Perhaps after all, if we could think so, the ancient Method, as 'tis the easiest, is also the most Natural, and the Best. For Variety, as 'tis manag'd, is too often subject to breed Distraction: And while we would please too many ways, for want of Art in the Conduct, we please in none. But we have given you more already than was necessary for a Preface, and for ought we know, may gain no more by our Instructions, than that Politick Nation is like to do, who have taught their Enemies to fight so long, that at last they are in a Condition to invade them.



P R O E



PROLOGUE

WHEN Athens all the Græcian State did guide,
And Greece gave Laws to all the World beside,
Then Sophocles with Socrates did sit,
Supreme in Wisdom one, and one in Wit:
And Wit from Wisdom differ'd not in those,
But as 'twas sung in Verse, or said in Prose.
Then, Oedipus, on Crowded Theatres,
Drew all admiring Eyes and listning Ears;
The pleas'd Spectator shouted every Line,
The noblest, manliest, and the best Design!
And every Critick of each learned Age
By this just Model has reform'd the Stage.
Now, should it fail, (as Heav'n avert our fear!)
Damn it in Silence, lest the World should hear.
For were it known this Poem did not please,
You might set up for perfect Salvages:
Your Neighbours would not look on you as Men:
But think the Nation all turn'd Piets agen.
Faith, as you manage Matters, 'tis not fit
You should suspect your selves of too much Wit.
Drive not the Jest too far, but spare this Piece;
And, for this once, be not more wise than Greece.
See twice! Do not pell-mell to Damning fall,
Like true-born Britains, who ne'er think at all:
Pray be advis'd; and though at Mons you won,
On pointed Cannon do not always run.

PROLOGUE.

*With some respect to ancient Wit proceed;
You take the four first Councils for your Creed.
But, when you lay Tradition wholly by,
And on the private Spirit alone relye,
You turn Fanaticks in your Poetry.
If, notwithstanding all that we can say,
You needs will have your pen'worths of the Play:
And come resolv'd to Damn, because you pay,
Record it, in Memorial of the Fact,
The first Play bury'd since the Woollen Act.*

}
}
}



Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

OEdipus	Mr. Betterton.
Adrastus	Mr. Smith.
Creon	Mr. Samford.
Tiresias	Mr. Harris.
Hæmon	Mr. Crosby.
Alcander	Mr. Williams.
Diocles	Mr. Norris.
Pyracmon	Mr. Boman.
Phorbas	Mr. Gillo.
Dymas	
Ægeon	
Ghost of Lajus	Mr. Williams.

W O M E N.

Jocasta	Mrs. Betterton.
Eurydice	Mrs. Lee.
Manto.	Mrs. Evans.

Priests, Citizens, Attendants, &c.

S C E N E, T H E B E S.

OEDIPUS



OE D I P U S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain rises to a plaintive Tune, representing the present Condition of Thebes; dead Bodies appear at a Distance in the Streets; some faintly go over the Stage, others drop.

Enter Alcander, Diocles and Pyracmon.

ALCANDER.



Thinks we stand on Ruins; Nature shakes
About us; and the universal Frame
So loose, that it but wants another Push
To leap from off its Hindges. [Globe

Dioc. No Sun to chear us; but a bloody
That rowls above; a bald and beamless Fire;

His Face o'er-grown with Scurf: The Sun's sick too;
Shortly he'll be an Earth.

Pyr. Therefore the Seasons

Lye all confus'd; and, by the Heav'n's neglected,

Forget

Forget themselves: Blind Winter meets the Summer
In his Mid-way, and, seeing not his Livery,
Has driv'n him headlong back: And the raw damps
With flaggy Wings fly heavily about,
Scattering their Pestilential Colds and Rheumes
Through all the lazy Air.

Alc. Hence Murrains follow'd
On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds:
At last, the Malady
Grew more domestick, and the faithful Dog
Dy'd at his Master's Feet.

Dioc. And next his Master:
For all those Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded,
First on inferiour Creatures try'd their Force;
And last they seiz'd on Man.

Pyr. And then a thousand Deaths at once advanc'd,
And every Dart took place; all was so sudden,
That scarce a first Man fell; one but began
To wonder, and straight fell a Wonder too;
A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying Friend,
Dropt in the pious Act. Heard you that Groan?

[*Groom within.*]

Dioc. A Troop of Ghosts took flight together there:
Now Death's grown Riotous, and will play no more
For single Stakes, but Families and Tribes:
How are we sure we breath not now our last,
And that next Minute,
Our Bodies cast into some common Pit,
Shall not be built upon, and overlaid
By half a People.

Alc. There's a Chain of Causes
Link'd to Effects; invincible Necessity
That whate'er is, could not but so have been;
That's my Security.

To them, enter Creon.

Cre. So had it need, when all our Streets lye cover'd
With dead and dying Men;
And Earth exposes Bodies on the Pavements
More than she hides in Graves!
Betwixt the Bride and Bridegroom have I seen

The Nuptial Torch do common Offices
of Marriage and of Death.

Dioc. Now, *OEdipus*,

if he return from War, our other Plague)

Will scarce find half he left, to grace his Triumphs.

Pyr. A feeble Pæan will be sung before him.

Alc. He would do well to bring the Wives and Children

of conquer'd *Argians*, to renew his *Thebes*.

Cre. May Funerals meet him at the City Gates,

With their detested Omen.

Dioc. Of his Children.

Cre. Nay, though she be my Sister, of his Wife.

Alc. O that our *Thebes* might once again behold

Monarch *Theban* born!

Dioc. We might have had one.

Pyr. Yes, had the People pleas'd.

Cre. Come, you're my Friends:

the Queen my Sister, after *Lajus's* Death,

ear'd to lye single; and supply'd his Place

with a young Successour.

Dioc. He much resembles

her former Husband too.

Alc. I always thought so.

[Locks]

Pyr. When twenty Winters more have grizzl'd his black

he will be very *Lajus*.

Cre. So he will:

mean time she stands provided of a *Lajus*

more young and vigorous too, by twenty Springs.

these Women are such cunning Purveyors!

mark where their Appetites have once been pleas'd,

the same resemblance in a younger Lover

eyes brooding in their Fancies the same Pleasures,

and urges their Remembrance to Desire.

Dioc. Had Merit, not her Dotage, been consider'd,

when *Creon* had been King; but *OEdipus*,

Stranger!

Cre. That word Stranger, I confess,

sounds harshly in my Ears.

Dioc. We are your Creatures.

the People prone, as in all general Ills,

To

To sudden Change; the King in Wars abroad,
The Queen a Woman weak and unregarded;
Eurydice the Daughter of dead *Lajus*,
A Princess young and beauteous, and unmarried,
Methinks from these disjointed Propositions
Something might be produc'd.

Cre. The Gods have done
Their Part, by sending this commodious Plague.
But oh the Princess! her hard Heart is shut
By Adamantine Locks against my Love.

Alc. Your Claim to her is strong: You are betroth'd

Pyr. True; in her Nonage.

Dioc. I heard the Prince of *Argos*, young *Adrastus*,
When he was Hostage here——

Cre. Oh Name him not! the Bane of all my Hopes;
That hot-brain'd, head-long Warrior, has the Charms
Of Youth, and somewhat of a lucky Rashness,
To please a Woman yet more Fool than he.
That thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form
And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man.

Alc. But since the War broke out about our Frontiers
He's now a Foe to *Thebes*.

Cre. But is not so to her; see, she appears;
Once more I'll prove my Fortune: You insinuate
Kind Thoughts of me into the Multitude;
Lay load upon the Court; gull 'em with Freedom;
And you shall see 'em toss their Tails, and gad,
As if the Breeze had stung 'em.

Dioc. We'll about it.

[*Exeunt Alc. Dioc. and P.*]

Enter Eurydice.

Cre. Hail, Royal Maid; thou bright *Eurydice*!
A lavish Planet reign'd when thou wert born;
And made thee of such Kindred-mold to Heav'n,
Thou seem'st more Heav'n's than ours.

Eur. Cast round your Eyes;
Where late the Streets were so thick sown with Men
Like *Cadmus* Brood they jostled for the Passage:
Now look for those erected Heads, and see 'em
Like Pebbles paving all our publick Ways:

When you have thought on this, then answer me,
These be Hours of Courtship.

Cre. Yes, they are;

For when the Gods destroy so fast, 'tis time
We should renew the Race.

Eur. What, in the midst of Horrour!

Cre. Why not then?

There's the more need of Comfort.

Eur. Impious *Creon*!

Cre. Unjust *Eurydice*! can you accuse me
Of Love, which is Heav'n's Precept, and not fear
That Vengeance, which you say pursues our Crimes,
Should reach your Perjuries?

Eur. Still th' old Argument.

Bad you, cast your Eyes on other Men,
Now cast 'em on your self: Think what you are!

Cre. A Man.

Eur. A Man!

Cre. Why doubt you? I'm a Man.

Eur. 'Tis well you tell me so, I should mistake you
For any other Part o'th' whole Creation,
Rather than think you Man: Hence from my Sight,
Thou Poison to my Eyes.

Cre. 'Twas you first poison'd mine; and yet methinks,
My Face and Person should not make you sport.

Eur. You force me, by your Importunities,
To shew you what you are.

Cre. A Prince, who loves you:

And since your Pride provokes me, worth your Love,
Ev'n at its highest Value.

Eur. Love from thee!

Why Love renounc'd thee e'er thou saw'st the Light:
Nature her self start back when thou wert born;
And cry'd, the Work's not mine——

The Midwife stood aghast; and when she saw
Thy Mountain back, and thy distorted Legs,
Thy Face it self,

Half-minted with the Royal Stamp of Man;
And half o'ercome with Beast, stood doubting long,
Whose Right in thee were more;

And

And knew not, if to burn thee in the Flames,
Were not the holier Work.

Cre. Am I to blame, if Nature t' hrew my Body
In so perverse a Mould? yet when she cast
Her envious Hand upon my supple Joints,
Unable to resist, and rump'd 'em
On heaps in their dark Lodging, to revenge
Her bungled Work she stamp'd my Mind more fair:
And as from *Chaos*, huddled and deform'd,
The God strook Fire, and lighted up the Lamps
That beautifie the Sky, so he inform'd
This ill-shap'd Body with a daring Soul:
And making less than Man, he made me more.

Eur. No; thou art all one Error; Soul and Body.
Thy first young Tryal of some unskill'd Pow'r;
Rude in the making Art, and Ape of *Jove*.
The crooked Mind within hunch'd out thy Back;
And wander'd in thy Limbs: To thy own kind
Make Love, if thou canst find it in the World:
And seek not from our Sex to raise an Off-spring,
Which, mingled with the rest, would tempt the Gods
To cut off human Kind.

Cre. No; let 'em leave
The *Argian* Prince for you: That Enemy
Of *Thebes* has made you false, and break the Vows
You made to me.

Eur. They were my Mother's Vows,
Made when I was at Nurse.

Cre. But hear me, Maid;
This Blot of Nature, this deform'd, loath'd *Creon*,
Is Master of a Sword, to reach the Blood
Of your young *Minion*, spoil the Gods fine work,
And stab you in his Heart.

Eur. This when thou dost,
Then mayst thou still be curs'd with loving me:
And, as thou art, be still unpitied, loath'd;
And let his Ghost——No, let his Ghost have rest;
But let the greatest, fiercest, foulest Fury,
Let *Creon* haunt himself.

[*Exit Eur.*]

Cre. 'Tis true, I am
 that she has told me, an Offence to Sight:
 My Body opens inward to my Soul,
 and lets in Day to make my Vices seen
 to all discerning Eyes, but the blind Vulgar.
 I must make haste ere *Oedipus* return,
 to snatch the Crown and her; for I still love;
 I love with Malice; as an angry Cur
 snarls while he feeds, so will I seize and stanch
 the hunger of my Love on this proud Beauty,
 and leave the scraps for Slaves.
Enter Tiresias, leaning on a Staff, and led by his Daughter
Manto.

What makes this blind prophetick Fool abroad!
 You'd his *Apollo* had him, he's too holy
 for Earth and me; I'll shun his Walk; and seek
 my popular Friends. [Exit Creon,

Tir. A little farther; yet a little farther,
 thou wretched Daughter of a dark old Man,
 conduct my weary Steps: and thou who seest
 for me and for thy self, beware thou tread not
 with impious Steps upon dead Corps;—Now stay:
 methinks I draw more open, vital Air,
 where are We?

Man. Under Covert of a Wall:
 the most frequented once, and noisy Part
 of *Thebes*, now midnight Silence reigns ev'n here;
 and Grass untrodden springs beneath our Feet.

Tir. If there be nigh this Place a sunny Bank,
 there let me rest a while: a sunny Bank!
 Alas! how can it be, where no Sun shines!
 But a dim winking Taper in the Skies,
 that nods, and scarce holds up his drowzy Head
 to glimmer through the Damps.

[A Noise within, Follow, follow, follow, A Creon, A
 Creon, A Creon.]

Mark! a tumultuous Noise, and *Creon's* Name
 thrice eccho'd.

Man. Fly, the Tempest drives this way.

Tir.

Tir. Whither can Age and Blindness take their flight?
If I could fly, what cou'd I suffer worse,
Secure of greater Ills!

[*Noise again, Creon, Creon, Creon.*
Enter Creon, Diocles, Alcander, Pyracmon; followed by
the Crowd.

Creon. I thank ye, Countrymen; but must refuse
The Honours you intend me; they're too great;
And I am too unworthy; think agen,
And make a better Choice.

1 Cit. Think twice! I ne'er thought twice in all my Life:
That's double work.

2 Cit. My first Word is always my Second; and there-
fore I'll have no second Word: and therefore once again
I say, A *Creon*.

All. A *Creon*, A *Creon*, A *Creon*!

Cre. Yet hear me, Fellow-Citizens.

Dioc. Fellow-Citizens! there was a Word of Kindness.

Alc. When did *Oedipus* salute you by that familiar Name?

1 Cit. Never, never; he was too proud.

Cre. Indeed he could not, for he was a Stranger:
But under him our *Thebes* is half destroyed.
Forbid it Heav'n the residue should perish
Under a *Theban* born.

'Tis true, the Gods might send this Plague among you,
Because a Stranger rul'd: but what of that,
Can I redress it now?

3 Cit. Yes, you or none.

'Tis certain that the Gods are angry with us,
Because he reigns.

Cre. *Oedipus* may return: you may be ruin'd.

1 Cit. Nay, if that be the matter, we are ruin'd already.

2 Cit. Half of us that are here present, were living Men
but Yesterday, and we that are absent do but drop and
drop, and no Man knows whether he be dead or living.
And therefore while we are sound and well, let us satisfy
our Consciences, and make a new King.

3 Cit. Ha, if we were but worthy to see another Co-
ronation, and then if we must die, we'll go merrily to-
gether.

All. To the Question, to the Question.

Disc. Are you content, *Creon* should be your King?

All. A *Creon*, A *Creon*, A *Creon*!

Tir. Hear me, ye *Thebans*, and thou *Creon*, hear me.

1 Cit. Who's that would be heard? we'll hear no Man:
We can scarce hear one another.

Tir. I charge you by the Gods to hear me.

2 Cit. Oh, 'tis *Apollo's* Priest, we must hear him; 'tis
the old blind Prophet that sees all things.

3 Cit. He comes from the Gods too, and they are our
betters; and in good Manners we must hear him: Speak,
Prophet.

2 Cit. For coming from the Gods that's no great Mat-
ter, they can all say that; but he's a great Scholar, he
can make Almanacks, and he were put to't, and there-
fore I say hear him.

Tir. When angry Heav'n scatters its Plagues among you,
Is it for nought, ye *Thebans*! are the Gods
Unjust in punishing? are there no Crimes
Which pull this Vengeance down?

1 Cit. Yes, yes, no doubt there are some Sins stirring,
that are the Cause of all.

3 Cit. Yes there are Sins; or we should have no Taxes.

2 Cit. For my part I can speak it with a safe Conscience,
I ne'er sinn'd in all my Life.

1 Cit. Nor I.

3 Cit. Nor I.

(Doors.)

2 Cit. Then we are all justified, the Sin lies not at our

Tir. All justified alike, and yet all guilty;

Were every Man's false dealing brought to light,

His Envy, Malice, Lying, Perjuries,

His Weights and Measures, th' other Man's Extortions,

With what Face could you tell offended Heav'n,

You had not sinn'd?

2 Cit. Nay, if these be Sins, the Case is alter'd; for my
part I never thought any thing but Murder had been a
Sin.

Tir. And yet, as if all these were less than nothing,
You add Rebellion to 'em; impious *Thebans*!

Have

Have you not sworn before the Gods to serve
And to obey this *Oedipus*, your King
By publick Voice elected? answer me,
If this be true!

2 *Cit.* This is true; but it's a hard World, Neighbours
If a Man's Oath must be his Master.

Cre. Speak *Diocles*; all goes wrong.

Dioc. How are you Traytors. Countrymen of *Thebes*?
This holy Sire, who presses you with Oaths,
Forgets your first; were you not sworn before
To *Lajus* and his Blood?

All. We were; we were.

Dioc. While *Lajus* has a lawful Successor,
Your first Oath still must bind: *Eurydice*
Is Heir to *Lajus*; let her marry *Creon*:
Offended Heav'n will never be pleas'd
While *Oedipus* pollutes the Throne of *Lajus*,
A Stranger to his Blood.

All. We'll no *Oedipus*, no *Oedipus*.

1 *Cit.* He puts the Prophet in a Mouse-hole.

2 *Cit.* I knew it wou'd be so; the last Man ever speaks
the best Reason.

Tir. Can Benefits thus dye, ungrateful *Thebans*!
Remember yet, when, after *Lajus's* death,
The Monster *Sphinx* laid your rich Country waste,
Your Vineyards spoil'd, your labouring Oxen slew;
Your selves for fear mew'd up within your Walls,
She, taller than your Gates, o'er-look'd your Town,
But when she rais'd her Bulk to sail above you,
She drove the Air around her like a Whirlwind,
And shaded all beneath; till stooping down,
She clap'd her leathern Wing against your Tow'rs,
And thrust out her long Neck, ev'n to your Doors.

Dioc. Alc. Pyr. We'll hear no more.

Tir. You durst not meet in Temples
T'invoke the Gods for aid, the proudest he
Who leads you now, then cowl'd, like a dar'd Lark:
This *Creon* shook for fear,
The Blood of *Lajus* cruddled in his Veins:

Till *Oedipus* arriv'd.

Call'd by his own high Courage and the Gods,
Himself to you a God: ye offer'd him
Your Queen, and Crown; (but what was then your Crown?)
And Heav'n authoriz'd it by his Success:
Speak then, who is your lawful King?

All. 'Tis *Oedipus*.

Tir. 'Tis *Oedipus* indeed: your King more lawful
Than yet you dream: For something still there lyes
In Heav'n's dark Volume, which I read through Mists:
'Tis great, prodigious; 'tis a dreadful Birth,
Of wondrous Fate; and now, just now disclosing.
I see, I see! how terribly it dawns.
And my Soul sickens with it:

Cit. How the God shakes him!

Tir. He comes! he comes! Victory! Conquest! Triumph!
But oh! Guiltless and Guilty: Murder! Parricide!
Incest! Discovery! Punishment — 'tis ended,
And all your Sufferings o'er.

A Trumpet within; Enter Hæmon.

Hæm. Rouze up ye *Thebans*; tune your *Io Pæans*!

Your King returns; the *Argians* are o'er-come;
Their Warlike Prince in single Combat taken,
And led in Bands by God-like *Oedipus*.

All. *Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus!*

Creon. Furies confound his Fortune! —

Haste, all haste:

[*Aside.*
To them.

And meet with Blessings our Victorious King;
Decree Processions; bid new Holy-days;
Crown all the Statues of our Gods with Garlands;
And raise a Brazen Column, thus inscrib'd,
To *Oedipus*, now twice a Conqueror; Deliverer of his *Thebes*.

Trust me, I weep for joy to see this Day. (trymen,

Tir. Yes, Heav'n knows why thou weep'st: — Go, Coun-
sellors, as you use to supplicate your Gods —

To meet your King with Bayes, and Olive-branches:
Kneel down, and touch his Kneés, and beg from him
The end of all your Woes; for only he
Can give it you.

[*Ex. Tiresias, the People following.*

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R

Enter

Enter Oedipus in Triumph; Adrastus Prisoner; Dymas, Train.

Cre. All hail, great *Oedipus*;

Thou mighty Conqueror, hail; welcome to *Thebes*:

To thy own *Thebes*; to all that's left of *Thebes*:

For half thy Citizens are swept away,

And wanting to thy Triumphs:

And we, the happy Remnant, only live

To welcome thee, and dye.

Oedip. Thus Pleasure never comes sincere to Man;

But lent by Heav'n upon hard Usury:

And, while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,

E're it can reach our Lips it's dash'd with Gall

By some left-handed God. O mournful Triumph!

O Conquest gain'd abroad and lost at home!

O *Argos*! now rejoyce, for *Thebes* lyes low;

Thy slaughter'd Sons now smile, and think they won;

When they can count more *Theban* Ghosts than theirs.

Adr. No; *Argos* mourns with *Thebes*; you temper'd so

Your Courage while you fought, that Mercy seem'd

The manlier Virtue, and much more prevail'd:

While *Argos* is a People, think your *Thebes*

Can never want for Subjects: Every Nation

Will crowd to serve where *Oedipus* commands.

Cre. to Ham. How mean it shews to fawn upon the Victor!

Ham. Had you beheld him fight, you had said otherwise:

Come, 'tis brave bearing in him, not to envy

Superiour Virtue.

Oedip. This indeed is Conquest,

To gain a Friend like you: Why were we Foes?

Adr. 'Cause we were Kings, and each disdain'd an Equal.

I fought to have it in my pow'r to do

What thou hast done; and so to use my Conquest;

To shew thee, Honour was my only Motive.

Know this, that were my Army at thy Gates,

And *Thebes* thus waste, I would not take the Gift,

Which, like a Toy dropt from the Hands of Fortune,

Lay for the next Chance-comer.

Oedip. embracing. No more Captive,

But Brother of the War: 'Tis much more pleasant,

And safer, trust me, thus to meet thy Love,
Than when hard Gantlets elench'd our Warlike Hands,
And kept 'em from soft use.

Adr. My Conqueror!

Oedip. My Friend! that other Name keeps Enmity alive.
But longer to detain thee were a Crime;
To love, and to *Euridyce*, go free:

Such welcome as a ruin'd Town can give,
Expect from me; the rest let her supply.

Adr. I go without a Blush, though conquer'd twice,
By you and by my Princes. [*Ex.* Adrastus.]

Cre. [*Aside.*] Then I am conquer'd thrice; by *Oedipus*,
And her, and ev'n by him, the Slave of both:

Gods, I'm beholden to you, for making me your Image,
Would I cou'd make you mine. [*Ex.* Creon.]

*Enter the People with Branches in their Hands, holding them
up, and kneeling: Two Priests before them.*

Oedip. Alas, my People!

What means this speechless Sorrow, down-cast-Eyes,
And lifted Hands! if there be one among you
Whom Grief has left a Tongue, speak for the rest.

1 Pr. O Father of thy Country!

To thee these Knees are bent, these Eyes are lifted,
As to a visible Divinity.

Prince on whom Heav'n safely might repose
The business of Mankind: for Providence
Light on thy careful Bosom sleep secure,
And leave her Task to thee.

But where's the Glory of thy former Acts?

'Tis that's destroy'd when none shall live to speak it.

Millions of Subjects shalt thou have; but mute.

People of the dead; a crowded Desert.

Midnight Silence at the noon of Day.

Oedip. O were our Gods as ready with their Pity,

As I with mine, this Presence shou'd be throng'd

With all I left alive; and my sad Eyes

Not search in vain for Friends, whose promis'd Sight

Attend'd my toils of War.

1 Pr. Twice our Deliverer.

R 2

Oedip.

Oedip. Nor are now your Vows
 Address't to one who sleeps:
 When this unwelcome News first reach'd my Ears,
Dymas was sent to *Delphos* to enquire
 The Cause and Cure of this contagious Ill:
 And is this Day return'd: but since his Message
 Concerns the Publick, I refus'd to hear it
 But in this general Presence: let him speak.

Dym. A dreadful Answer from the hallow'd Urn,
 And sacred *Tripous* did the Priestess give,
 In these mysterious Words,

The Oracle. *Shed in a cursed Hour, by cursed Hand,
 Blood-Royal unreveng'd, has curs'd the Land.
 When Lajus Death is expiated well,
 Your Plague shall cease: the rest let Lajus tell.*

Oedip. Dreadful indeed! Blood, and a King's Blood too:
 And such a King's, and by his Subjects shed!
 (Else why this Curse on *Thebes*?) no wonder then
 If Monsters, Wars, and Plagues revenge such Crimes!
 If Heav'n be just, its whole Artillery
 All must be empty'd on us: Not one Bolt
 Shall err from *Thebes*; but more be call'd for, more:
 New moulded Thunder of a larger Size;
 Driv'n by whole *Jove*. What, touch anointed Pow'r!
 Then Gods beware; *Jove* wou'd himself be next;
 Cou'd you but reach him too.

2 *Pr.* We mourn the sad Remembrance.

Oedip. Well you may:
 Worse than a Plague infects you: y'are devoted
 To Mother Earth, and to th' infernal Pow'rs:
 Hell has a right in you: I thank you, Gods,
 That I'm no *Theban* born: how my Blood cruddles!
 As if this Curse touch'd me! and touch'd me nearer
 Than all this Presence! — Yes, 'tis a King's Blood,
 And I, a King, am ty'd in deeper Bonds
 To expiate this Blood: But where, from whom,
 Or how must I atone it? tell me, *Thebans*,
 How *Lajus* fell? for a confus'd Report
 Pass'd through my Ears, when first I took the Crown:

But full of Hurry, like a Morning Dream,
It vanish'd in the Business of the Day.

1 Pr. He went in private forth; but thinly follow'd;
And ne'er return'd to *Thebes*.

Oedip. Nor any from him? came there no Attendant?
None to bring the News?

2 Pr. But one; and he so wounded,
He scarce drew Breath to speak some few faint Words.

Oedip. What were they? something may be learnt from
thence.

1 Pr. He said a band of Robbers watch'd their Passage;
Who took advantage of a narrow way
To murder *Lajus* and the rest: himself
Left too for dead.

Oedip. Made you no more Enquiry,
But took this bare Relation?

2 Pr. 'Twas neglected:
For then the Monster *Sphinx* began to rage;
And Present Cares soon buried the Remote;
So was it hush'd, and never since reviv'd.

Oedip. Mark, *Thebans*, mark!
Just then, the *Sphinx* began to rage among you;
The Gods took hold ev'n of th' offending Minute,
And dated thence your Woes: thence will I trace 'em.

1 Pr. 'Tis just thou should'st.

Oedip. Hear then this dreadful Imprecation; hear it:
'Tis lay'd on all; not any one exempt:

Bear witness Heav'n, avenge it on the perjurd.

If any *Theban* born, if any Stranger

Reveal this Murder, or produce its Author,

Ten Attique Talents be his just Reward:

But, if for Fear, for Favour, or for Hire,

The Murder'r he conceal, the Curse of *Thebes*

Fall heavy on his Head: Unite our Plagues,

Ye Gods, and place 'em there: from Fire and Water,

Converse, and all things common be he banish'd.

But for the Murderer's self, unfound by Man,

Find him ye Pow'rs Cœlestial and Infernal;

And the same Fate or worse than *Lajus* met,

Let be his Lot: his Children be accurst;
His Wife and Kindred, all of his be curs'd.

Both Pr. Confirm it Heav'n!

Enter Jocasta; Attended by Women.

Joc. At your Devotions! Heav'n succeed your Wishes,
And bring th' effect of these your pious Pray'rs
On you, and me, and all.

Pr. Avert this Omen, Heav'n!

Oedip. O fatal Sound, Unfortunate *Jocasta*!
What hast thou said! an ill Hour hast thou chosen
For these fore-boding Words! why, we were cursing!

Joc. Then may that Curse fall only where you laid it.

Oedip. Speak no more!

For all thou say'st is ominous: we were cursing;
And that dire Imprecation hast thou fasten'd
On *Thebes*, and thee and me, and all of us.

Joc. Are then my Blessings turn'd into a Curse?
O Unkind *Oedipus*. My former Lord
Thought me his Blessing: be thou like my *Lajus*.

Oedip. What yet again! the third time hast thou curs'd me?
This Imprecation was for *Lajus* Death,
And thou hast wish'd me like him.

Joc. Horror seizes me!

Oedip. Why dost thou gaze upon me? prithee Love
Take off thy Eye; it burdens me too much.

Joc. The more I look, the more I find of *Lajus*:
His Speech, his Garb, his Action; nay his Frown;
(For I have seen it;) but ne'er bent on me.

Oedip. Are we so like?

Joc. In all things but his Love. (speak how well)

Oedip. I love thee more: so well I love, Words cannot
No pious Son ere lov'd his Mother more
Than I my dear *Jocasta*.

Joc. I love you too

The self same way: and when you chid, methought
A Mother's Love start up in your Defence,
And bade me not be angry: be not you:
For I love *Lajus* still as Wives shou'd love:
But you more tenderly; as part of me:
And when I have you in my Arms, methinks

I lull my Child asleep.

Oedip. Then we are blest:
And all these Curses sweep along the Skies
Like empty Clouds; but drop not on our Heads."

Joc. I have not joy'd an Hour since you departed,
For publick Miseries, and for private Fears;
But this blest Meeting has o'er-paid 'em all.
Good Fortune that comes seldom comes more welcome.
All I can wish for now, is your Consent
To make my Brother happy.

Oedip. How, *Jocasta*?

Joc. By Marriage with his Neice, *Eurydice*!

Oedip. Uncle and Neice! they are too near, my Love;
'Tis too like Incest: 'Tis Offence to Kind:
Had I not promis'd, were there no *Adrastus*,
No choice but *Creon* left her of Mankind,
They shou'd not marry; speak no more of it;
The Thought disturbs me.

Joc. Heav'n can never bless
A Vow so broken, which I made to *Creon*;
Remember he's my Brother.

Oedip. That's the Bar:
And the thy Daughter: Nature would abhor
To be forc'd back again upon her self,
And like a whirlle-pool swallow her own Streams.

Joc. Be not displeas'd; I'll move the Suit no more.

Oedip. No, do not; for, I know not why, it shakes me
When I but think on Incest; move we forward
To thank the Gods for my Success, and pray
To wash the Guilt of Royal Blood away. [*Exeunt omnes.*]





A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *An open Gallery. A Royal Bed-Chamber being suppos'd behind.*

The Time, Night. Thunder, &c.

Enter Hæmon, Alcander and Pyracmon.

Ham. SURE 'tis the End of all things! Fate has torn
The Lock of Time off, and his Head is now
The ghastly Ball of round Eternity!
Call you these Peals of Thunder, but the Yawn
Of bellowing Clouds? By *Jove*, they seem to me
The World's last Groans; and those vast Sheets of Flame
Are its last Blaze! The Tapers of the Gods,
The Sun and Moon, run down like waxen-Globes;
The shooting Stars end all in purple Gellies,
And *Chaos* is at Hand.

Pyr. 'Tis Midnight, yet there's not a *Theban* sleeps,
But such as ne'er must wake. All crowd about
The Palace, and implore, as from a God,
Help of the King; who, from the Battlement,
By the red Lightning's glare, descry'd afar,
Atones the angry Powers. [Thunder, &c.]

Ham. Ha! *Pyracmon*, look;
Behold, *Alcander*, from yon' West of Heav'n,
The perfect Figures of a Man and Woman:
A Scepter bright with Gems in each right Hand,
Their flowing Robes of dazzling Purple made,
Distinctly yonder in that point they stand,
Just West; a bloody red stains all the Place:
And see, their Faces are quite hid in Clouds.

Pyr. Clusters of Golden Stars hang o'er their Heads,

And

And seem so crouded, that they burst upon 'em :
All dart at once their baleful Influence
In leaking Fire.

Alc. Long-bearded Comets stick,
Like flaming Porcupines, to their left Sides,
As they would shoot their Quills into their Hearts.

Ham. But see! the King, and Queen, and all the Court!
Did ever Day or Night shew ought like this?

*[Thunders again. The Scene draws, and discovers the
Prodigies.]*

*Enter Oedipus, Jocasta, Eurydice, Adrastus, and all com-
ing forward with Amazement.*

Oedip. Answer, you Pow'rs Divine; spare all this Noise,
This rack of Heav'n, and speak your fatal Pleasure.

Why breaks yon dark and dusky Orb away?
Why from the bleeding Womb of monstrous Night,
Burst forth such Myriads of abortive Stars?

Ha! my *Jocasta*, look! the Silver Moon!
A settling Crimson stains her beauteous Face!
She's all o'er Blood! and look, behold again,
What mean the mystick Heav'ns, she journeys on?
A vast Eclipse darkens the labouring Planet:

Sound there, sound all our Instruments of War;
Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Brass, and Iron,
And beat a thousand Drums to help her Labour.

Adr. 'Tis vain; you see the Prodigies continue;
Let's gaze no more, the Gods are humorous.

Oedip. Forbear, rash Man—Once more I ask your
Pleasure!

That the Glow-worm light of human Reason
Might dare to offer at immortal Knowledge,
And cope with Gods, why all this Storm of Nature?
Why do the Rocks split, and why rousls the Sea?
Why those Portents in Heav'n, and Plagues on Earth?
Why yon' Gigantick Forms, Ethereal Monsters?
Alas! is all this but to fright the Dwarfs
Which your own Hands have made? Then be it so.
If the Fates resolve some Expiation
For murder'd *Lajus*; hear me, hear me, Gods!

R 5

Hear

Hear me thus prostrate: Spare this groaning Land,
 Save innocent *Thebes*, stop the Tyrant Death;
 Do this, and lo I stand up an Oblation
 To meet your swiftest and severest Anger,
 Shoot all at once, and strike me to the Center.

*The Cloud draws that veil'd the Heads of the Figures in the
 Sky, and shews 'em Crown'd, with the Names of Oedi-
 pus and Jocasta written above in great Characters of
 Gold.*

Adr. Either I dream, and all my cooler Senses
 Are vanish'd with that Cloud that fleets away;
 Or just above those two Majestick Heads,
 I see, I read distinctly in large Gold,
Oedipus and Jocasta.

Alc. I read the same.

Adr. 'Tis wonderful; yet ought not Man to wade
 Too far in the vast deep of Destiny.

[Thunder; and the Prodigies vanish.]

Joc. My Lord, my *Oedipus*, why gaze you now,
 When the whole Heav'n is clear, as if the Gods
 Had some new Monsters made? will you not turn,
 And bless your People; who devour each word
 You breathe.

Oedip. It shall be so.

Yes, I will die, O *Thebes*, to save thee!
 Draw from my Heart my Blood, with more content
 Than e'er I wore thy Crown. Yet, O *Jocasta*!
 By all the Indearments of miraculous Love,
 By all our Languishings, our Fears in Pleasure,
 Which oft have made us wonder; here I swear
 On thy fair Hand, upon thy Breast I swear,
 I cannot call to mind, from budding Childhood
 To blooming Youth, a Crime by me committed,
 For which the awful Gods should doom my Death.

Joc. 'Tis not you, my Lord,
 But he who murder'd *Lajus*, frees the Land:
 Were you, which is impossible, the Man,

Perhaps

Perhaps my Poniard first should drink your Blood;
But you are innocent, as your *Jocasta*,
From Crimes like those. This made me violent
To save your Life, which you unjust would lose:
Nor can you comprehend, with deepest Thought,
The horrid Agony you cast me in,
When you resolv'd to die.

Oedip. Is't possible?

Joc. Alas! why start you so? Her stiffning Grief,
Who saw her Children slaughter'd all at once,
Was dull to mine: Methinks I should have made
My Bosom bare against the armed God,
To save my *Oedipus*!

Oedip. I pray, no more.

Joc. You've silenc'd me, my Lord.

Oedip. Pardon me, dear *Jocasta*;
Pardon a Heart that sinks with Sufferings,
And can but vent it self in Sobs and Murmurs:
Yet to restore my Peace, I'll find him out.
Yes, yes, you Gods! you shall have ample Vengeance
On *Lajus* Murderer. O, the Traitor's Name!
I'll know't, I will; Art shall be conjur'd for it,
And Nature all unravel'd.

Joc. Sacred Sir——

[him,

Oedip. Rage will have way, and 'tis but just; I'll fetch
Tho' lodg'd in Air, upon a Dragon's Wing,
Tho' Rocks should hide him: Nay, he shall be dragg'd
From Hell, if Charms can hurry him along:
His Ghost shall be, by sage *Tiresias* Pow'r,
(*Tiresias*, that Rules all beneath the Moon)
Confin'd to Flesh, to suffer Death once more;
And then be plung'd in his first Fires again.

Enter Creon.

Cre. My Lord,

Tiresias attends your Pleasure.

Oedip. Haste, and bring him in.

O, my *Jocasta*, *Eurydice*, *Adrastus*,
Creon, and all ye *Thebans*, now the End
Of Plagues, of Madness, Murders, Prodigies,

Draws

Draws on: This Battel of the Heav'ns and Earth
Shall by his Wisdom be reduc'd to peace.

*Enter Tiresias, leaning on a Staff, led by his Daughter Manto,
to, follow'd by other Thebans.*

O thou, whose most aspiring Mind
Knows all the Business of the Courts above,
Opens the Closets of the Gods, and dares
To mix with *Jove* himself and Fate at Council;
O Prophet, answer me, declare aloud
The Traitor who conspir'd the Death of *Lajus*:
Or be they more, who from malignant Stars
Have drawn this Plague that blasts unhappy *Thebes*?

Tir. We must no more than Fate commissions us
To tell; yet something, and of moment, I'll unfold,
If that the God would wake; I feel him now,
Like a strong Spirit charm'd into a Tree,
That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind:
The roused God, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, starts and dilates himself;
He struggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury, my old Arteries burst,
My rivell'd Skin,
Like Parchment, crackles at the hallow'd Fire;
I shall be young again: *Manto*, my Daughter,
Thou hast a Voice that might have sav'd the Bard
Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the raging Bacchanals,
With lifted Prongs, to listen to thy Airs:
O Charm this God, this Fury in my Bosom,
Lull him with tuneful Notes, and artful Strings,
With pow'ful Strains; *Manto*, my lovely Child,
Sooth the unruly God-head to be mild.

SONG

SONG to A P O L L O.

Phœbus, God belov'd by Men;
 At thy dawn, every Beast is rouzed in his Den;
 At thy setting, all the Birds of thy Absence complain,
 And we die, all die till the Morning comes again.

Phœbus, God belov'd by Men!
 Idol of the Eastern Kings,
 Awful as the God who flings
 His Thunder round, and the Lightning wings;
 God of Songs, and Orphean Strings,
 Who to this mortal Bosom brings,
 All harmonious heav'nly things!
 Thy drouzy Prophet to revive,
 Ten thousand thousand Forms before him drive:
 With Chariots and Horses all o'fire awake him,
 Convulsions, and Furies, and Prophecies shake him:
 Let him tell it in Groans, tho' he bend with the Load,
 Tho' he burst with the weight of the terrible God.

Tir. The Wretch, who shed the Blood of old Labdacides,
 Lives, and is great;

but cruel Greatness ne'er was long:

The first of *Lajus* Blood his Life did seize,

and urg'd his Fate,

Which else had lasting been and strong.

The Wretch, who *Lajus* kill'd, must bleed or fly;

Or Thebes, consum'd with Plagues, in Ruins lye.

Oedip. The first of *Lajus* Blood! pronounce the Person;

May the God roar from thy prophetick Mouth,

That even the dead may start up, to behold:

Name him, I say, that most accursed Wretch,

Or by the Stars he dies:

Speak, I command thee;

O Phœbus, speak; for sudden Death's his Doom:

Here shall he fall, bleed on this very Spot;

His Name, I charge thee once more, speak.

Tir.

Tir. 'Tis lost,
Like what we think can never shun Remembrance;
Yet of a sudden's gone beyond the Clouds.

Oedip. Fetch it from thence; I'll have't, where-e'er it be.

Cre. Let me intreat you, sacred Sir, be calm,
And *Creon* shall point out the great Offender.

'Tis true, respect of Nature might injoin
Me Silence, at another time; but, oh,
Much more the Pow'r of my eternal Love! [try—
That, that should strike me dumb: Yet *Thebes*, my Coun-
I'll break through all, to succour thee, poor City!
O, I must speak.

Oedip. Speak then, if ought thou know'st:
As much thou seem'st to know, delay no longer.

Cre. O Beauty! O illustrious Royal Maid!
'To whom my Vows were ever paid till now,
And with such modest, chaste and pure Affection,
The coldest Nymph might read 'em without blushing;
Art thou the Murdrefs then of wretched *Lajus*?
And I, must I accuse thee! O my Tears!
Why will you fall in so abhorr'd a Cause?
But that thy beauteous, barbarous Hand destroy'd
Thy Father (O monstrous Act!) both Gods
And Men at once take notice.

Oedip. *Eurydice*!

Eur. Traitor, go on; I scorn thy little Malice,
And knowing more my perfect Innocence,
Than Gods and Men, then how much more than thee,
Who art their Opposite, and form'd a Lyar,
I thus disdain thee! Thou once didst talk of Love;
Because I hate thy Love,
Thou dost accuse me.

Adr. Villain. inglorious Villain,
And Traitor, doubly damn'd, who dur'st blaspheme
The spotless Virtue of the brightest Beauty;
Thou dy'st: Nor shall the sacred Majesty,

[*Draws and wounds him.*
That guards this Place, preserve thee from my Rage.

Oedip.

Oedip. Disarm 'em both: Prince, I shall make you know
That I can tame you twice. Guards, seize him.

Adr. Sir,

I must acknowledge in another Cause
Repentance might abash me; but I glory
In this, but smile to see the Traitor's Blood.

Oedip. Creon, you shall be satisfy'd at full.

Cre. My Hurt is nothing, Sir; but I appeal
To wife *Tiresias*, if my Accusation
Be not most true. The first of *Lajus* Blood
Gave him his Death. Is there a Prince before her?
Then she is Faultless, and I ask her Pardon.
And may this Blood ne'er cease to drop, O *Thebes*,
If Pity of thy Sufferings did not move me
To shew the Cure which Heav'n it self prescrib'd.

Eur. Yes, *Thebans*, I will die to save your Lives,
More willingly than you can wish my Fate;
But let this good, this wise, this holy Man,
Pronounce my Sentence: For to fall by him,
By the vile Breath of that prodigious Villain,
Would sink my Soul, tho' I should die a Martyr.

Adr. Unhand me, Slaves. O mightiest of Kings,
See at your Feet a Prince not us'd to kneel;
Touch not *Eurydice*, by all the Gods,
As you would save your *Thebes*, but take my Life:
For, should she perish, Heav'n would heap Plagues on Plagues,
Rain Sulphur down, hurl kindled Bolts
Upon your guilty Heads.

Cre. You turn to Gallantry, what is but Justice:
Proof will be easie made. *Adrastus* was
The Robber who bereft th' unhapy King
Of Life; because he flatly had deny'd
To make so poor a Prince his Son-in-Law:
Therefore 'twere fit that both should perish.

1 Theb. Both, let both die.

All Theb. Both, both; let 'em die.

[here,

Oedip. Hence, you wild Herd! For your Ring-leader
He shall be made Example. *Hamon*, take him.

1 Theb. Mercy, O Mercy.

Oedip.

Oedip. Mutiny in my Presence!

Hence, let me see that busie Face no more.

Tir. *Thebans*, what Madnes makes you drunk with [Rage]

Enough of guilty Death's already acted:

Fierce *Creon* has accus'd *Eurydice*,

With Prince *Adrastus*; which the God reproves

By inward Checks, and leaves their Fates in doubt.

Oedip. Therefore instruct us what remains to do,

Or suffer; for I feel a Sleep like Death

Upon me, and I sigh to be at rest.

Tir. Since that the Pow'r's divine refuse to clear

The mystick Deed, I'll to the Grove of Furies;

There I can force th' Infernal Gods to shew

Their horrid Forms; Each trembling Ghost shall rise,

And leave their grizly King without a Waiter.

For Prince *Adrastus* and *Eurydice*,

My Life's engag'd, I'll guard 'em in the Fane,

'Till the dark Mysteries of Hell are done.

Follow me, Princes; *Thebans*, all to rest.

O, *Oedipus*, to morrow——but no more.

If that thy wakeful Genius will permit,

Indulge thy Brain this Night with softer Slumbers:

To Morrow, O to Morrow!——sleep, my Son;

And in prophetick Dreams thy Fate be shown.

[*Ex.* *Tir.* *Adr.* *Eur.* *Man.* and *Theb.*

Manent *Oedipus*, *Jocasta*, *Creon*, *Pyracmon*, *Hamon*,
and *Alcander*.

Oedip. To Bed, my Fair, my Dear, my best *Jocasta*.

After the Toils of War, 'tis wondrous strange

Our Loves should thus bedash'd. One moment's Thought,

And I'll approach the Arms of my belov'd.

Joc. Consume whole Years in Care, so now and then

I may have leave to feed my famish'd Eyes

With one short passing Glance, and sigh my Vows:

This, and no more, my Lord, is all the Passion

Of languishing *Jocasta*. [*Exit.*]

Oedip. Thou softest, sweetest of the World! good Night,

Nay, she is beauteous too; yet, mighty Love!

never offer'd to obey thy Laws,
 But an unusual Chilneſs came upon me;
 An unknown Hand ſtill check'd my forward Joy,
 Daſh'd me with bluſhes, tho' no Light was near:
 That ev'n the Act became a Violation.

Pyr. He's ſtrangely thoughtful.

[*me?*

Oedip. Hark! who waſt that? Ha! *Creon*, did'ſt thou call

Cre. Not I, my gracious Lord, nor any here. [*Voice*

Oedip. That's ſtrange! methought I heard a doleful
Cry'd Oedipus — The Prophet bad me ſleep.

He talk'd of Dreams, and Viſions, and to morrow!

I'll uſe no more on't, come what will or can,

My Thoughts are clearer than unclouded Stars;

And with thoſe Thoughts I'll reſt: *Creon*, good Night.

[*Ex. with Hæm.*

Cre. Sleep ſeal your Eyes up, Sir, eternal Sleep.

But if he muſt ſleep and wake again, O all

Tormenting Dreams, wild Horrors of the Night,

And Hags of Fancy wing him through the Air:

From Precipices hurl him headlong down;

Charybdis roar, and death be ſet before him.

Alc. Your Curſes have already tak'n Effect;

For he looks very ſad.

Cre. May he be rooted, where he ſtands, for ever;

His Eye-balls never move, Brows be unbent,

Hiſ Blood, hiſ Entrails, Liver, Heart and Bowels,

Be blacker than the Place I wiſh him, Hell.

Pyr. No more: You tear your ſelf, but vex not him.

Methinks 'twere brave this Night to force the Temple,

While blind *Tireſias* conjures up the Fiends,

and paſs the time with nice *Eurydice*.

Alc. Try Promiſes, and Threats, and if all fail,

ſince Hell's broke looſe, why ſhould not you be mad?

ſaviſh, and leave her dead, with her *Adraſtus*.

Cre. Were the Globe mine, I'd give a Province hourly

for ſuch another thought — Luſt, and Revenge!

To ſtab at once the only Man I hate,

and to enjoy the Woman whom I love!

ask no more of my auſpicious Stars,

The

The rest as Fortune please; so but this Night
She play me fair, why, let her turn for ever.

Enter Hamon.

Ham. My Lord, the troubled King is gone to rest;
Yet, ere he slept, commanded me to clear
The Antichambers: none must dare be near him

Cre. Hamon, you do your Duty; —

And we obey. — The Night grows yet more dreadful
'Tis just that all retire to their Devotions;
The Gods are angry: but to Morrow's dawn,
If Prophets do not lie, will make all clear. [*As they go*
Oedipus Enters, walking asleep in his Shire, with a Dagger
in his right Hand, and a Taper in his left.

Oedip. O, my *Jocasta*! 'tis for this the wet
Starv'd Soldier lies all Night on the cold Ground;
For this he bears the Storms
Of Winter Camps, and freezes in his Arms:
To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd;
That I could hold thee ever! — Ha! where art thou?
What means this melancholly Light, that seems
The Gloom of glowing Embers?
The Curtain's drawn; and see, she's here again!
Jocasta? Ha! what, fall'n asleep so soon?
How fares my Love? this Taper will inform me.
Ha! Lightning blast me, Thunder
Rivet me ever to *Prometheus* Rock,
And Vultures gnaw out my incestuous Heart.
By all the Gods! my Mother *Merope*!
My Sword, a Dagger; Ha, who waits there? Salves,
My Sword: what, *Hamon*, dar'st thou, Villain, stop me
With thy own Ponyard perish. Ha! who's this?
Or is't a change of Death? By all my Honours,
New murder; thou hast slain old *Polybus*:
Incest and Parricide, thy Father's murder'd!
Out thou infernal Flame: now all is dark,
All blind and dismal, most triumphant Mischief!
And now while thus I stalk about the Room,
I challenge Fate to find another Wretch
Like *Oedipus*!

[*Thunder, &c.*
Enter

Enter Jocasta attended, with Lights, in a Night-gown.

Oedip. Night, Horror, Death, Confusion, Hell, and Furies!

Where am I? O, *Jocasta*, let me hold thee,

Thus to my Bosom, Ages let me grasp thee:

All that the hardest temper'd weather'd Flesh,

With fiercest humane Spirit inspir'd, can dare

Or do, I dare; but, oh you Pow'rs, this was

By infinite degrees too much for Man.

Methinks my deafen'd Ears

Are burst; my Eyes, as if they had been knock'd

By some tempestuous Hand, shoot flashing Fire:

That sleep should do this!

Joc. Then my Fears were true.

Methought I heard your Voice, and yet I doubted,

Now roaring like the Ocean, when the Winds

Fight with the Waves; now, in a still small tone

Your dying Accents fell, as racking Ships,

After the dreadful Yell, sink murmuring down,

And bubble up a Noise.

Oedip. Trust me, thou Fairest, best of all thy Kind,

None e'er in Dreams was tortur'd so before.

Yet what most shocks the niceness of my Temper,

Ev'n far beyond the killing of my Father,

And my own Death, is, that this horrid sleep

Dash'd my sick Fancy with an act of Incest:

I dreamt, *Jocasta*, that thou wert my Mother;

Which, tho' impossible, so damps my Spirits,

That I cou'd do a Mischief on my self,

lest I should sleep and dream the like again.

Joc. O *Oedipus*, too well I understand you!

I know the Wrath of Heav'n, the Care of *Thebes*,

The Cries of its Inhabitants, War's Toils,

And thousand other Labours of the State,

Are all referr'd to you, and ought to take you

For ever from *Jocasta*.

Oedip. Life of my Life, and Treasure of my Soul,

Heav'n knows I love thee.

Joc. O, you think me vile,

And of an Inclination so ignoble,

That

That I must hide me from your Eyes for ever.
 Be witness, Gods, and strike *Focasta* dead,
 If an immodest Thought, or low Desire
 Inflam'd my Breast, since first our Loves were lighted.

Oedip. O rise, and add not, by thy cruel Kindness,
 A Grief more sensible than all my Torments.
 Thou think'st my Dreams are forg'd; but by thy self,
 The greatest Oath, I swear, they are most true:
 But, be they what they will, I here dismiss 'em;
 Begon, *Chimaras*, to your Mother Clouds,
 Is there a Fault in us? Have we not search'd
 The Womb of Heav'n, examin'd all the Entrails
 Of Birds and Beasts, and tir'd the Prophet's Art.
 Yet what avails? he, and the Gods together,
 Seem-like Physicians at a loss to help us:
 Therefore, like Wretches that have linger'd long,
 We'll snatch the strongest Cordial of our Love;
 To Bed, my Fair.

Ghost within. *Oedipus!*

Oedip. Ha! who calls?

Did'st thou not hear a Voice?

Foc. Alas! I did.

Ghost. *Focasta!*

Foc. O my Love, my Lord, support me!

Oedip. Call louder, till you burst your Airy Forms:
 Rest on my Hand. Thus, arm'd with Innocence,
 I'll face these babling *Demons* of the Air.
 In spite of Ghosts, I'll on,
 Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms;
 I'll break 'em, with *Focasta* in my Arms:
 Clasp'd in the folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom;
 And act my Joys, tho' Thunder shake the Room. [Exit



 ACT III. SCENE I.
SCENE *A dark Grove.**Enter Creon, and Diocles.*

Cre. 'TIS better not to be, than be unhappy.
Dioc. What mean you by these Words?

Cre. 'Tis better not to be, than to be *Creon*.
 thinking Soul is Punishment enough;
 but when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,
 then every Thought draws Blood.

Dioc. You are not wretched.

Cre. I am: my Soul's ill married to my Body.
 would be young, be handsom, be belov'd:

would I but Breath my self into *Adrastus*——

Dioc. You rave; call home your Thoughts.

Cre. I prithee let my Soul take Air awhile;
 were she in *Oedipus*, I were a King;
 then I had kill'd a Monster, gain'd a Battel;
 and had my Rival Pris'ner; brave, brave Actions:
 Why have not I done these?

Dioc. Your Fortune hinder'd.

Cre. There's it: I have a Soul to do 'em all:
 but Fortune will have nothing done that's great,
 but by young handsom Fools: Body and Brawn
 do all her Work: *Hercules* was a Fool,
 and straight grew famous: a mad boistrous Fool,
 may worse, a Woman's Fool.

Fool is the Stuff, of which Heav'n makes a Hero.

Dioc. A Serpent ne'er becomes a flying Dragon,
 till he has eat a Serpent.

Cre. Goes it there!
 understand thee; I must kill *Adrastus*.

Dioc.

Dioc. Or not enjoy your Mistress:
Eurydice and he are Pris'ners here,
 But will not long be so: this Tell-tale Ghost
 Perhaps will clear 'em both.

Cre. Well: 'tis resolv'd.

Dioc. The Princess walks this Way;
 You must not meet her,
 Till this be done.

Cre. I must.

Dioc. She hates your Sight:
 And more since you accus'd her.

Cre. Urge it not.
 I cannot stay to tell thee my Design;
 For she's too near.

Enter Eurydice.

How, Madam, were your Thoughts employ'd!

Eur. On Death, and thee.

Cre. Then were they not well sort'd: Life and me
 Had been the better Match.

Eur. No, I was thinking
 On two the most detested things in Nature:
 And they are Death and thee.

Cre. The thought of Death to one near Death is dreadful
 O 'tis a fearful thing to be no more.
 Or if to be, to wander after Death;
 To walk as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day;
 And when the Darknes comes, to glide in Paths
 That lead to Graves: and in the silent Vault,
 Where lyes your own pale Shroud, to hover o'er it,
 Striving to enter your forbidden Corps;
 And often, often, vainly breath your Ghost
 Into your lifeless Lips:

Then, like a lone benighted Traveller
 Shut out from Lodging, shall your Groans be answer'd
 By whistling Winds, whose every Blast will shake
 Your tender Form to Atoms.

Eur. Must I be this thin Being? and thus wander!
 No Quiet after Death!

Cre. None: you must leave
his beauteous Body; all this Youth and Freshness
must be no more the object of Desire,
it a cold lump of Clay;
which then your discontented Ghost will leave,
and loath its former Lodging.
this is the best of what comes after Death,
'n to the best.

Eur. What then shall be thy Lot!
Eternal Torments, Baths of boiling Sulphur:
scissitudes of Fires, and then of Frosts;
and an old Guardian Fiend, ugly as thou art,
hollow in thy Ears at every Lash;
this for *Eurydice*; these for her *Adrastus*.

Cre. For her *Adrastus*!

Eur. Yes; for her *Adrastus*:
or Death shall ne'er divide us: Death, what's Death!

Dioc. You seem'd to fear it.

Eur. But I more fear *Creon*:

to take that hunch-back'd Monster in my Arms,
an excrescence of a Man.

Dioc. to Cre. See what you've gain'd!

Eur. Death only can be dreadful to the Bad:
to Innocence, 'tis like a bug-dear dress'd
to frighten Children; pull but off his Masque
and he'll appear a Friend.

Cre. You talk too slightly

of Death and Hell. Let me inform you better.

Eur. You best can tell the News of your own Country.

Dioc. Nay now you are too sharp.

Eur. Can I be so to one who has accus'd me
of Murder and of Parricide?

Cre. You provok'd me:

and yet I only did thus far accuse you,
as next of Blood to *Lajus*: Be advis'd,
and you may live.

Eur. The Means?

Cre. 'Tis offer'd you.

the Fool *Adrastus* has accus'd himself.

Eur.

Eur. He has indeed, to take the Guilt from me.

Cre. He says he loves you; if he does, 'tis well:
He ne'er could prove it in a better Time.

Eur. Then Death must be his recompence for Love!

Cre. 'Tis a Fool's just Reward: -

The wise can make a better use of Life:
But 'tis the young Man's Pleasure; his Ambition:
I grudge him not that Favour.

Eur. When he's dead,
Where shall I find his Equal!

Cre. Every where.

Fine empty things, like him,
The Court swarms with 'em.
Fine fighting things; in Camps they are so common,
Crows feed on nothing else: plenty of Fools;
A glut of 'em in *Thebes*.

And Fortune still takes care they shou'd be seen:
She places 'em aloft, o'th' topmost Spoke
Of all her Wheel: Fools are the daily Work
Of Nature; her Vocation; if she form
A Man, she loses by't, 'tis too expensive;
'Twou'd make ten Fools: A Man's a Prodigy.

Eur. That is a *Creon*: O thou black Detractor,
Who spitt'st thy Venom against Gods and Men!
Thou Enemy of Eyes:

Thou who lov'st nothing but what nothing loves,
And that's thy self: who hast conspir'd against
My Life and Fame, to make me loath'd by all;
And only fit for thee.

But for *Adrastus* Death, good Gods, his Death!
What Curse shall I invent?

Dioc. No more: he's here.

Eur. He shall be ever here.

He who wou'd give his Life; give up his Fame.—

Enter Adrastus.

If all the Excellence of Woman-kind
Were mine;—No, 'tis too little all for him:
Were I made up of endless, endless Joys,——

Adr. And so thou art:

The Man who loves like me,
Wou'd think ev'n Infamy, the worst of Ills,
Were cheaply purchas'd, were thy Love the Price:
Uncrown'd, a Captive, nothing left, but Honour;
'Tis the last thing a Prince shou'd throw away;
But when the Storm grows loud, and threatens Love,
Throw ev'n that over-board, for Love's the Jewel;
And last it must be kept.

Cre. to Dioc. Work him be sure
To Rage, he's passionate;
Make him th' Aggressor.

Dioc. O false Love; false Honour.

Cre. Dissembled both, and false!

Adr. Dar'st thou say this to me!

Cre. To you! why what are you, that I should fear you?
I am not *Lajus*: Hear me, Prince of *Argos*,

You give what's nothing, when you give your Honour;

'Tis gone; 'tis lost in Battle. For your Love,

Vows made in Wine are not so false as that:

You kill'd her Father; you confess'd you did:

A mighty Argument to prove your Passion to the Daughter.

Adr. [Aside.] Gods, must I bear this Brand, and not retort
The lye to his foul Throat!

Dioc. Basely you kill'd him.

Adr. [Aside.] O, I burn inward: my Blood's all o'fire.

Alcides, when the poison'd Shirt sat closest,

Had but an Ague fit to this my Fever.

Yet, for *Eurydice*, ev'n this I'll suffer,

To free my Love.—Well then, I kill'd him basely.

Cre. Fairly, I'm sure, you cou'd not.

Dioc. Nor alone.

Cre. You had your fellow-Thieves about you, Prince;
They conquer'd, and you kill'd.

Adr. [Aside.] Down swelling Heart!

'Tis for thy Princess all.—O my *Eurydice*!— *[To her.]*

Eur. to him. Reproach not thus the weakness of my Sex,

As if I cou'd not bear a shameful Death,

Rather than see you burden'd with a Crime

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OF

Of which I know you free.

Cre. You do ill, Madam,
To let your head-long Love triumph o'er Nature;
Dare you defend your Father's Murderer?

Eur. You know he kill'd him not.

Cre. Let him say so.

Dioc. See he stands mute.

Cre. O pow'r of Conscience, ev'n in wicked Men!
It works, it stings, it will not let him utter
One Syllable, one No to clear himself
From the most base, detested, horrid Act
That e'er could stain a Villain, not a Prince.

Adr. Ha! Villain!

Dioc. Eccho to him Groves: cry Villain.

Adr. Let me consider! did I murder *Lajus*,
Thus like a Villain?

Cre. Best revoke your Words;
And say you kill'd him not.

Adr. Not like a Villain; prithee change me that
For any other Lye.

Dioc. No, Villain, Villain.

Cre. You kill'd him not! proclaim your Innocence,
Accuse the Princess: So I knew 'twou'd be.

Adr. I thank thee, thou instruct'st me:
No matter how I kill'd him.

Cre. [*Aside.*] Cool'd again.

Eur. Thou, who usurp'st the sacred name of Conscience
Did not thy own declare him innocent;
To me declare him so? The King shall know it.

Cre. You will not be believ'd, for I'll forswear it.

Eur. What's now thy Conscience?

Cre. 'Tis my Slave, my Drudge, my supple Glove,
My upper Garment, to put on, throw off,
As I think best: 'Tis my obedient Conscience.

Adr. Infamous Wretch!

Cre. My Conscience shall not do me the ill Office
To save a Rival's Life; when thou art dead,
(As dead thou shalt be, or be yet more base
Than thou think'st me,

By forfeiting her Life, to save thy own. —)
 Know this, and let it grate thy very Soul,
 She shall be mine: (she is, if Vows were binding;)
 Mark me, the Fruit of all thy Faith and Passion,
 Ev'n of thy foolish Death, shall all be mine.

Adr. Thine, say'st thou, Monster;
 Shall my Love be thine?

O, I can bear no more!

Thy cunning Engines have with labour rais'd
 My heavy Anger, like a mighty Weight,
 To fall and pass thee dead.

See here thy Nuptials; see, thou rash *Ixion*, [Draws.]

Thy promis'd *Juno* vanish'd in a Cloud;

And in her Room avenging Thunder rowls

To blast thee thus. — Come both. — [Both Draw.]

Cre. 'Tis what I wish'd!

Now see whose Arm can lanch the surer Bolt,

And who's the better *Jove*! —

[Fight.]

Eur. Help; Murther, help!

Enter Hamon and Guards, run betwixt them and beat down their Swords.

Ham. Hold; hold your impious Hands: I think the Furies,
 To whom this Grove is hallow'd, have inspir'd you:

Now, by my Soul, the holiest Earth of *Thebes*

You have profan'd with War. Nor Tree, nor Plant

Grows here, but what is fed with Magick Juice,

All full of humane Souls; that cleave their Barks

To dance at Midnight by the Moon's pale Beams:

At least two hundred Years these reverend Shades

Have known no Blood, but of black Sheep and Oxen;

Ked by the Priest's own Hand to *Proserpine*.

Adr. Forgive a Stranger's Ignorance: I knew not
 the Honours of the Place.

Ham. Thou, *Creon*, didst.

For *Oedipus*, were all his Foes here lodg'd,

Must violate the Religion of these Groves,

To touch one single Hair: but must, unarm'd,

Die as in Truce, or surlily avoid

That most be long'd to kill.

Cre. I drew not first;
But in my own Defence.

Adr. I was provok'd
Beyond Man's Patience: all Reproach cou'd urge
Was us'd to kindle one not apt to bear.

Ham. 'Tis *Oedipus*, not I, must judge this Act:
Lord Creon, you and *Diocles* retire:
Tiresias, and the Brother-hood of Priests,
Approach the Place: None at these Rites assist,
But you th' accus'd, who by the Mouth of *Lajus*
Must be absolv'd or doom'd.

Adr. I bear my Fortune.

Eur. And I provoke my Tryal.

Ham. 'Tis at Hand.

For see the Prophet comes with Vervin crown'd,
The Priests with Yeugh, a venerable Band;
We leave you to the Gods.

[*Ex. Hamon with Creon and Diocles*
Enter Tiresias, led by Manto: The Priests follow; all clothed
in long black Habits.

Tir. Approach, ye Lovers;
I'll-fated Pair! whom, seeing not, I know:
This Day your kindly Stars in Heav'n were join'd:
When lo, an envious Planet interpos'd,
And threaten'd both with Death: I fear, I fear.

Eur. Is there no God so much a Friend to Love,
Who can controul the Malice of our Fate?
Are they all deaf? or have the Giants Heav'n?

Tir. The Gods are just.——
But how can Finite measure Infinite?
Reason! alas, it does not know it self!
Yet Man, vain Man, wou'd with this short-lin'd Plumm
Fathom the vast Abyfs of heav'nly Justice.
Whatever is, is in its Causes just;
Since all things are by Fate. But purblin'd Man
Sees but a part o'th' Chain; the nearest Links;
His Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam
That poises all above.

Eur. Then we must dye!

Tir. The Danger's imminent this Day.

Adr. Why th'n there's one Day less for humane Ills:
And who wou'd moan himself, for suffering that,
Which in a Day must pass? something, or nothing —
I shall be what I was again, before
I was *Adrastus*; —

Penurious Heav'n, can'st thou not add a Night
To our one Day; give me a Night with her,
And I'll give all the rest.

Tir. She broke her Vow

First made to *Creon*: but the time calls on:
And *Lajus* Death must now be made more plain,
How loth I am to have recourse to Rites
So full of Horrour, that I once rejoice
I want the use of Sight. —

1 Pr. The Ceremonies stay.

Tir. Chuse the darkest part o'th' Grove;
Such as Ghosts at Noon-day love.
Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh
Where the Bones of *Lajus* lye.
Altars rais'd of Turf or Stone,
Will th' Infernal Pow'rs have none.
Answer me, if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Is the Sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the Pit:
Draw the barren Heyfer back;
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curled Hair that grows
Full betwixt her Horns and Brows:
And turn your Faces from the Sun:
Answer me, if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Pour in Blood, and Blood like Wine
To Mother Earth and *Proserpine*:
Mingle Milk into the Stream;
Feast the Ghosts that love the Steam;
Snatch a Brand from Funeral Pile;
Toss it in to make 'em boil;

And turn your Faces from the Sun;
Answer me, if all be done?

All Pr. All is done.

[Peal of Thunder; and Flashes of Lightning; then Growing below the Stage.]

Man. O, what Laments are those?

Tir. The Groans of Ghosts, that cleave the Earth with Pain,
And heave it up: they pant and stick half way.

[The Stage wholly darken'd.]

Man. And now a sudden Darkneſs covers all,
True genuine Night: Night added to the Groves;
The Fogs are blown full in the Face of Heav'n.

Tir. Am I but half obey'd: Infernal Gods,
Must you have Muſick too? then tune your Voices,
And let 'em have ſuch Sounds as Hell ne'er heard
Since Orpheus brib'd the Shades,

Muſick firſt. Then Sing.

1. Hear, ye ſullen Pow'rs below:

Hear, ye Taskers of the Dead.

2. You that boiling Cauldrons blow,

You that ſcum the molten Lead.

3. You that pinch with Red-hot Tongues;

1. You that drive the trembling Hoſts

Of poor, poor Ghosts,

With your ſharpen'd Prongs;

2. You that thruſt 'em off the Brim;

3. You that plunge 'em when they ſwim:

1. Till they drown;

Till they go

On a row

Down, down, down

Ten thouſand, thouſand, thouſand Fathoms low.

Chorus. Till they drown, &c.

1. Muſick for a while

Shall your Cares beguile:

Wond'ring how your Pains were eas'd;

2. And diſdaining to be pleas'd;

3. Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal Bands;
Till the Snakes drop from her Head,
And Whip from out her Hands.

1. Come away
Do not stay,
But obey
While we play,
For Hell's broke up, and Ghosts have Holy-day.

Chorus. Come away, &c.

[A flash of Lightning: The Stage is made bright;
and the Ghosts are seen passing betwixt the Trees.

1. Lajus! 2. Lajus! 3. Lajus!

1. Hear! 2. Hear! 3. Hear!

Tir. Hear and appear.

By the Fates that spun thy Thread;

Cho. Which are three,

Tir. By the Furies fierce, and dread!

Cho. Which are three,

Tir. By the Fudges of the dead!

Cho. Which are three,

Three times three!

Tir. By Hell's blue Flame:

By the Stygian Lake:

And by Demogorgon's Name,

At which Ghosts quake,

Hear and appear.

[The Ghost of Lajus rises arm'd in his Chariot as he
was slain. And behind his Chariot, sit the three
who were murder'd with him.

Ghost of Lajus. Why hast thou drawn me from my Pains
To suffer worse above; to see the Day, [below,
And Thebes more hated? Hell is Heav'n to Thebes.
For Pity send me back, where I may hide,
In willing Night, this ignominious Head:
In Hell I shun the publick Scorn; and then
They hunt me for their Sport, and hoot me as I fly:
Behold ev'n now they grin at my gor'd side,

And chatter at my Wounds.

Tir. I pity thee:

Tell but why *Thebes* is for thy Death accurst,
And I'll unbind the Charm.

Ghost. O spare my Shame.

Tir. Are these two Innocent?

Ghost. Of my Death they are.

But he who holds my Crown, Oh, must I speak!
Was doom'd to do what Nature most abhors.
The Gods foresaw it; and forbad his Being,
Before he yet was born. I broke their Laws,
And cloath'd with Flesh his pre-existing Soul.
Some kinder Pow'r, too weak for Destiny.
Took pity, and indu'd his new form'd Mass
With Temperance, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude,
And every Kingly Virtue: But in vain.
For Fate, that sent him hood-winkt to the World,
Perform'd its work by his mistaking Hands.
Ask'st thou who murder'd me? 'twas *Oedipus*:
Who stains my Bed with Incest? *Oedipus*:
For whom then are you curst, but *Oedipus*!
He comes; the Parricide: I cannot bear him:
My Wounds ake at him: Oh his murd'rous Breath
Venoms my airy Substance! hence with him,
Banish him; sweep him out; the Plague he bears
Will blast your Fields, and mark his Way with Ruin.
From *Thebes*, my Throne, my Bed, let him be driv'n;
Do you forbid him Earth, and I'll forbid him Heav'n.

[*Ghost descends.*]

Enter Oedipus, Creon, Hamon, &c.

Oedip. What's this! methought some pestilential Blast
Struck me just entring; and some unseen Hand
Struggled to push me backward! tell me why
My Hair stands bristling up, why my Flesh trembles!
You stare at me! then Hell has been among ye,
And some lag Fiend yet lingers in the Grove.

Tir. What Omen saw'st thou entring?

Oedip. A young Stork,
That bore his aged Parent on his Back;

Till weary with the weight, she shook him off,
And peck'd out both his Eyes.

Adr. Oh, *Oedipus*!

Eur. Oh, wretched *Oedipus*!

Tir. O! Fatal King!

Oedip. What mean these Exclamations on my Name?

I thank the Gods, no secret Thoughts reproach me:

No: I dare challenge Heav'n to turn me outward,

And shake my Soul quite empty in your Sight.

Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd

These fix'd Regards, and silent Threats of Eyes:

A generous Fierceness dwells with Innocence;

And conscious Virtue is allow'd some Pride.

Tir. Thou know'st not what thou say'st.

Oedip. What mutters he! tell me, *Eurydice*:

Thou shak'st: Thy Soul's a Woman. Speak, *Adrastus*;

And boldly as thou met'st my Arms in fight;

Dar'st thou not speak? why then 'tis bad indeed:

Tiresias, thee I summon by thy Priesthood,

Tell me what News from Hell: Where *Lajus* points,

and who's the guilty Head!

Tir. Let me not answer.

Oedip. Be dumb then, and betray thy native Soil

To farther Plagues.

Tir. I dare not name him to thee.

Oedip. Dar'st thou converse with Hell, and canst thou fear

in human Name!

Tir. Urge me no more to tell a thing, which known

Would make thee more unhappy: 'Twill be found,

Tho' I am silent.

Oedip. Old and obstinate! Then thou thy self

art Author or Accomplish of this Murther,

and shun'st the Justice, which by publick Ban

Thou hast incurr'd.

Tir. O, if the Guilt were mine

were not half so great: Know wretched Man,

Thou only, thou art guilty; thy own Curse

falls heavy on thy self.

Oedip. Speak this again:
But speak it to the Winds when they are loudest:
Or to the raging Seas, they'll hear as soon,
And sooner will believe.

Tir. Then hear me Heav'n,
For blushing thou hast seen it: Hear me Earth,
Whose hollow Womb could not contain this Murder,
But sent it back to Light: And thou Hell, hear me,
Whose own black Seal has 'firm'd this horrid Truth,
Oedipus murther'd *Lajus*.

Oedip. Rot the Tongue,
And blasted be the Mouth that spoke that Lie.
Thou blind of Sight, but thou more blind of Soul.

Tir. Thy Parents thought not so.

Oedip. Who were my Parents?

Tir. Thou shalt know too soon.

Oedip. Why seek I Truth from thee?
The Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots Tears,
The Tradesman's Oaths, and Mourning of an Heir,
Are Truths to what Priests tell.
O why has Priest-hood Priviledge to lye,
And yet to be believ'd!—thy Age protects thee—

Tir. Thou canst not kill me; 'tis not in thy Fate,
'And 'twas to kill thy Father; wed thy Mother;
And beget Sons, thy Brothers.

Oedip. Riddles, Riddles!

Tir. Thou art thy self a Riddle; a perplex
Obscure *Enigma*, which when thou unty'st,
Thou shalt be found and lost.

Oedip. Impossible!

Adrastus, speak, and as thou art a King,
Whose Royal Word is sacred, clear my Fame.

Adr. Wou'd I cou'd!

Oedip. Ha, wilt thou not: Can that *Plebeian* Vice
Of Lying Mount to Kings! can they be tainted!
Then Truth is lost on Earth.

Cre. The Cheat's too gross:

Adrastus is his Oracle, and he,
The pious Juggler, but *Adrastus*' Organ.

Oedip. 'Tis plain, the Priest's suborn'd to free the Pris'ner.

Cre. And turn the Guilt on you.

Oedip. O, honest *Creon*, how hast thou been bely'd?

Eur. Hear me.

Cre. She's brib'd to save her Lover's Life.

Adr. If, *Oedipus*, thou think'st——

Cre. Hear him not speak.

Adr. Then hear these holy Men.

Cre. Priests, Priests all brib'd, all Priests.

Oedip. *Adrastus* I have found thee:

The Malice of a vanquish'd Man has seiz'd thee.

Adr. If Envy and not Truth——

Oedip. I'll hear no more: Away with him.

[*Hæmon* takes him off by force: *Creon* and *Eurydice* follow.

To *Tir.*] Why stand'st thou here, Impostor!

So old, and yet so wicked — Lie for Gain;

And Gain so short as Age can promise thee!

Tir. So short a time as I have yet to live

Exceeds thy pointed Hour; Remember *Lajus*:

No more; if e'er we meet again, 'twill be

In mutual Darkness; we shall feel before us

To reach each other's Hand; remember *Lajus*.

[*Ex. Tiresias: Priests follow.*

Oedipus solus.

Remember *Lajus*! that's the Burden still:

Murder and Incest! but to hear 'em nam'd

My Soul starts in me: The good Sentinel

Stands to her Weapons; takes the first Alarm

To Guard me from such Crimes——Did I kill *Lajus*?

Then I walk'd sleeping, in some frightful Dream,

My Soul then stole my Body out by Night;

And brought me back to Bed e'er Morning-wake.

It cannot be ev'n this remotest Way,

But some dark hint would juggle forward now,

And goad my Memory——Oh my *Jocasta*!

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Why are you thus disturb'd?

Oedip. Why, would'st thou think it?

No

No less than Murder.

Joc. Murder! what of Murder?

Oedip. Is Murder then no more? add Parricide,
And Incest; bear not these a frightful Sound?

Joc. Alas!

Oedip. How poor a Pity is Alas
For two such Crimes!——was *Lajus* us'd to 'ie?

Joc. Oh no: The most sincere, plain, honest Man——
One who abhorr'd a Lie.

Oedip. Then he has got that Quality in Hell.
He charges me——but why accuse I him?
I did not hear him speak it: They accuse me;
The Priest, *Adrastus* and *Eurydice*,
Of murdering *Lajus*——Tell me, while I think on't,
Has old *Tiresias* practis'd long this Trade?

Joc. What Trade?

Oedip. Why, this foretelling Trade?

Joc. For many Years.

Oedip. Has he before this Day accus'd me?

Joc. Never.

Oedip. Have you e're this inquir'd, who did this Murder?

Joc. Often; but still in vain.

Oedip. I am satisfy'd.

Then 'tis an Infant-lie; but one Day old.
The Oracle takes place before the Priest;
The Blood of *Lajus* was to murder *Lajus*:
I'm not of *Lajus*'s Blood.

Joc. Ev'n Oracles

Are always doubtful, and are often forg'd:
Lajus had one, which never was fulfill'd,
Nor ever can be now!

Oedip. And what foretold it?

Joc. That he should have a Son by me, fore-doom'd
The Murderer of his Father: True indeed,
A Son was born; but, to prevent that Crime,
The wretched Infant of a guilty Fate,
Born through his untry'd Feet, and bound with Cords,
On a bleak Mountain, naked was expos'd:
The King himself liv'd many, many Years,

And

And found a different Fate; by Robbers murder'd,
Where three Ways meet: Yet these are Oracles;
And this the Faith we owe 'em.

Oedip. Sayst thou, Woman?

By Heav'n thou hast awaken'd somewhat in me,
That shakes my very Soul!

Joc. What, new Disturbance!

[said'st it!]

Oedip. Methought thou said'st — (or do I dream thou
This Murder was on *Lajus* Person done,
Where three Ways meet?

Joc. So common Fame reports.

Oedip. Would it had ly'd.

Joc. Why, good my Lord?

Oedip. No Questions:

'Tis busie time with me; dispatch mine first;
Say where, where was it done!

Joc. Mean you the Murder?

Oedip. Could'st thou not answer without naming Murder?

Joc. They say in *Phocide*; on the Verge that parts it
From *Daulia*, and from *Delphos*.

Oedip. So! — How long! when happen'd this!

Joc. Some little time before you came to *Thebes*.

Oedip. What will the Gods do with me!

Joc. What means that Thought?

Oedip. Something: But 'tis not yet your Turn to ask:
How old was *Lajus*, what his Shape, his Stature,
His Action, and his Meen? quick, quick, your Answer—

Joc. Big made he was, and tall: His Port was fierce,
Erect his Countenance: Manly Majesty
Sate in his Front, and darted from his Eyes,
Commanding all he viewed: His Hair just grizzled,
As in a green old Age: Bate but his Years,
You are his Picture.

[Picture?

Oedip. [*Aside.*] Pray Heav'n he drew me not! am I his

Joc. So I have often told you.

Oedip. True, you have;

Add that to the rest: How was the King
Attended when he travell'd?

Joc. By four Servants:

He

He went out privately.

Oedip. Well counted still:

One scap'd I hear; what since became of him?

Joc. When he beheld you first, as King in *Thebes*,
He kneel'd, and trembling beg'd I wou'd dismiss him:
He had my Leave; and now he lives retir'd.

Oedip. This Man must be produc'd; he must, *Jocasta*.

Joc. He shall — yet have I leave to ask you why?

Oedip. Yes, you shall know: For where should I repose
The Anguish of my Soul, but in your Breast!
I need not tell you *Corinth* claims my Birth;
My Parents, *Polybus* and *Merope*,
Two Royal Names; their only Child am I:
It happen'd once; 'twas at a Bridal Feast,
One warm with Wine, told me I was a Foundling,
Not the King's Son; I stung with this Reproach,
Struck him: My Father heard of it: The Man
Was made ask Pardon; and the Business hush'd.

Joc. 'Twas somewhat odd.

Oedip. And strangely it perplexed me.
I stole away to *Delfhos*, and implor'd
The God, to tell my certain Parentage.
He bade me seek no farther: — 'Twas my Fate
To kill my Father, and pollute his Bed,
By marrying her who bore me.

Joc. Vain, vain Oracles!

Oedip. But yet they frightened me;
I lookt on *Corinth* as a Place accurst,
Resolv'd my Destiny should wait in vain;
And never catch me there.

Joc. Too nice a Fear.

Oedip. Suspend your Thoughts; and flatter not too soon.
Just in the Place you nam'd, where three Ways meet,
And near that time, five Persons I encounter'd;
One was too like, (Heav'n grant it prove not him)
Whom you describe for *Lajus*: Insolent
And fierce they were, as Men who liv'd on Spoil.
I judg'd 'em Robbers, and by Force repell'd
The Force they us'd: In short, four Men I slew:

The fifth upon his Knees demanding Life,
My Mercy gave it——Bring me Comfort now,
If I slew *Lajus*, what can be more wretched!
From *Thebes* and you my Curse has banish'd me:
From *Corinth* Fate.

Joc. Perplex not thus your Mind;
My Husband fell by Multitudes oppress,
So *Phorbas* said: This Band you chanc'd to meet;
And murder'd not my *Lajus*, but reveng'd him.

Oedip. There's all my Hope: Let *Phorbas* tell me this,
And I shall live again——

To you, good Gods, I make my last Appeal;
Or clear my Virtue, or my Crime reveal:
If wandering in the maze of Fate I run,
And backward trod the Paths I sought to shun,
Impute my Errors to your own Decree;
My Hands are Guilty, but my Heart is free. [*Ex. Amb.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Pyracmon and Creon.

Pyr. Some Business of Import that Triumph wears
You seem to go with; nor is it hard to guess
When you are pleas'd, by a malicious Joy:
Whose red and fiery Beams cast through your Visage
A glowing Pleasure. Sure you smile Revenge,
And I could gladly hear.

Cre. Would'st thou believe!
This giddy hair-brain'd King, whom old *Tiresias*
Has Thunder-struck with heavy Accusation,
Tho' conscious of no inward Guilt, yet fears;
He fears *Jocasta*, fears himself, his Shadow;
He fears the Multitude; and, which is worth

Ad

An Age of Laughter, out of all Mankind,
He chuses me to be his Orator:
Swears that *Adrastus*, and the lean-look'd Prophet,
Are joint Conspirators; and wish'd me to
Appease the raving *Thebans*; which I swore
To do.

Pyr. A dangerous Undertaking;
Directly opposite to your own Interest.

Cre. No, dull *Pyracmon*; when I left his Presence,
With all the Wings with which Revenge could imp
My Flight, I gain'd the midst o'th' City;
There, standing on a Pile of dead and dying,
I to the mad and sickly Multitude,
With interrupting Sobs, cry'd out, O *Thebes*,
O wretched *Thebes*, thy King, thy *Oedipus*,
This barbarous Stranger, this Usurper, Monster,
Is by the Oracle, the wise *Tiresias*,
Proclaim'd the Murderer of thy Royal *Lajus*:
Jocasta too, no longer now my Sister,
Is found Complotter in the horrid Deed.
Here I renounce all tye of Blood and Nature,
For thee, O *Thebes*, dear *Thebes*, poor bleeding *Thebes*,
And there I wept, and then the Rabble howl'd,
And roar'd, and with a thousand antick Mouths
Gabbled Revenge, Revenge was all the Cry.

Pyr. This cannot fail: I see you on the Throne;
And *Oedipus* cast out.

Cre. Then strait came on
Alcander, with a wild and bellowing Croud,
Whom he had wrought; I whisper'd him to join,
And head the Forces while the Heat was in 'em:
So to the Palace I return'd, to meet
The King, and greet him with another Story.
But see, he enters.

Enter Oedipus and Jocasta, attended.

Oedip. Said you that *Phorbas* is return'd, and yet
Intreats he may return, without being ask'd
Of ought concerning what we have discover'd?

Joc. He started when I told him your Intent,
 Replying, what he knew of that Affair
 Would give no Satisfaction to the King;
 Then, falling on his Knees, begg'd, as for Life,
 To be dismiss'd from Court: He trembled too,
 As if convulsive Death had seiz'd upon him,
 And stammer'd in his abrupt Pray'r so wildly,
 That had he been the Murderer of *Lajus*,
 Guilt and Distraction could not have shook him more.

Oedip. By your Description, sure as Plagues and Death
 Lay waste our *Thebes*, some deed that shuns the Light
 Begot those fears: If thou respect'st my Peace,
 Secure him, dear *Jocasta*; for my Genius
 Shrinks at his Name.

Joc. Rather let him go:
 So my poor boding Heart would have it be,
 Without a Reason.

Oedip. Hark, the *Thebans* come!
 Therefore retire: And, once more, if thou lov'st me,
 Let *Phorbas* be retain'd.

Joc. You shall, while I
 Have Life, be still obey'd:
 In vain you sooth me with your soft Indearments,
 And set the fairest Countenance to view,
 Your gloomy Eyes, my Lord, betray a Deadness
 And inward Languishing: That Oracle
 Eats like a subtil Worm its venom'd Way,
 Preys on your Heart, and rots the noble Core,
 How-e'er the beauteous Out-side shews so lovely.

Oedip. O, thou wilt kill me with thy Love's excess!
 All, all is well; retire, the *Thebans* come. [Ex. *Joc.*

Ghost. *Oedipus*!

Oedip. Ha! again that Scream of Woe!
 Thrice have I heard, thrice since the Morning dawn'd
 It hollow'd loud, as if my Guardian Spirit
 Call'd from some vaulted Mansion, *Oedipus*!
 Or is it but the Work of Melancholy?
 When the Sun sets, Shadows, that shew'd at Noon
 But small, appear most long and terrible;

So

So when we think Fate hovers o'er our Heads,
 Our Apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds,
 Owls, Ravens, Crickets seem the Watch of Death,
 Nature's worst Vermin scare her God-like Sons,
 Ecchoes, the very leavings of a Voice,
 Grow babling Ghosts, and call us to our Graves:
 Each Mole-hill Thought swells to a huge *Olympus*,
 While we fantastick Dreamers heave and puff,
 And sweat with an Imagination's weight;
 As if, like *Atlas*, with these mortal Shoulders
 We could sustain the Burden of the World.

[*Creon comes forward*]

Cre. O, sacred Sir, my Royal Lord——

Oedip. What now?

Thou seem'st affrighted at some dreadful Action,
 Thy Breath comes short, thy darted Eyes are fixt
 On me for Aid, as if thou wert pursu'd:
 I sent thee to the *Thebans*, speak thy Wonder;
 Fear not, this Palace is a Sanctuary,
 The King himself's thy Guard.

Cre. For me, alas,

[*yours*]

My Life's not worth a Thought, when weigh'd with
 But fly, my Lord, fly as your Life is sacred,
 Your Fate is precious to your faithful *Creon*,
 Who therefore, on his Knees, thus prostrate begs
 You would remove from *Thebes* that vows your Ruin.
 When I but offer'd at your Innocence,
 They gather'd Stones, and menac'd me with Death,
 And drove me through the Streets, with Imprecations
 Against your sacred Person, and those Traitors
 Which justify'd your Guilt: Which curs'd *Tiresias*
 Told, as from Heav'n, was cause of their Destruction.

Oedip. Rise, worthy *Creon*, haste and take our Guard,
 Rank 'em in equal Part upon the Square,
 Then open every Gate of this our Palace,
 And let the Torrent in. Hark, it comes.
 I hear 'em roar: Begon, and break down all
 The Dams that would oppose their furious Passage.

[*Shout*]

[*Ex. Creon with Guards*]

Enter

Enter Adrastus, his Sword drawn.

Adr. Your City

all in Arms, all bent to your Destruction:
 heard but now, where I was close confin'd,
 thundring Shout, which made my Jaylors vanish,
 Cry, Fire the Palace; where's the cruel King?
 Yet, by th' Infernal Gods, those awful Pow'rs
 that have accus'd you, which these Ears have heard,
 and these Eyes seen, I must believe you guiltless;
 for, since I knew the Royal *Oedipus*,
 have observ'd in all his Acts such Truth
 and God-like Clearness; that to the last gush
 of Blood and Spirits, I'll defend his Life,
 and here have sworn to perish by his Side.

Oed. Be witness, Gods, how near this touches me,

[Embracing him.]

what, what Recompence can Glory make?

Adr. Defend your Innocence, speak like your self,
 and awe the Rebels with your dauntless Virtue.
 But, hark! the Storm comes nearer.

Oedip. Let it come.

The force of Majesty is never known
 but in a general Wrack: Then then is seen
 the Difference 'twixt a Threshold and a Throne.

Enter Creon, Pyracmon, Alcander, Tiresias, Thebans.

Alc. Where, where's this cruel King? *Thebans*, behold
 here stands your Plague, the Ruin, Desolation
 of this unhappy———speak; shall I kill him?
 or shall he be cast out to Banishment?

All Theb. To Banishment, away with him.

Oedip. Hence, you Barbarians, to your slavish Distance;
 far to the Earth your sordid Looks; for he
 who stirs, dares more than Mad-men, Fiends, or Furies.
 Who dares to face me, by the Gods; as well
 may brave the Majesty of Thundring Jove.

Did I for this relieve you when besieg'd
 by this fierce Prince, when coop'd within your Walls,
 and to the very brink of Fate reduc'd;
 when lean-jaw'd Famine made more Havock of you,
 Than

Than does the Plague? But I rejoyce I know you,
Know the base Stuff that temper'd your vile Souls:
The Gods be prais'd, I needed not your Empire,
Born to a greater, nobler, of my own;
Nor shall the Scepter of the Earth now win me
To rule such Brutes, so barbarous a People.

Adr. Methinks, my Lord, I see a sad Repentance,
A general Consternation spread among 'em.

Oedip. My Reign is at an end; yet e'er I finish—
I'll do a Justice that becomes a Monarch,
A Monarch, who, i'th' midst of Swords and Javelins,
Dares act as on his Throne encompass'd round
With Nations for his Guard. *Alcander*, you
Are nobly born, therefore shall lose your Head: [*Seizes him.*]
Here, *Hæmon*, take him: but for this, and this,
Let Cords dispatch 'em. Hence, away with 'em.

Tir. O sacred Prince, pardon distracted *Thebes*,
Pardon her, if she acts by Heaven's Award;
If that th' Infernal Spirits have declar'd
The depth of Fate, and if our Oracles
May speak, O do not too severely deal,
But let thy wretched *Thebes* at least complain:
If thou art guilty, Heav'n will make it known;
If innocent, then let *Tiresias* dye. [*Alcander.*]

Oedip. I take thee at thy Word. Run, haste, and save *Al*—
I swear the Prophet, or the King shall dye.
Be Witness, all you *Thebans*, of my Oath;
And *Phorbas* be the Umpire.

Tir. I submit.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Oedip. What mean those Trumpets?

Enter Hæmon with Alcander, &c.

Ham. From your Native Country,
Great Sir, the fam'd *Ægeon* is arriv'd,
That renown'd Favourite of the King your Father:
He comes as an Ambassador from *Corinth*,
And sues for Audience.

Oedip. Haste, *Hæmon*, fly, and tell him that I burn
T' embrace him.

Ham.

Ham. The Queen, my Lord, at present holds him
In private Conference; but behold her here.

Enter Jocasta, Eurydice, &c.

Joc. Hail, happy *Oedipus*, happiest of Kings?
Henceforth be blest, blest as thou canst desire,
Sleep without Fears the blackest Nights away;
Let Furies haunt thy Palace, thou shalt sleep
Secure, thy Slumbers shall be soft and gentle
As Infants Dreams.

Oedip. What does the Soul of all my Joys intend?
And whither would this Rapture?

Joc. O, I could rave,
Pull down those lying Fanes, and burn that Vault,
From whence resounded those false Oracles,
That robb'd my Love of Rest: if we must pray,
Rear in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,
Let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice;
And not a Gray-beard forging Priest come near,
To pry into the Bowels of the Victim,
And with his Dotage mad the gaping World.
But see, the Oracle that I will trust,
True as the Gods, and affable as Men.

Enter Ægeon, Kneels.

Oedip. O, to my Arms, welcome, my dear *Ægeon*;
Ten thousand welcomes, O, my Foster-Father,
Welcome as Mercy to a Man condemn'd!
Welcome to me,

As, to a sinking Mariner,
The lucky Plank that bears him to the Shore!
But speak, O tell me what so mighty joy
Is this thou bring'st, which so transports *Jocasta*?

Joc. Peace, Peace, *Ægeon*, let *Jocasta* tell him!
O that I could for ever Charm, as now,
My dearest *Oedipus*: Thy Royal Father,
Polybus, King of *Corinth*, is no more.

Oedip. Ha! can it be? *Ægeon*, answer me,
And speak in short, what my *Jocasta*'s transport
May over-do.

Æge. Since in few Words, my Royal Lord, you ask

To

To know the Truth; King *Polybus* is dead.

Oedip. O all you Powers, is't possible? what, dead!
But that the Tempest of my Joy may rise
By just degrees, and hit at last the Stars:
Say, how, how dy'd he? Ha! by Sword, by Fire,
Or Water? by Assassins, or Poyson? speak:
Or did he languish under some Disease?

Æge. Of no Distemper, of no Blast he dy'd,
But fell like Autumn-Fruit that mellow'd long:
Ev'n wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore Years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten Winters more:
Till, like a Clock worn out with eating Time,
The Wheels of weary Life at last stood still.

Oedip. O, let me press thee in my youthful Arms,
And smother thy old Age in my Embraces.
Yes *Thebans*, yes *Jocasta*, yes *Adrastus*,
Old *Polybus*, the King my Father's dead.
Fires shall be kindled in the midst of *Thebes*;
I th' midst of Tumult, Wars, and Pestilence,
I will rejoyce for *Polybus* his Death.
Know, be it known to the limits of the World;
Yet farther, let it pass yon dazling Roof,
The Mansion of the Gods, and strike 'em deaf
With everlasting Peals of thundring Joy.

Tir. Fate! Nature! Fortune! what is all this World?

Oedip. Now, Dotard; now, thou blind old wizard Prophet,
Where are your boding Ghosts, your Altars now;
Your Birds of Knowledge, that, in dusky Air,
Chatter Futurity; and where are now
Your Oracles, that call'd me Parricide?
Is he not dead? deep laid in's Monument?
And was not I in *Thebes* when Fate attack'd him?
Avant, begon, you Vizors of the Gods!
Were I as other Sons, now I should weep;
But, as I am, I've Reason to rejoyce:
And will, tho' his cold Shade should rise and blast me.
O, for this Death, let Waters break their Bounds,

Rocks

ocks, Valleys, Hills, with splitting *Io's* ring:

Jocasta, *Io* *pæan* sing.

Tir. Who would not now conclude a happy End?

But all Fate's turns are swift and unexpected.

Ege. Your Royal Mother *Merope*, as if
He had no Soul since you forsook the Land,
Waves all the neighb'ring Princes that adore her. *(speak.*

Oedip. Waves all the Princes! poor Heart! for what? O

Ege. She, tho' in full-blown Flow'r of glorious Beauty,
Grows cold, ev'n in the Summer of her Age:

And, for your sake, has sworn to dye unmarried.

Oedip. How! for my sake, dye, and not marry! O,
My Fit returns.

Ege. This Diamond, with a thousand Kisses blest,
With thousand Sighs and Wishes for your Safety,
She charg'd me give you, with the general Homage
Of our *Corinthian* Lords.

Oedip. There's Magick in it, take it from my Sight;

There's not a Beam it darts, but carries Hell,

Hot flashing Lust, and Necromantick Incest:

Take it from these sick Eyes, Oh hide it from me.

No, my *Jocasta*, tho' *Thebes* cast me out,

While *Merope's* alive, I'll ne'er return!

O, rather let me walk round the wide World

A Beggar, than accept a Diadem

On such abhorr'd Conditions.

Joc. You make, my Lord, your own Unhappiness,

By these extravagant and needless Fears.

Oedip. Needless! O, all you Gods! By Heav'n I'd rather

Embrue my Arms up to my very Shoulders

In the dear Entrails of the best of Fathers,

Than offer at the execrable Act

Of damn'd Incest: therefore no more of her.

Ege. And why, O sacred Sir, if Subjects may

Presume to look into their Monarch's Breast,

Why should the Chaste and Spotless *Merope*

Infuse such Thoughts as I must blush to Name?

Oedip. Because the God of *Delphos* did forewarn me,

With Thundring Oracles.

Ege.

Æge. May I intreat to know 'em?

Oedip. Yes, my *Ægeon*; but the sad Remembrance
Quite blasts my Soul: see then the swelling Priest!
Methinks I have his Image now in View;
He mounts the *Tripod* in a Minute's space,
His clouded Head knocks at the Temple roof,
While from his Mouth

These dismal Words are heard:

" Fly, Wretch, whom Fate has doom'd thy Father's Blood (to spill)

" And with preposterous Births, thy Mother's Womb to fill

Æge. Is this the Cause

Why you refuse the Diadem of *Corinth*?

Oedip. The Cause! why, is it not a monstrous one?

Æge. Great Sir, you may return; and tho' you should
Enjoy the Queen (which all the Gods forbid)
The Act would prove no Incest.

Oedip. How, *Ægeon*?

Tho' I enjoy'd my Mother, not incestuous!
Thou rav'st, and so do I; and these all catch
My madneſs; look, they're dead with deep Distraction:
Not Incest! what, not Incest with my Mother?

Æge. My Lord, Queen *Merope* is not your Mother,

Oedip. Ha! did I hear thee right? not *Merope*
My Mother!

Æge. Nor was *Polybus* your Father.

Oedip. Then all my Days and Nights must now be spent
In curious Search, to find out those dark Parents
Who gave me to the World; speak then *Ægeon*,
By all the Gods Celestial and Infernal,
By all the ties of Nature, Blood, and Friendship,
Conceal not from this rack'd despairing King
A Point or smallest Grain of what thou know'st:
Speak then, O answer to my Doubts directly.
If Royal *Polybus* was not my Father,
Why was I call'd his Son?

Æge. He, from my Arms,
Receiv'd you as the fairest Gift of Nature.
Not but you were adorn'd with all the Riches
That Empire could bestow in costly Mantles

Upon

pon its Infant Heir.

Oedip. But was I made the Heir of *Corinth's* Crown,
because *Ægeon's* Hands presented me?

Æge. By my Advice.

being past all hope of Children,

he took, embrac'd, and own'd you for his Son.

Oedip. Perhaps I then am your's; instruct me, Sir:

If it be so, I'll kneel and weep before you,

With all th' Obedience of a penitent Child,

imploring Pardon.

Tell me if you please,

will not writhe my Body at the Wound:

but sink upon your Feet with a last Sigh,

and ask Forgiveness with my dying Hands.

Æge. O rise, and call not to this aged Cheek

the little Blood which should keep warm my Heart;

you are not mine, nor ought I to be blest

with such a God-like Off-spring. Sir, I found you

upon the Mount *Citharon*.

Oedip. O speak, go on, the Air grows sensible

of the great things you utter, and is calm:

the hurry'd Orbs, with Storms so rack'd of late,

seem to stand still, as if that *Jove* were talking.

Citharon! speak, the Valley of *Citharon!*

Æge. Oft-times before I thither did resort,

charm'd with the Conversation of a Man

who led a rural Life, and had Command

over all the Shepherds who about those Vales

tended their numerous Flocks: in this Man's Arms

saw you smiling at a fatal Dagger,

whose Point he often offer'd at your Throat;

but then you smil'd, and then he drew it back,

then list'd it again, you smil'd again:

till he at last in fury threw it from him,

and cry'd aloud, the Gods forbid thy Death.

When I rush'd in, and, after some Discourse,

told me he did bequeath your innocent Life;

and I, the welcome Care to *Polybus*.

Oedip. To whom belongs the Master of the Shepherds?

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T

Æge.

Æge. His Name I knew not, or I have forgot:
That he was of the Family of *Lajus*,
I well remember.

Oedip. And is your Friend alive? for if he be,
I'll buy his Presence, tho' it cost my Crown.

Æge. Your menial Attendants best can tell
Whether he lives, or not; and who has now
His Place.

Joc. Winds, bear me to some barren Island,
Where print of humane Feet was never seen,
O'er-grown with Weeds of such a monstrous Height,
Their baleful Tops are wash'd with bellying Clouds:
Beneath whose venomous Shade I may have vent
For Horrors that would blast the Barbarous World.

Oedip. If there be any here that knows the Person
Whom he describ'd, I charge him on his Life
To speak; Concealment shall be sudden Death:
But he who brings him forth, shall have Reward
Beyond Ambition's Lust.

Tir. His Name is *Phorbas*:

Jocasta knows him well; but if I may
Advise, Rest where you are, and seek no farther.

Oedip. Then all goes well, since *Phorbas* is secur'd
By my *Jocasta*. Haste, and bring him forth:
My Love, my Queen, give Orders. Ha! what mean
These Tears, and Groans, and Struglings? speak, my Fair
What are thy Troubles?

Joc. Yours; and yours are mine:
Let me conjure you take the Prophet's Counsel,
And let this *Phorbas* go.

Oedip. Not for the World.
By all the Gods, I'll know my Birth, tho' Death
Attends the Search: I have already past
The middle of the Stream; and to return
Seems greater Labour, than to venture o'er:
Therefore produce him.

Joc. Once more, by the Gods,
I beg, my *Oedipus*, my Lord, my Life,
My Love, my all, my only utmost Hope,

beg you, banish, *Phorbas*: O, the Gods,
 kneel, that you may grant this first Request.
 Deny me all things else; but, for my Sake,
 And as you prize your own eternal Quiet,
 Never let *Phorbas* come into your Presence.

Oedip. You must be rais'd, and *Phorbas* shall appear,
 Tho' his dread Eyes were *Basilisks*. Guards, haste,
 Search the Queen's Lodgings; find, and force him hither.

[*Exeunt Guards.*]

Joc. O, *Oedipus*, yet send,
 And stop their Entrance, e're it be too late:
 Unless you wish to see *Jocasta* rent
 With Furies, slain out-right with meer Distraction,
 Keep from your Eyes and mine the dreadful *Phorbas*.
 Forbear this Search, I'll think you more than Mortal:
 Will you yet hear me?

Oedip. Tempests will be heard,
 And Waves will dash, tho' Rocks their basis keep,—
 But see, they Enter. If thou truly lov'st me,
 Either forbear this Subject, or retire.

Enter Hamon, Guards, with Phorbas.

Joc. Prepare then, wretched Prince, prepare to hear
 A Story, that shall turn thee into Stone.
 Could there be hew'n a monstrous Gap in Nature,
 A flaw made through the Center, by some God,
 Through which the Groans of Ghosts might strike thy Ears,
 They would not wound thee, as this Story will.
 Hark, hark! a hollow Voice calls out aloud,

Jocasta: Yes, I'll to the Royal Bed,
 Where first the Mysteries of our Loves were acted,
 And double dye it with imperial Crimson;
 Tear off this curling Hair,
 Be gorg'd with Fire, stab every vital Part,
 And, when at last I'm slain, to Crown the horror;
 My poor tormented Ghost shall cleave the Ground,
 To try if Hell can yet more deeply wound. [Ex.]

Oedip. She's gone; and as she went, methought her Eyes
 Grew larger, while a thousand frantick Spirits
 Setthing, like rising Bubbles, on the Brim,

Peep'd from the watry Brink, and glow'd upon me.
 I'll seek no more; but hush my Genius up
 That throws me on my Fate.—Impossible!
 O wretched Man, whose too too busie Thoughts
 Ride swifter than the galloping Heav'n's round,
 With an eternal hurry of the Soul:
 Nay, there's a time when ev'n the rowling Year
 Seems to stand still, dead Calms are in the Ocean,
 When not a Breath disturbs the drowzy Waves:
 But Man, the very Monster of the World,
 Is ne'er at rest, the Soul for ever wakes.
 Come then, since Destiny thus drives us on,
 Let's know the Bottom. *Hamon*, you I sent:
 Where is that *Phorbas*?

Ham. Here, my Royal Lord.

Oedip. Speak first, *Ægeon*, say, is this the Man?

Æge. My Lord, it is: Tho' Time has plough'd that Face
 With many Furrows since I saw it first; (get it.
 Yet I'm too well acquainted with the Ground, quite to for-

Oedip. Peace; stand back awhile.

Come hither Friend; I hear thy Name is *Phorbas*.
 Why dost thou turn thy Face? I charge thee answer
 To what I shall enquire: Wert thou not once
 The Servant of King *Lajus* here in *Thebes*?

Phor. I was, great Sir, his true and faithful Servant;
 Born and bred up in Court, no foreign Slave. (ment?

Oedip. What Office hadst thou? what was thy Employ-

Phor. He made me Lord of all his Rural Pleasures;
 For much he lov'd 'em: oft I entertain'd
 With sporting Swains, o'er whom I had command.

Oed. Where wasthy Residence? to what part o'th' Country
 Didst thou most frequently resort?

Phor. To Mount *Citharon*, and the pleasant Vallies
 Which all about lye shadowing its large Feet.

Oedip. Come forth *Ægeon*. Ha! why start'st thou *Phorbas*?
 Forward I say, and Face to Face confront him;
 Look wistly on him, through him, if thou canst,
 And tell me on thy Life, say, dost thou know him?
 Didst thou e'er see him? converse with him

Near Mount *Citharon*!

Phor. Who, my Lord, this Man?

Oedip. This Man, this old, this venerable Man:
Speak, did'st thou ever meet him there?

Phor. Where, sacred Sir?

Oedip. Near Mount *Citharon*; answer to the Purpose,
'Tis a King speaks; and Royal Minutes are
Of much more worth than thousand Vulgar Years:
Did'st thou e'er see this Man near Mount *Citharon*?

Phor. Most sure, my Lord, I have seen Lines like those
His Visage bears; but know not where nor when.

Æge. Is't possible you should forget your ancient Friend?
There are perhaps

Particulars, which may excite your dead Remembrance.
Have you forgot I took an Infant from you,
Doom'd to be murder'd in that gloomy Vale?
The Swadling-bands were Purple, wrought with Gold,
Have you forgot too how you wept, and begg'd
That I should breed him up, and ask no more.

Phor. What-e'er I begg'd; thou like a Dotard, speak'st
More than is requisite: and what of this?

Why is it mention'd now? And why, O why
Dost thou betray the Secrets of thy Friend?

Æge. Be not too rash. That Infant grew at last
A King: and here the happy Monarch stands. (ter'd!

Phor. Ha! whither would'st thou? O what hast thou ut-
For what thou hast said, Death strike thee dumb for ever.

Oedip. Forbear to curse the Innocent; and be
Accurst thy self, thou shifting Traytor, Villain,
Damn'd Hypocrite, equivocating Slave.

Phor. O Heav'ns! wherein, my Lord, have I offended?

Oedip. Why speak you not according to my Charge?
Bring forth the Rack: since Mildness cannot win you,
Torments shall force.

Phor. Hold, hold, O dreadful Sir;
You will not rack an Innocent old Man.

Oedip. Speak then.

Phor. Alas, what would you have me say?

Oedip. Did this old Man take from your Arms an Infant?

Phor. He did: And, Oh! I wish to all the Gods;
Phorbas had perish'd in that very Moment.

Oedip. Moment! Thou shalt be Hours, Days, Years a dying;
 Here, bind his Hands; he dallies with my Fury:
 But I shall find a way——

Phor. My Lord, I said
 I gave the Infant to him.

Oedip. Was he thy own, or given thee by another?

Phor. He was not mine; but given me by another.

Oedip. Whence? and from whom? what City? of what
 House?

Phor. O, Royal Sir, I bow me to the Ground,
 Would I could sink beneath it: by the Gods,
 I do Conjure you to inquire no more.

Oedip. Furies and Hell! *Hæmon*, bring forth the Rack;
 Fetch hither Cords, and Knives, and sulphurous Flames:
 He shall be bound, and gash'd, his Skin flaid off,
 And burnt alive.

Phor. O spare my Age.

Oedip. Rise then, and speak.

Phor. Dread Sir, I will.

Oedip. Who gave that Infant to thee?

Phor. One of King *Lajus* Family.

Oedip. O, you immortal Gods! But say, who wast?
 Which of the Family of *Lajus* gave it?
 A Servant; or one of the Royal-Blood?

Phor. O wretched State! I dye, unless I speak;
 And if speak, most certain Death attends me!

Oedip. Thou shalt not dye. Speak then, who was it? speak,
 While I have Sense to understand the Horrour;
 For I grow cold.

Phor. The Queen *Jocasta* told me
 It was her Son by *Lajus*.

Oedip. O you Gods!——But did she give it thee?

Phor. My Lord, she did. (Hearts)

Oedip. Wherefore? for what? — O break not yet, my
 Tho' my Eyes burst, no matter: wilt thou tell me,
 Or must I ask for ever? for what end?
 Why gave she thee her Child?

Phor. To murder it.

Oedip.

Oedip. O more than savage! murder her own Bowels!
Without a Cause!

Phor. There was a dreadful one,
Which had foretold, that most unhappy Son
Should kill his Father, and enjoy his Mother.

Oedip. But one thing more.
Jocasta told me thou wert by the Chariot
When the old King was slain: Speak, I conjure thee,
For I shall never ask thee ought again,
What was the Number of th' Assassins?

Phor. The dreadful Deed was acted but by one;
And sure that one had much of your Resemblance.

Oedip. 'Tis well! I thank you, Gods! 'tis wondrous
Daggers, and Poison; O there is no need [well!
For my Dispatch: And you, you merciless Pow'rs,
Hoord up your Thunder-stones; keep, keep your Bolts
For Crimes of little note. [Falls.

Adr. Help, *Hamon*, help, and bow him gently forward;
Chafe, chafe his Temples: How the mighty Spirits,
Half strangled with the Damp his Sorrows rais'd,
Struggle for Vent: But see, he breaths again,
And vigorous Nature breaks through all Opposition.
How fares my Royal Friend?

Oedip. The worse for you.
O barbarous Men, and oh the hated Light,
Why did you force me back to curse the Day;
To curse my Friends; to blast with this dark Breath
The yet untainted Earth and circling Air?
To raise new Plagues, and call new Vengeance down,
Why did you tempt the Gods, and dare to touch me?
Methinks there's not a Hand that grasps this Hell,
But should run up like Flax all blazing Fire.
Stand from this spot, I wish you as my Friends,
And come not near me, lest the gaping Earth
Swallow you too——Lo, I am gone already.

[*Draws, and claps his Sword to his Breast, which A-*
draustus strikes away with his Foot.

Adr. You shall no more be trusted with your Life:
Creon, Alcander, Hamon, help to hold him.

Oedip. Cruel *Adrastus*! wilt thou, *Hamon*, too?
 Are these the Obligations of my Friends?
 O worse than worst of my most barbarous Foes!
 Dear, dear *Adrastus*, look with half an Eye
 On my unheard-of Woes, and judge thy self,
 If it be fit that such a Wretch should live!
 O, by these melting Eyes, unus'd to weep,
 With all the low Submissions of a Slave,
 I do conjure thee give my Horrors way;
 Talk not of Life, for that will make me rave:
 As well thou may'st advise a tortur'd Wretch,
 All mangled o'er from Head to Foot with Wounds,
 And his Bones broke, to wait a better Day.

Adr. My Lord, you ask me things impossible;
 And I with Justice should be thought your Foe,
 To leave you in this Tempest of your Soul.

Tir. Tho' banish'd *Thebes*, in *Corinth* you may Reign;
 Th' infernal Pow'rs themselves exact no more:
 Calm then your Rage, and once more seek the Gods.

Oedip. I'll have no more to do with Gods, nor Men:
 Hence, from my Arms, avant. Enjoy thy Mother!
 What, violate, with Beastial Appetite,
 The sacred Veils that wrapt thee yet unborn!
 This is not to be born! Hence; off, I say;
 For they who let my Vengeance, make themselves
 Accomplices in my most horrid Guilt.

Adr. Let it be so; We'll fence Heav'n's Fury from you,
 And suffer all together: This perhaps,
 When Ruin comes, may help to break your Fall.

Oedip. O that, as oft I have at *Athens* seen
 The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend;
 So now in very Deed I might behold
 The pond'rous Earth, and all yon Marble Roof
 Meet, like the Hands of *Jove*, and crush Mankind:
 For all the Elements, and all the Pow'rs
 Celestial, nay, Terrestrial and Infernal,
 Conspire the Rack of out-cast *Oedipus*.
 Fall Darkness then, and everlasting Night
 Shadow the Globe; may the Sun never dawn,

The Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb;
And for an Universal Rout of Nature
Through all the inmost Chambers of the Sky,
May there not be a glimpse, one Starry Spark,
But Gods meet Gods, and jumble in the Dark.
That Jars may rise, and Wrath Divine be hurl'd,
Which may to Atoms shake the solid World. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Creon, Alcander and Pyracmon.

Cre. **T**hebes is at length my own; and all my Wishes,
Which sure were great as Royalty e'er form'd,
Fortune and my auspicious Stars have crown'd;
O Diadem, thou Center of Ambition,
Where all its different Lines are reconcil'd,
As if thou wert the Burning-glass of Glory!

Pyr. Might I be Counsellor, I would intreat you
To cool a little, Sir;
Find out *Eurydice*;

And, with the Resolution of a Man
Mark'd out for Greatness, give the fatal Choice
Of Death or Marriage.

Alc. Survey curs'd *Oedipus*,
As one who' tho' Unfortunate, below'd,
Thought Innocent, and therefore much lamented
By all the *Thebans*; you must mark him dead:
Since nothing but his Death, not Banishment,
Can give Assurance to your doubtful Reign.

Cre. Well have you done, to snatch me from the Storm
Of racking Transport, where the little Streams
Of Love, Revenge, and all the UnderPassions,
As Waters are by sucking Whirl-pools drawn,
Were quite devour'd in the vast Gulph of Empire:
Therefore, *Pyracmon*, as you boldly urg'd,

Eurydice shall die, or be my Bride.

Alcander, summon to their Master's Aid
My menial Servants, and all those whom Change
Of State, and hope of the new Monarch's Favour,
Can win to take our Part: Away. What now?

[*Ex. Alcander.*]

Enter Hamon.

When *Hamon* weeps, without the help of Ghosts,
I may foretel there is a fatal Cause.

Ham. Is't possible you should be ignorant
Of what has happen'd to the desperate King?

Cre. I know no more, but that he was conducted
Into his Closet, where I saw him fling
His trembling Body on the Royal Bed;
All left him there, at his Desire, alone:
But sure no Ill, unless he dy'd with Grief,
Could happen, for you bore his Sword away.

Ham. I did; and, having lock'd the Door, I stood;
And through a Chink I found, not only heard,
But saw him, when he thought no Eye beheld him:
At first, deep Sighs heav'd from his woful Heart
Murmurs, and Groans, that shook the outward Rooms,
And art thou still alive, Oh Wretch! he cry'd:
Then groan'd again, as if his sorrowful Soul
Had crack'd the Strings of Life, and burst away.

Cre. I weep to hear; how then should I have griev'd,
Had I beheld this wondrous Heap of Sorrow!
But, to the fatal Period.

Ham. Thrice he struck,
With all his Force, his hollow groaning Breast,
And thus, with Out-cries, to himself complain'd.
But thou canst weep then, and thou think'st 'tis well,
These bubbles of the shallowest emptiest Sorrow,
Which Children vent for Toys, and Women rain
For any Trifle their fond Hearts are set on;
Yet these thou think'st are ample Satisfaction
For bloodiest Murder, and for burning Lust:
No, Parricide; if thou must weep, weep Blood;
Weep Eyes, instead of Tears: O, by the Gods,

'Tis greatly thought, he cry'd, and fits my Woes.
Which said, he smil'd revengefully, and leapt
Upon the Floor; thence gazing at the Skies,
His Eye-balls fiery Red, and glowing Vengeance;
Gods, I accuse you not, tho' I no more
Will view your Heav'n, till with more durable Glasses,
The mighty Souls immortal Perspectives,
I find your dazzling Beings: Take, he cry'd,
Take, Eyes, your last, your fatal Farewel-view.
When with a Groan, that seem'd the Call of Death,
With horrid Force lifting his impious Hands,
He snatch'd, he tore, from forth their bloody Orbs,
The Balls of Sight, and dash'd 'em on the Ground.

Cre. A Master-piece of Horror; new and dreadful!

Ham. I ran to succour him; but, oh! too late;
For he had pluck'd the remnant Strings away.
What then remains, but that I find *Tiresias*,
Who, with his Wisdom, may allay those Furies
That haunt his gloomy Soul?

[*Ex.*

Cre. Heav'n will reward
Thy care; most honest, faithful, foolish *Hamon*!
But see, *Alcander* enters, well attended.

Enter Alcander, attended.

I see, thou hast been diligent.

Alc. Nothing these,
For Number, to the Crowds that soon will follow;
Be resolute,
And call your utmost Fury to revenge.

Cre. Ha! thou hast given
Th' Alarm to Cruelty; and never may
These Eyes be clos'd, till they behold *Adrastus*
Stretch'd at the Feet of false *Eurydice*.
But see, they're here! retire a while, and mark.

Enter Adrastus, and Eurydice, attended.

Adr. Alas, *Eurydice*, what fond rash Man,
What inconsiderate and ambitious Fool,
That shall hereafter read the Fate of *Oedipus*,
Will dare, with his frail Hand, to grasp a Scepter?

Enr.

Eur. 'Tis true, a Crown seems dreadful, and I wish
That you and I, more lowly plac'd, might pass
Our softer Hours in humble Cells away :
Not but I love you to that infinite Height,
I could (O wondrous Proof of fiercest Love!)
Be greatly wretched in a Court with you.

Adr. Take then this most lov'd Innocence away;
Fly from tumultuous *Thebes*,
From Blood and Murder,
Fly from the Author of all Villanies,
Rapes, Death, and Treason, from that Fury *Creon*:
Vouchsafe that I, o'er-joy'd, may bear you hence,
And at your Feet present the Crown of *Argos*.

[*Creon and Attendants come up to him.*]

Cre. I have o'er-heard thy black Design; *Adrastus*.
And therefore, as a Traitor to this State,
Death ought to be thy Lot: Let it suffice
That *Thebes* surveys thee as a Prince; abuse not
Her proffer'd Mercy, but retire betimes,
Lest she repent, and hasten on thy Doom.

Adr. Think not, most abject,
Most abhor'd of Men,
Adrastus will vouchsafe to answer thee;
Thebans, to you I justify my Love:
I have address'd my Prayers to this fair Princess;
But, if I ever meant a Violence,
Or thought to Ravish, as that Traitor did,
What humblest Adorations could not win;
Brand me, you Gods, blot me with foul Dishonour,
And let Men curse me by the Name of *Creon*!

Eur. Hear me, O *Thebans*, if you dread the Wrath
Of her whom Fate ordain'd to be your Queen,
Hear me, and dare not, as you prize your Lives,
To take the Part of that Rebellious Traitor.
By the Decree of Royal *Oedipus*,
By Queen *Jocasta's* Order, by what's more,
My own dear Vows of everlasting Love,
I here resign to Prince *Adrastus* Arms
All that the World can make me Mistress of.

Cre.

Cre. O perjur'd Woman!

Draw all; and when I give the Word, fall on.
 Traitor, resign the Princess, or this moment
 Expect, with all those most unfortunate Wretches,
 Upon this spot straight to be hewn in pieces.

Adr. No, Villain, no;
 With twice those odds of Men,
 I doubt not in this Cause to vanquish thee.
 Captain, remember to your Care I give
 My Love; ten thousand thousand times more dear
 Than Life or Liberty.

Cre. Fall on, *Alcander.*

Pyrramon, you and I must wheel about
 For nobler Game, the Princess.

Adr. Ah, Traitor, dost thou shun me?
 Follow, follow,
 My brave Companions; see, the Cowards fly.

[*Ex. fighting: Creon's Party beaten off by Adrastus.*]

Enter Oedipus.

Oedip. O, 'tis too little this, thy loss of Sight,
 What has it done? I shall be gaz'd at now
 The more; be pointed at, There goes the Monster!
 Nor have I hid my Horrors from my self;
 For tho' corporeal Light be lost for ever,
 The bright reflecting Soul, through glaring Opticks,
 Presents in larger Size her black Idea's,
 Doubling the bloody Prospect of my Crimes:
 Holds Fancy down, and makes her act again,
 With Wife and Mother, Tortures, Hell and Furies.
 Ha! now the baleful Off-spring's brought to light!
 In horrid Form they rank themselves before me;
 What shall I call this Medley of Creation?
 Here one, with all th' Obedience of a Son,
 Borrowing *Jocasta's* Look, kneels at my Feet,
 And calls me Father; there a sturdy Boy,
 Resembling *Laius* just as when I kill'd him,
 Bears up, and with his cold Hand grasping mine,
 Cries out, how fares my Brother *Oedipus*?

What

What, Sons and Brothers! Sisters and Daughters too!
 Fly all, begon, fly from my whirling Brain;
 Hence, Incest, Murder; hence, you ghastly Figures!
 O Gods! Gods, answer; is there any mean?
 Let me go mad, or die.

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Where, where is this most wretched of Mankind,
 This stately Image of Imperial Sorrow,
 Whose Story told, whose very Name but mention'd,
 Would cool the Rage of Feavers, and unlock
 The Hand of Lust from the pale Virgin's Hair,
 And throw the Ravisher before her Feet?

Oedip. By all my Fears, I think *Jocasta's* Voice!
 Hence; fly; begon: O thou far worse than worst
 Of damning Charmers! O abhor'd, loath'd Creature!
 Fly, by the Gods, or by the Fiends, I charge thee,
 Far as the East, West, North, or South of Heav'n,
 But think not thou shalt ever enter there:
 The golden Gates are barr'd with Adamant,
 'Gainst thee, and me; and the Celestial Guards,
 Still as we rise, will dash our Spirits down.

Joc. O wretched Pair! O greatly wretched we!
 Two Worlds of Woe!

Oedip. Art thou not gone then? ha!
 How dar'st thou stand the Fury of the Gods?
 Or com'st thou in the Grave to reap new Pleasures?

Joc. Talk on; till thou mak'st mad my rowling Brain;
 Groan still more Death; and may those dismal Sources
 Still bubble on, and pour forth Blood and Tears.
 Methinks, at such a Meeting, Heav'n stands still;
 The Sea nor Ebbs, nor Flows: This Mole-hill Earth
 Is heav'd no more: The busie Emmets cease;
 Yet hear me on——

Oedip. Speak then, and blast my Soul.

Joc. O, my lov'd Lord, tho' I resolve a Ruin
 To match my Crimes; by all my Miseries,
 'Tis Horror, worse than thousand thousand Deaths,
 To send me hence without a kind Farewel.

Oedip.

Oedip. Gods, how she shakes me! stay thee, O *Jocasta*,
Speak something e'er thou goest for ever from me.

Joc. 'Tis Woman's weakness, that I would be pity'd;
Pardon me then, O greatest, tho' most wretched,
Of all thy Kind: My Soul is on the Brink,
And sees the boiling Furnace just beneath:
Do not thou push me off, and I will go,
With such a Willingness, as if that Heav'n
With all its Glory glow'd for my Reception.

Oedip. O, in my Heart, I feel the Pangs of Nature;
It works with kindness o'er: Give give me way;
I feel a Melting here, a Tenderness,
Too mighty for the Anger of the Gods!
Direct me to thy Knees: yet oh forbear,
Lest the dead Embers should revive,
Stand off—— and at just Distance
Let me groan my Horrors——here
On the Earth, here blow my utmost Gale;
Here sob my Sorrows, till I burst with Sighing:
Here Gasp and Languish out my wounded Soul.

Joc. In spite of all those Crimes the cruel Gods
Can charge me with, I know my Innocence;
Know yours: 'Tis Fate alone that makes us wretched,
For you are still my Husband.

Oedip. Swear I am,
And I'll believe thee; steal into thy Arms,
Renew Endearments, think 'em no Pollutions,
But chaste as Spirits Joys: Gently I'll come,
Thus weeping blind, like dewy Night, upon thee,
And fold thee softly in my Arms to slumber.

*[The Ghost of Lajus ascends by degrees, pointing at
Jocasta.]*

Joc. Begon, my Lord! Alas, what are we doing?
Fly from my Arms! Whirl-winds, Seas, Continents,
And Worlds, divide us! O thrice happy thou,
Who hast no use of Eyes; for here's a Sight
Would turn the melting Face of Mercy's self
To a wild Fury.

Oedip.

Oedip. Ha! what seest thou there?

Foc. The Spirit of my Husband! O the Gods!
How wan he looks!

Oedip. Thou rav'st; thy Husband's here.

Foc. There, there he mounts
In circling Fire, amongst the blushing Clouds!
And see, he waves *Focasta* from the World!

Ghost. Focasta, Oedipus.

[*Vanish with Thunder.*]

Oedip. What wouldst thou have?

Thou know'st I cannot come to thee, detain'd
In Darkness here, and kept from means of death.
I've heard a Spirit's force is wonderful;
At whose approach, when starting from his Dungeon,
The Earth does shake, and the old Ocean groans,
Rocks are remov'd, and Tow'rs are thundred down:
And Walls of Brass, and Gates of Adamant
Are passable as Air, and fleet like Winds.

Foc. Was that a Raven's Croak; or my Son's Voice?
No matter which; I'll to the Grave, and hide me:
Earth open, or I'll tear thy Bowels up.
Hark! he goes on, and blabs the Deed of Incest.

Oedip. Strike then, imperial Ghost; dash all at once
This House of Clay into a thousand Pieces:
That my poor lingering Soul may take her Flight
To your immortal Dwellings.

Foc. Haste thee then,
Or I shall be before thee: See, thou canst not see;
Then I will tell thee that my Wings are on:
I'll mount, I'll fly, and with a Port Divine
Glide all along the gaudy milky Soil,
To find my *Lajus* out; ask every God
In his bright Palace; if he knows my *Lajus*,
My murder'd *Lajus*!

Oedip. Ha! how's this, *Focasta*?
Nay, if thy Brain be sick, then thou art happy.
Foc. Ha! will you not? shall I not find him out?
Will you not show him? are my Tears despis'd?
Why, then I'll thunder, yes, I will be mad,
And fright you with my Cries: Yes, cruel Gods,

Tho'

Tho' Vultures, Eagles, Dragons tear my Heart,
I'll snatch celestial Flames, fire all your Dwellings,
Melt down your golden Roofs, and make your Doors
Of Crystal fly from off their Diamond Hinges;
Drive you all out from your Ambrosial Hives,
To swarm like Bees about the Field of Heav'n:
This will I do, unless you shew me *Lajus*,
My dear, my murder'd Lord. O *Lajus*! *Lajus*! *Lajus*!

[*Ex. Jocasta.*

Oedip. Excellent Grief! why, this is as it should be!
No Mourning can be suitable to Crimes
Like ours, but what Death makes, or Madness forms.
I could have wish'd methought for Sight again,
To mark the Gallantry of her Distraction:
Her blazing Eyes darting the wandering Stars,
I have seen her mouth the Heav'n's, and mate the Gods;
While with her thundering Voice she menac'd high,
And every Accent twang'd with smarting Sorrow;
But what's all this to thee? thou, Coward, yet
Art living, canst not, wilt not find the Road
To the great Palace of magnificent Death;
Tho' thousand ways lead to his thousand Doors,
Which Day and Night are still unbar'd for all.

[*Clashing of Swords: Drums and Trumpets without.*
Hark! 'tis the Noise of clashing Swords! the Sound
Comes near: O, that a Battel would come o'er me!
If I but grasp a Sword, or wrest a Dagger,
I'll make a Ruin with the first that falls.

Enter Hæmon, with Guards.

Ham. Seize him, and bear him to the Western-Tow'r.
Pardon me, sacred Sir; I am inform'd
That *Creon* has designs upon your Life:
Forgive me then, if, to preserve you from him,
I order your Confinement.

Oedip. Slaves, unhand me.
I think thou hast a Sword: 'Twas the wrong side.
Yet, cruel *Hæmon*, think not I will live;
He that could tear his Eyes out, sure can find
Some desperate Way to stifle this curst Breath:

Or

Or if I starve! but that's a lingring Fate;
 Or if I leave my Brains upon the Wall!
 The aiery Soul can easily o'er-shoot
 Those Bounds with which thou strive'st to Pale her in:
 Yes, I will perish in despite of thee;
 And, by the Rage that stirs me, if I meet thee
 In th' other World, I'll curse thee for this usage. [Exit

Hem. Tiresias, after him; and, with your Counsel,
 Advise him humbly; charm, if possible,
 These Feuds within: While I without extinguish,
 Or perish in th' Attempt, the furious *Creon*;
 That Brand which sets our City in a Flame.

Tir. Heav'n prosper your Intent, and give a Period
 To all our Plagues: What old *Tiresias* can,
 Shall straight be done. Lead, *Manto*, to the Tow'r.

[*Ex. Tir. and Manto*]

Hem. Follow me all, and help to part this Fray,

[*Trumpets again*]

Or fall together in the bloody Broil.

*Enter Creon with Eurydice, Pyracmon and his Party going
 ring Ground to Adrastus.* [Exit

Cre. Hold, hold your Arms, *Adrastus* Prince of *Argos*,
 Hear, and behold; *Eurydice* is my Prisoner.

Adr. What would'st thou, Hell-hound?

Cre. See this brandish'd Dagger:

Forego th' Advantage which thy Arms have won,
 Or, by the Blood which trembles through the Heart
 Of her whom more than Life I know thou lov'st,
 I'll bury to the Haft, in her fair Breast,
 This Instrument of my Revenge. [Hand.

Adr. Stay thee, damn'd Wretch; hold, stop thy bloody

Cre. Give order then, that on this instant, now,
 This moment, all thy Soldiers straight disband.

Adr. Away, my Friends, since Fate has so allotted;
 Begon, and leave me to the Villain's Mercy.

Eur. Ah, my *Adrastus*! call 'em, call 'em back!
 Stand there; come back! O, cruel barbarous Men!
 Could you then leave your Lord, your Prince, your King,
 After so bravely having fought his Cause,

To

To perish by the Hand of this base Villain?
 Why rather rush you not at once together
 All to his Ruin? drag him through the Streets,
 Hang his contagious Quarters on the Gates;
 Nor let my Death affright you.

Cre. Dye first thy self then.

Adr. O, I charge thee hold.

Hence, from my Presence all: he's not my Friend
 That disobeys: See, art thou now appeas'd?

[*Ex. Attendants.*]

Or is there ought else yet remains to do,
 That can atone thee? slack thy thirst of Blood
 With mine: but save, O save that innocent Wretch.

Cre. Forego thy Sword, and yield thy self my Prisoner.

Enr. Yet while there's any dawn of Hope to save
 Thy precious Life, my dear *Adrastus*,
 What-e'er thou dost, deliver not thy Sword;
 With that thou may'st get off, tho' Odds oppose thee:
 For me, O fear not; no, he dares not touch me;
 His horrid Love will spare me. Keep thy Sword;
 Lest I be ravish'd after thou art slain.

Adr. Instruct me, Gods, what shall *Adrastus* do?

Cre. Do what thou wilt, when she is dead: my Soldiers
 With Numbers will o'er-pow'r thee. Is't thy Wish
Euridyce should fall before thee?

Adr. Traytor, no:

Better that thou and I, and all Mankind
 Should be no more.

Cre. Then cast thy Sword away,
 And yield thee to my Mercy, or I strike.

Adr. Hold thy rais'd Arm; give me a Moment's pause:
 My Father, when he blest me, gave me this;
 My Son, said he, let this be thy last Refuge;
 If thou forego'st it, Misery attends thee:
 Yet Love now charms it from me; which in all
 The Hazards of my Life I never lost.

'Tis thine, my faithful Sword, my only Trust;
 Tho' my Heart tells me that the Gift is fatal.

Cre. Fatal! yes, foolish Love-sick Prince, it shall:
 Thy Arrogance, thy Scorn,

My

My Wounds Remembrance,
 Turn all at once the Fatal Point upon thee.
Pyracmon, to the Palace, dispatch
 The King: hang *Hæmon* up, for he is Loyal,
 And will oppose me: Come, Sir, are you ready?

Adr. Yes, Villain, for what-ever thou canst dare.

Eur. Hold, *Creon*, or through me, through me you wound.

Adr. Off, Madam, or we perish both; behold
 I'm not unarm'd, my Ponyard's in my Hand:
 Therefore away.

Eur. I'll guard your Life with mine.

Cre. Dye both then; there is now no time for dallying,
 [Kills *Eurydice*.

Eur. Ah, Prince, farewell; farewell, my dear *Adraſtus*.
 [Dye.

Adr. Unheard of Monster! eldest-born of Hell!
 Down, to thy Primitive Flames. [Stabs *Creon*.

Cre. Help, Soldiers, help:
 Revenge me.

Adr. More; yet more: a thousand Wounds!
 I'll stamp thee still, thus, to the gaping Furies.
 [Adraſtus falls, kill'd by the Soldiers.

Enter *Hæmon*, *Guards*, with *Alcander* and *Pyracmon* bound:
 the *Assassins* are driven off.

O *Hæmon*, I am slain; nor need I name
 Th' inhumane Author of all Villanies;
 There he lyes gasping.

Cre. If I must plunge in Flames,
 Burn first my Arm; base Instrument, unfit
 To act the dictates of my daring Mind:
 Burn, burn for ever, O weak Substitute
 Of that the God, Ambition. [Dye.

Adr. She's gone; O deadly Marks-man, in the Heart!
 Yet in the pangs of Death she grasps my Hand:
 Her Lips too tremble, as if she would speak
 Her last Farewel. O, *Oedipus*, thy Fall
 Is great; and nobly now thou goest attended!
 They talk of Heroes, and Celestial Beauties,
 And wondrous Pleasures in the other World;
 Let me but find her there, I ask no more.

[Dye.
 Enter

Enter a Captain to Hæmon: with Tiresias and Manto.

Cap. O, Sir, the Queen *Jocasta*, swift and wild,
As a robb'd Tygres bounding o'er the Woods,
Has acted Murders that amaze Mankind:

In twisted Gold I saw her Daughters hang
On the Bed Royal, and her little Sons
Stabb'd through the Breasts upon the bloody Pillows.

Ham. Relentless Heav'ns! is then the Fate of *Lajus*
Never to be aton'd? How sacred ought

Kings Lives be held, when but the Death of one
Demands an Empire's Blood for Expiation?

But see! the furious mad *Jocasta's* here.

*Scene draws, and discovers Jocasta held by her Women, and
stabb'd in many Places of her Bosom, her Hair dishevel'd;
her Children slain upon the Bed.*

Was ever yet a Sight of so much Horrour,
And Pity brought to view!

Joc. Ah, cruel Women!

Will you not let me take my last Farewel
Of those dear Babes? O let me run and seal
My melting Soul upon their bubbling Wounds!

I'll print upon their Coral Mouths such Kisses,
As shall recal their wandring Spirits home.

Let me go, let me go, or I will tear you Piece-meal.

Help, *Hæmon*, help:

Help, *Oedipus*; help, Gods; *Jocasta* dies.

Enter Oedipus above.

Oedip. I've found a Window, and I thank the Gods

'Tis quite unbarr'd: sure by the distant Noise,

The Height will fit my fatal Purpose well.

Joc. What hoa, my *Oedipus*! see, where he stands!

His groping Ghost is lodg'd upon a Tow'r,

Nor can it find the Road: Mount, mount, my Soul;

I'll wrap thy shivering Spirit in Lament Flames! and so
we'll sail.

But see! we're landed on the happy Coast;

And all the Golden Strands are cover'd o'er

With glorious Gods, that come to try our Cause.

Jove, Jove, whose Majesty now sinks me down,

He who himself burns in unlawful Fires,

Shall

Shall judge, and shall acquit us. O, 'tis done;
 'Tis fixt by Fate, upon Record Divine:
 And *Oedipus* shall now be ever mine.

Oedip. Speak, *Hamon*; what has Fate been doing there? [Dies]
 What Dreadful deed has mad *Jocasta* done?

Ham. The Queen her self, and all your wretched Off-spring
 Are by her Fury slain.

Oedip. By all my Woes,
 She has out-done me, in Revenge and Murder;
 And I should envy her the sad applause:
 But, Oh! my Children! Oh, what have they done?
 This was not like the Mercy of the Heav'ns,
 To set her Madness on such Cruelty:
 This stirs me more than all my Sufferings,
 And with my last Breath I must call you Tyrants.

Ham. What mean you, Sir.

Oedip. *Jocasta*! lo, I come.

O *Lajus*, *Labdacus*, and all you Spirits
 Of the *Cadmean* Race, prepare to meet me,
 All weeping rang'd along the gloomy Shore:
 Extend your Arms t' embrace me; for I come;
 May all the Gods too from their Battlements
 Behold, and wonder at a Mortal's daring;
 And, when I knock the Goal of dreadful Death,
 Shout and applaud me with a clap of Thunder:
 Once more, thus wing'd by horrid Fate, I come
 Swift as a falling Meteor; lo, I flye,
 And thus go downwards, to the darker Sky.

[*Thunder.* He flings himself from the Window: The *Thebans* gather about his Body.

Ham. O Prophet, *Oedipus* is now no more!
 O curs'd Effect of the most deep Despair!

Tir. Cease your Complaints, and bear his Body hence;
 The dreadful Sight will daunt the drooping *Thebans*,
 Whom Heav'n decrees to raise with Peace and Glory:
 Yet, by these terrible Examples warn'd,
 The sacred Fury thus alarms the World.
 Let none, tho' ne'er so Virtuous, Great and High,
 Be judg'd entirely blest before they Dye.

EPILOGUE.



EPILOGUE.

WHAT Sophocles could undertake alone,
Our Poets found a Work for more than one;
And therefore Two lay tugging at the Piece,
With all their Force, to draw the pondrous Mass from Greece.
A weight that bent ev'n Seneca's strong Muse,
And which Corneille's Shoulders did refuse.
So hard it is th' Athenian Harp to string!
So much two Consuls yield to one just King.
Terror and Pity this whole Poem sway;
The mightiest Machines that can mount a Play;
How heavy will those Vulgar Souls be found,
Whom two such Engines cannot move from Ground?
When Greece and Rome have smil'd upon this Birth,
You can but Damn for one poor spot of Earth;
And when your Children find your Judgment such,
They'll scorn their Sires, and wish themselves born Dutch;
Each haughty Poet will infer with ease,
How much his Wit must under-write to please.
As some strong Churl would brandishing advance
The monumental Sword that conquer'd France;
So you, by judging this, your Judgments teach
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
Since then the Vote of full two thousand Years
Has Crown'd this Plot, and all the Dead are theirs,

Think

EPILOGUE.

*Think it a Debt you pay, not Alms you give,
And in your own Defence, let this Play live.
Think 'em not vain, when Sophocles is shown,
To praise his Worth they humbly doubt their own.
Yet as weak States each others Pow'r assure,
Weak Poets by Conjunction are secure.
Their Treat is what your Palates relish most,
Charm! Song! and Show! a Murder and a Ghost!
We know not what you can desire or hope,
To please you more, but burning of a Pope.*

The End of the Fourth Volume.

